La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

CONTAINING

INTERESTING AND ORIGINAL LITERATURE,

AND

RECORDS OF THE BEAU-MONDE.

EMBELLISHED

WITH

FINELY EXECUTED PORTRAITS

OF

THE HON. MRS. PAKENHAM, FROM A MINIATURE BY G. HAYTER, M.A S.L.
HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK, FRO MINIATURE BY HAINES.
LADY JOHNSTONE, FROM A MINIATURE BY COLLEN.
MISS GEORGIANA VERNON, FROM A PAINTING BY MISS BEAUMONT.
LADY KATHARINE STEWART, FROM A MINIATURE BY MRS. MEE.
VISCOUNTESS CHETWYND, FROM A MINIATURE BY W. C. ROSS.

AND THIRTEEN COLOURED ENGRAVINGS OF THE FASHIONS.

VOL. V.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1827.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

On completing the *Fifth Volume* of our New Series, we trust that we may be pardoned, should we display some portion of egotistic feeling. To those, by whose flattering and stimulating patronage we have been enabled to be egotistic, most cordially are our best acknowledgments tendered.

One Original is worth *one hundred* copies. This is a received—an incontrovertible axiom in Literature as well as in the Fine Arts. La Belle Assemblee is distinguished by—its very essence is—*originality.*

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Our *Plates of English Costume* are *original.* We repeat that "the designs from which those plates are engraved, as well as their typographical illustrations, are supplied from the first sources in the Metropolis; and, with the communications of our intelligent Parisian correspondent, they may be regarded as constituting a complete *Synopsis of English and French Costume.*"

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Our succession of papers, entitled Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction, are *original.* By these papers, an intimate acquaintance with the most

popular writers of the day is formed. The following names have already been introduced:—The late Mrs. Franklin, Miss Porter, the Author of The Lollards, Edwin Atherstone, the Rev. H. H. Milman, Mrs. Hemans, the late Mrs. Radcliffe, John Hamilton, Miss Anna Maria Porter, James Bird, Miss Mitford, Allan Cunningham, Miss Hutton, and Henry Neele.

Our *Biography*—our *Literary and Critical Sketches of Popular Writers*—our *Tales*—our *Essays*—our *Poetry*—our *Criticism on Literature, Music*, the *Fine Arts*, the *Theatres, Exhibitions, &c.*—are all *original—all written expressly for* La Belle Assemblee. Consequently, as we have said, La Belle Assemblee is distinguished by—its very essence is—*originality*.

*** Proof Impressions of the Portraits in La Belle Assemblee may be had of Mr. M. Colnaghi, Cockspur Street, and of the principal Printsellers in London.

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No. XXV. Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Pakenham, from an Original Painting by G. Hayter, M.A. S.L.
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A Ditto, in a Ball Dress.
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La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXV., FOR JANUARY, 1827.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Honourable MRS. PAKENHAM, engraved by I. COCHRAN, from a Painting by G. HAYTER, M.A.S.L.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Costume.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Ball Dress.
A beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Opera Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER to Vol. IV. of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE (NEW SERIES) published this day, contains a *Title-Page and Index to the Volume;—A Summary of Fashions for the last Half-Year;*—and a *Sketch of the Progress and State of Literature for the last Six Months of the Year* 1826; comprising *Reviews* (with Extracts) and *Critical Notices* of the following Publications:—

Malcolm's Political History of India;—Turner's History of Henry VIII.;—Llorente's History of the Inquisition in Spain;—Miss Acton's Poems;—Almack's;—Cunningham's Romance of Paul Jones;—Tales by the O'Hara Family;—Galt's Last of the Lairds;—The Story of a Wanderer;—Tales of a Voyager;—The Rifleman's Comrade;—Thoughts on Domestic Education;—Hood's Whims and Oddities;—Friendship's Offering, &c.

We regret that, owing to an accidental circumstance, the corrections in the proof of the Illustrative Memoir of Lady Rodney did not arrive sufficiently early to be adopted. Some *errata* (of slight importance, however,) will, in consequence, be found on the page referring to the embellishments of our fourth volume, in the Supplementary Number.

The impudence of a first theft may sometimes surprise us; a repetition of the offence never can. The circumstance alluded to by our friend, respecting "*Weddings*," we regard only as a matter of course: we are not the only sufferers: there are many persons whose sole subsistence is derived from plunder.

The promised parcel for our kind friend, "BRIDGET," shall be despatched in the course of a few days. The pressure of the past month, with other occurrences, must be allowed to plead for us in excuse.

"*Marriages, No. III.*," will, it is hoped, be celebrated in our next.

Thanks to "S. A.," of Bungay. He shall soon hear from us. In the interim, however, we take leave to assure him, that he is quite in error respecting the appropriation of certain stanzas, signed "H."

We were heartily glad to hear again from our valued correspondent, "C. H." Agreeably to her request, we despatched a hasty note, but are not certain whether it might be sufficiently prompt to reach her through the channel indicated. It can hardly be necessary to remark, that the communication to which she alludes will be much in accordance with our wishes.

A long and acceptable communication has reached us from "J. B." of Yoxford. It shall speedily have an answer.

We are sorry to say that we are quite unable to assist our valued friend, "W. C. S.," of York, on the point to which his last letter refers. We shall write to him, however, specifically on the subject.

It is unnecessary for us to say how delighted we were again to see the estimable initials "L. S. S." Their owner will perceive that one of her compositions, "*The Spirit's Song*," enriches the present Number of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE: her second favour, "*The Dying Year*," is reserved for our next.

A beautiful poem—"*Poesy*"—by H. BRANDRETH, ESQ., is deferred till the ensuing month, only from want of room. Mr. B. will perceive that we have met his wishes in another respect.

"*Stanzas*," by "MRS. H." are also unavoidably postponed for want of room.

"*Sonnet, to my Twin Boys*," by "D. L. RICHARDSON, ESQ.," shall be inserted in our next, unless his promised volume should previously make its appearance.

"B. N." will perceive that we have given some of his communications. One piece, "*The Evening Hour*," is reserved for a future opportunity.

PRINTED BY J. L. COX, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

JANUARY, 1827.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR JANUARY,

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ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE HON. MRS. P

Emily, the lady of the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Hercules Robert Pakenham, C.B., whose gallant services in the Peninsular war obtained for him a proud distinction amongst his compeers, and in the eye of his country, is the fourth daughter and sixth child of Lord Le Despencer. She was born on the 8th of December, 1798, and married in December, 1817.

The family from which this lady traces her descent is of ancient standing. Robert Despencer—brother of Urso de Abetot, otherwise Urso de Worcestre, hereditary sheriff of Worcestershire—was steward (as the name imports) to William the Conqueror; and, at the time of the Domesday Survey, he held, by gift from his royal master, no fewer than thirty-seven manors, in the respective counties of Warwick, Lincoln, Leicester, and Gloucester.

William and Thurstan Le Despencer were successively stewards to Henry II. The latter had four sons:—Walter, Lord of Stanley, Usher of the Chamber to Henry II., died without issue;—Almaric;—Hugh;*—and Geoffrey, founder of Marlow Abbey, in Buckinghamshire.—Almaric, the second son had three sons; of whom

Thurstan and Almaric, with other Barons, took up arms against King John; for which that sovereign seized the lands of Almaric, and gave them to his own natural son, Osbert Giffard. Thurstan appears to have been much in favour with the succeeding King, Henry III. His grandson,

Hugh, Lord Le Despencer, was one of the greatest Barons of h arms, with other nobles, ancient privileges, he was, leagues, in 1258, chosen one of the twelve, who, with twelve other Barons, nominated by the King, were to amend and reform what they should deem amiss in the kingdom. In 1259, he was advanced to the high office of Chief Justiciary of England; an office which, at that time, comprehended the jurisdiction of all the law courts. In 1264, he appeared in arms against the King (Henry III.) at Northampton. At the battle of Lewes, at which the King was taken prisoner, he behaved very bravely; and, afterwards, the Barons made him governor of Orford Castle, in Suffolk; also of the castle of Devizes, in Wiltshire, Bernard Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, &c. In the autumn of the same year, he was constituted one of the six procurators and commissioners, to treat about the reformation of the state of the kingdom, with power to execute whatsoever they should deem necessary in the business. He was also one of the three Barons who were confided in, to be always about the person of the King. Notwithstanding this—disgusted at the haughty behaviour of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester—he seceded from the Barons, and was, in consequence, appointed Justiciary, by patent, dated December 14, 1264, and summoned to Parliament as a Baron. However, he rejoined his former friends, in opposition to the royal cause; and fought with great courage at the battle of Evesham, in which he lost his life in 1265. This nobleman was the father of

Hugh, Lord Le Despencer, Earl of Winchester, and grandfather of Hugh, Lord Le Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, the wealthy and powerful, but unfortunate

* Hugh Le Despencer went with Richard I. to the Holy Land, in 1190, and was at the siege of Acre; in the 8th of Henry III. (1223) he was sheriff of Shropshire and Staffordshire, and Governor of Shrewsbury and Bridgnorth Castles; in 1225, he was sheriff of Berkshire, and governor of Wallingford Castle; in 1232, he was governor of Bolsover Castle in Derbyshire; and, in 1236, he was sent with Stephen de Segrave and Henry de Aldithley, to take charge of the castles of Chester and Beeston.

* Geoffrey Le Despencer (younger brother of Hugh) Lord of Marchly, in Worcestershire, was the direct ancestor of the present Duke of Marlborough.

favourites of Edward II.* The latter, who was one of the godfathers of Edward III., married Eleanor, eldest daughter of Gilbert, Earl of Clare, Gloucester, and Hertford, by whom he had four sons:—Hugh, died without issue; Edward, the continuator of the line;—Gilbert, of Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire;—and Philip;†—also, a daughter, Isabel, wife of Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel.

Edward Le Despencer, mentioned above as the continuator of the line, left, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Henry, Lord Ferrers, of Groby, three sons:—Edward, Lord Le Despencer, K.G.;—Thomas;—and Henry, the warlike Bishop of Norwich, who died in 1406.

Thomas, Lord Le Despencer (commonly called Despencer of Glamorgan) was the eldest son of the above-mentioned Lord Edward. He made a considerable figure in the reign of Richard II.; by whom, in 1398, he was created Earl of Gloucester, and had his great-grandfather's sentence of exile reversed in Parliament. On the accession of Henry IV. he was divested of the title of Earl; and, in 1400, having engaged with other noblemen in a scheme for restoring Richard II., he suffered decapitation at Bristol, whence his body was removed to Tewkesbury for interment. "In his petition to the Parliament for annulling the sentence of Hugh, his great-grandfather, it appears that the said Hugh was then possessed of no less than 59 lordships in sundry counties, 28,000 sheep, 1,000 oxen and steers, 1,200 kine with their calves, 40 mares with their colts of two years, 160 drawing horses, 2,000 hogs, 3,000 bullocks, 40 tuns of wine, 600 bacons, 80 carcasses of Martinmas beef, 600 muttons; in his lardere, 10 tuns of cyder; armour, plate, jewels, and ready-money, better than £10,000; 36 sacks of wool, and a library of books."

Thomas Le Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, by his wife, Constance, daughter of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III., left one son, Richard, Earl of Gloucester, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland; by whom, however, he had no issue. This Earl had two sisters: Elizabeth, who died an infant; and a posthumous child, Isabel, who married Sir Richard Beauchamp, Lord Abergavenny and Earl of Worcester, and became mother of Elizabeth Beauchamp, who carried the Baronies of Le Despencer and Abergavenny to Edward Neville, fourth son of Ralph, Earl of Westmorland.

From this point DEBRETT's *Peerage* brings down the descent, succinctly, but with apparent correctness, as follows:—

"From him they descended down to Henry Neville, Lord Abergavenny, who *d.* 1589; on his death the inheritance of the baronies was contested between his only da., Mary, wife of Sir Thomas Fane, Knt., and his cousin and h. male, Edward Neville, Esq., when King James I. was pleased to separate the two baronies, and confirm that of Abergavenny to the heir male, and that of Le Despencer to Lady Fane. From her it descended to her son and heir, Sir Francis Fane, who was, in 1624, created Earl of Westmorland, and from him to Thomas Fane, 7th Earl of Westmorland, who *d.* without issue, 1762, when the Earldom went to the male heir, but the barony fell into abeyance, between the heirs of his two sisters, Lady Mary Dashwood, and Lady Catherine Paul. Sir Francis Dashwood, Bart., was summoned as Lord Le Despencer, 1763, as son and heir of Lady Mary, the eldest co-h. His Lordship *d.* without issue, 9 December, 1781, when the barony again fell in abeyance, between his sister, Rachel, relict of Sir Robert Austen, Bart., and the heirs of Lady Catherine Paul. Lady Austen *d.* without issue, 1788, when the barony devolved to Sir Thomas Stapleton, as sole heir of Lady Catherine Paul, second co-h. of John, 7th Earl of Westmorland, which Lady Catherine, *m.* William Paul, of Braywick, co. Berks, Esq., and *d.* 25 Sept., 1737, leaving an only da., Catherine Paul, *m.* Sir William Stapleton, co. Oxford, Bart., and *d.* 27 June, 1753, leaving issue, William, *d. unm.*; Sir Thomas, who succeeded; and

* The fate of these noblemen is well known to every reader of English history: they both perished on the scaffold, in the year 1326.

† This Philip Le Despencer had, by his wife, Margaret, daughter and heir of Ralph Goussell, a son, Philip, who took the arms of Goussell—Barry of six, or and azure, a canton ermine. This last-mentioned Philip was succeeded by another Philip, whose daughter and heir, Margery, was married to Sir Roger Wentworth, of Nettlested, in Suffolk, ancestor of the Wentworths, Viscount Wentworth, and of Thomas, late Earl of Cleveland, &c.

Catherine, *m.* Sir James Wright, of Wray-house, co. Essex, Bart.

"Sir Thomas Stapleton, only surviving son, succeeded his father, Sir William, of Gray's Court, co. Oxford, Bart., *b.* 27 Feb. 1727, *m.* 27 Nov. 1765. Mary, da. of Henry Fane, of Wormsley, co. Oxford, Esq., and had issue, 1. Sir Thomas, *present baron*, 2. *Maria*, *b.* 13 Jan., 1768; 3. *Catherine*, *b.* 15 Jan., 1769; 4. *William*, lieut. gen. in the army, *b.* 6 June, 1770, *m.* 1790, Anna-Maria, eldest da. of the Hon. Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, son of William-Anne, 2d Earl of Albemarle, and had issue John and Horace, *d.*, Thomas, *m.* 2 June, 1814, Georgiana-Maria, eldest da. of George-Ferdinand, 2d. Lord Southampton; and William-Francis, *d.* 1808; 5. *James-Henry*, *b.* 20 June, 1777. Sir Thomas *d.* 1. Jan. 1781, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Thomas Stapleton, present Lord Le Despencer."

It may here be remarked, that the Stapleton family, which took its name from the town of Stapleton, in the county of York, is no less famous by the great and renowned men whom it produced, than by the dignities and honours conferred on them by the respective kings in whose reigns they lived. In the wars which England was at different times engaged in, with France, Ireland, and the Saracens, many of them were eminently distinguished, and amongst those on whom the knighthood of the Garter was first bestowed, were some of the family of the Stapletons. "They afterwards transplanted themselves into Ireland with the first English, and enjoyed a considerable estate in Tipperary, which was held by them, till John Edmund Stapleton, of Thorlesbegg, in that county, Esq., who lived in the reign of King Charles I., suffered considerably by adhering to the royal cause. This family, being then dispossessed of their estates, dispersed: some of them went into Spain, where they were raised to high posts in the army; others of them to France, where they bore arms, and were likewise honoured with considerable military employments. In that country, one gentleman of this family and name lately bore the title of *Count de Tréves*, and possessed a considerable estate at Dervaliercs, near Nantes in Bretagne."*

The present Lord Le Despencer, father of the Hon. Mrs. Pakenham, was born on the 10th of November, 1766. He married Elizabeth Eliot, second daughter of Samuel Eliot, of Antigua, Esq., by whom he has had four sons and six daughters, as follows:—

1. Thomas, born 1792, married 1816, Maria Wynne, second daughter of Henry Baukes, of Kingston House, in the county of Dorset, Esq., by whom (who died in 1823) he had three children;—2. Elizabeth Mary, born 1793, died unmarried in 1823;—3. Maria Frances Catherine, born 1794, married 1813, Robert Jocelyn, present and third Earl of Roden, K.P.;—4. Emma, born 1796;—5. William, born 1797;—6. Emily (whose portrait we have here the honour of presenting) born December 8, 1798, married, December, 1817, the Hon. Lieut. Col. Pakenham, C. B.;—7. Miles John, born 1801, married 1820, Anne Byam, only child of the late Hon. Thomas Norbury Kerby, of the council of Antigua, by whom he has two sons;—8. Frances;—9. Anne;—10. Francis.

The noble family of Pakenham, into which the Hon. Miss Emily Stapleton married, is of Saxon origin; taking its name from Pakenham, in the county of Suffolk, where William de Pakenham, one of the judges, resided in the reign of Edward I. His eldest son, Sir Edmond Pakenham, Knt., married, in the time of Edward II., Rose, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Robert de Valoines; from whom descended Sir Hugh Pakenham, who died in the reign of Henry VII. leaving issue—

1. Sir John Pakenham, whose only daughter and sole heir, Constance, carried the estate of Lordington, in the county of Sussex (where the family had fixed their residence about the latter end of the reign of Henry V. or beginning of that of Henry VI.) to her husband, Sir Geoffrey de la Pole, Knt., second son of Sir Richard de la Pole, K.G., by Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, only daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.;—2. Nicholas, ancestor of the Earls of Longford;—3. Anne, married *first*, to Sir Thomas Fitz-William, who fell in the battle of Flodden-Field; *secondly*, to Sir William Sidney, Knt. Banneret, by whom she was mother of Sir Henry Sidney, K.G., Lord Deputy of Ireland.

Sir Edward Pakenham, Knt., grandson of Nicholas, accompanied his cousin, Sir Henry Sidney, to Ireland, in 1576. His grandson, Henry Pakenham, was seated at Pakenham Hall, in the county of West-

* *Vide* COLLINS's *Peerage*, vol. vi., page 505.—Edition, 1812.

meath, in the reign of Charles II., and was father of Sir Thomas Pakenham, Knt., Prime Sergeant at Law, in 1695. Edward Pakenham, son and heir of Sir Thomas, M.P. for the county of Westmeath, in 1713, was father of

Thomas Pakenham, first Baron of Longford. Born in the year 1713, he married, in 1739, Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Michael Cuffee, Esq., nephew and heir of Ambrose Aungier, second and last Earl of Longford, of that family. By privy-seal, at Kensington, on the 23d of April, 1756, and by patent, at Dublin, on the 7th of the ensuing month, his Majesty George II. was pleased to raise him to the peerage, by the title of Baron of Longford; and, by privy-seal, at St. James's, on the 3d of May, 1785, and by patent, at Dublin, on the 20th of June following, his late Majesty George III. was also pleased to elevate his lady (then Dowager Baroness) to the rank of Countess of the county of Longford, with remainder to the heirs male of her body.

By his lady, Elizabeth, who died in 1794, Lord Pakenham had issue as follows:—

1. Edward Michael, second Lord Longford, born April 1, 1743;—2. Robert, an officer in the army, died unmarried in 1775;—3. William, died young;—4. Sir Thomas, Admiral of the Red Squadron, G.C.B., &c., born 1757, married, 1785, Louisa, daughter of the Right Hon. John Staples, by whom he has had six sons and four daughters;—5. Elizabeth, born 1712;—6. Frances, married 1776, John Ormsby Vandeleur, Esq., died 1779;—7. Helena, married, 1768, William Sherlock, of Sherlockstow, Esq.

His lordship died on the 20th of April, 1776, and was succeeded by

Edward Michael, second Lord Longford; who married, on the 25th of June, 1768, Catherine, second daughter of the Right Hon. Hercules Langford Rowley, by Elizabeth, Viscountess Langford. By that lady, who died in 1816, his Lordship had issue—

1. Thomas, his successor, the present and third Baron, and first Earl of Longford, born May 14, 1774;—2. Sir Edward Michael, G.C.B., Major General in the army, and Colonel of the 6th West-India Regiment, born, March 19, 1778, killed in action, in America, January 8, 1815;* —3. Hercules Robert, C.B., Lieutenant Colonel in the army;—4. William, born September 20, 1782, Captain in the Royal Navy, drowned in His Majesty's frigate Saldanha, near Lough Swilly, Ireland, December 4, 1811;—5. Henry, in holy orders, born August 23, 1787;—6. Elizabeth, born September, 1769, married Henry Stewart, Esq.;—7. Mary, died 1787;—8. Catherine, married, April 10, 1806, His Grace, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, by whom she has issue, Arthur, Marquess of Douro, born 1807, and Charles, born 1808;—9. Helen;—10. Catherine Penelope.

The Hon. Lieutenant Colonel Pakenham, third son of the late, and brother of the present Lord Longford, was born on the 29th of September, 1781. He was severely wounded at Badajoz, in the year 1812; and he has since received the honourable distinction of C.B. for his gallant services at Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz. He married, as already stated, in 1817, the Hon. Miss Emily Stapleton, the lady to whose family and connexions the present illustrative memoir relates.

The present Earl of Longford, K.P. Custos Rotulorum of the counties of Longford and Westmeath, a trustee of the linen manufacture of Ireland, &c., succeeded his father in the Barony on the 3d of June, 1792, and to the Earldom, on the death of his grandmother, the late Countess, on the 27th of January, 1794. His Lordship married, on the 23d of January, 1817, the Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Lygon, daughter of the first, and sister of the present and third Earl Beauchamp; by whom he has issue—

1. Edward Michael, Lord Pakenham, born October 30, 1817;—2. William Lygon, born January 31, 1819;—3. Thomas Alexander, born March 3, 1820;—4. Charles Reginald, born September 21, 1821;—5. Frederick Beauchamp, born September 25, 1823.

* The Hon. Major General Sir E. M. Pakenham greatly distinguished himself in the late war. On the 8th of November, 1815, he received the unanimous thanks of both Houses of Parliament, for the valour, steadiness, and exertion, so successfully displayed by him, in repelling the repeated attacks which were made on the positions of the allied army by the whole of the French force under the command of Marshal Soult, between the 25th of July and the 1st of August in that year.—Sir Edward Pakenham was killed in action near New Orleans, in America, on the 8th of January, 1815. A monument has since been erected to his memory, in the Cathedral church of St. Paul, at the public expense.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XIV.—Miss Mitford.

In an age of fastidiousness, as respects the higher walks of the drama, for a lady to have been the author of two successful tragedies, is no slight praise—affords strong presumptive proof of more than ordinary talent. In the progress of this sketch it will be apparent that, from Miss Mitford, the lady who has been thus successful, we are entitled to expect yet greater things.

To those who are not acquainted with the facts, it may be satisfactory to learn that Miss Mitford is the only daughter of Dr. Mitford, of Bertram House, near Reading. Originally the family name was Bertram. Paternally Miss Mitford is related to Lord Redesdale; maternally, she is a lineal descendant of a branch of the noble house of Russell. She was born at Alresford, in Hampshire—sent to London, when very young—and educated at Mrs. (or Miss) Rowden's establishment at Brompton. Even in her girlish years she gave indications of poetic talent. As far back as the year 1810, she published a volume of poems which passed through two editions. In that volume, one of the poems, entitled "The Favourite Bower, previous to leaving Home, May 14, 1809," breathing throughout a love of rural life and rural scenery, thus closes:—

Lov'd seat farewell! Yet soon I come,
I leave not long my happy home;
When thy sweet woodbine's charms unclose;
When blushes tinge thy modest rose;
When thy pure lily on the tide
Rears her fair flowers, in beauty's pride;
When, where the whiten'd blossoms spread,
The scarlet berry hides its head;
Then will I seek my sheltered bower,
And while away the noon tide hour,
Remote from folly, noise, and strife,
Gaze from my calm retreat, on life;
I list to the music of the glade;
Watch the swift flitting shadows fade;
With the lov'd muse of friendship stray,
Or weep o'er Campbell's melting lay.

Another of her early productions, addressed "To the Evening Primrose," is as follows:—

Lov'd flow'ret, rear thy drooping head,
And wake thy beauty pale!
Thy lovely blossoms haste to spread,
And woo the fragrant gale!

Soon shall the ev'ning breezes blow,
Soon fall the evening dews,
Then raise thy petals fainting low,
Thy modest charms diffuse.

Yon flaunting sun-flower, by thy side,
In starry radiance gay,
Spreads her rich breast in beauty's pride,
And courts the noon-tide ray.

Whilst, shrinking from the fervid glow,
Thy modest colours fly,
Each graceful flow'ret drooping low,
Thy silken blossoms die.

But fairer than proud Phœbus' flow'r
In noon-tide beauty bright,
Art thou, in evening's pensive hour,
By Cynthia's trembling light.

When faintly gleams the western star,
And evening's gentle breeze,
Like sweetest music heard from far,
Sighs softly through the trees;

Then lovely in the silver beam
Thy flow'rets, glist'ning fair
With pearly dew-drops, brightly gleam
Resplendent through the air!

These trifles, it will be remembered, were written long before the Byronic school of poetry, with all its depths of wild, intense emotion, had begun to effect a change upon our tastes and feelings.

Miss Mitford's next work was "Christina, the Maid of the South Seas;" a poem founded upon the discovery of Pitcairn's Island; an island which, it will be recollected, was peopled, chiefly, by the mutineers of his Majesty's ship Bounty, Capt. Bligh.* In her preface, Miss Mitford in-

* Captain Folgar, of the American ship Topaz, of Boston, who landed upon Pitcairn's Island, or Incarnation (in lat. 25° 2′ S. long. 130° W.), reported that he found there an Englishman, named Alexander Smith, the only person remaining of nine who had escaped in the Bounty. In the log-book of the Topaz the following passage occurs:—

"Smith relates, that after putting Captain Bligh in the boat, Christian, the leader of the mutiny, took the command of the ship and went to Otaheite, where a great part of the crew left the ship, except himself, Smith, and seven others, who each took wives, and six Otaheitan men as servants, and shortly after arrived at this island, where they ran the ship on shore, and broke her up. This event took place in the year 1790. About four years after their arrival, a great jealousy existing, the Otaheitans secretly revolted, and killed every Englishman except himself, whom they severely wounded in the neck with a pistol-ball. The same night, the widows of the deceased Eng-

forms us, upon sufficient authority, that "The cottages on Pitcairn's Island are represented as extremely picturesque and beautiful, resembling the better sort of those usually seen in Devonshire; they have likewise a small chapel; and Christian, with great foresight, collected seeds and cuttings from the European plants left in Otaheite by Captain Bligh, and brought them with him in the vessel, as well as dogs, goats, hogs, and poultry."

It will readily be imagined, that, from her private information, from Captain Folgar's statements, and from various other particulars which came before the public, Miss Mitford was supplied with abundant material upon which to exercise her powers of description. In this view, we may safely affirm that she was eminently successful. Throughout her poem, indeed, she displayed vigour of fancy, combined with taste and feeling, and much facility of versification. The meditation of Christina, the supposed posthumous daughter of Christian, the mutineer, when the Topaz was preparing to quit the island, will suffice to convey an idea of the general style of the poem.

The vessel, in her proud array,
Stately on the calm waters lay,
Her streamers floated wild and wide,
The billows dimpled on her side;
Her white sails caught the brightening beam,
Her topmast glitter'd in the stream;
And the long shadows seemed to sleep,
Like clouds across the tranquil deep.
That scene of loveliness and rest
Sooth'd not CHRISTINA'S throbbing breast.
That vessel glittering in the ray,
It bore her all of life away!
To lull that maddening grief she strove,
And turn'd to view her native grove.

Could nature charm the bosom's woes,
That hour had lulled her to repose.
The rosy bloom, the varied green,
That wont to deck the lovely scene,
Was sweetly blent to one soft hue
Of mingled grey, and brown, and blue.
There rose a mass of solemn shade;
Here light the chequering moon-beams play'd;
Glanc'd on the dew bespangled ground;
Dwelt on the hill with vapours crown'd;
Kiss'd rippling stream, and shadowy vale;
And slept along the narrow dale.
And nature slept! 'Twas silence all.
The murmuring of the brook; the breeze
Which swept, in cadence soft, the trees:
Save the low sound of ocean's fall:
So softly swept, that scarce the eye
Their faint vibration could descry:
So softly swept, that scarce the ear
That soothing plaintive sound could hear.

CHRISTINA, in her hopeless grief,
Found not the mourner's sad relief;
She could not weep; the sudden blow
Forbade the genial tear to flow.
She could not weep, upon her breast
Th' o'erwhelming tide of misery prest,
Prest on that heart, so good and kind,
That memory clear, that equal mind
Her brain with gathering frenzy fraught,
Vainly her cause for anguish sought,
All motionless she sate; her eye
Bent wildly upon vacancy.

Another of Miss Mitford's early poems was entitled "Blanche;" and, subsequently to her production of "Christina," she published, in 1812, "Watlington Hill, a Descriptive Poem," and "Narrative Poems, on the Female Character, in the various Relations of Life." Many of her minor compositions are to be found in different volumes of the Poetical Register. Several years, however—passed, we believe, in retirement with her family near Reading—elapsed before she again came forward as an author. From such of her writings as have appeared within the last four or five years, we are justified in considering that her period of seclusion was passed, not in idleness, but in study—in laying up stores of knowledge for the future—in maturing those powers which were to procure for her celebrity and fame.

It was Barry Cornwall, if we mistake not, who introduced the fashion, as it may be termed, of writing dramatic scenes. Some of that gentleman's efforts were extremely beautiful, and well entitled to all the favour with which they were received. Perhaps no one has followed the fashion of dramatic scene-writing with so much success as Miss Mitford; several delightful effusions of her's, of that character, having from time to time appeared in different periodicals of the day. It is probable that the composition of these scenes first induced her to direct her attention to the structure of a regular drama. She accordingly wrote a tragedy, entitled "Foscari," which was presented to the Covent-Garden management and accepted. With the cause of its non-appearance at that time, we are un-

lishmen rose and put to death the whole of the Otaheitans, leaving Smith, the only man alive, upon the island, with eight or nine women, and several small children. He, when recovered, applied himself to tilling the ground, so that it now produces plenty of yams, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and plantains, hogs, and poultry in abundance."

acquainted: probably, it might be in consequence of the publication of Lord Byron's tragedy of the "Two Foscari," which, however, had not been announced or heard of when Miss Mitford's tragedy was accepted. Her "Julian," which was first played at Covent-Garden Theatre on the 15th of March, 1823, was, as must be evident to every critical reader, at the first glance, a subsequent effort. It has been said, indeed, that Miss Mitford wrote "Julian" while she was in a state of uncertainty whether "Foscari" would be produced. Considering "Foscari" as a first attempt, and from a lady's pen, it was capital; and "Julian" more than fulfilled the promise given by its precursor.

On the merits of "Foscari," as first written, though not first given to the public, we shall offer one or two brief remarks. To institute a comparison between Lord Byron's tragedy of the "Two Foscari," and Miss Mitford's "Foscari," would be a gratuitous piece of absurdity of which we have no inclination to be guilty. The point of time, the incidents, and in part the characters, of Lord Byron's drama, are different from those of Miss Mitford's: there is no resemblance between the pieces. Lord Byron's is the better point of time; a point of time which affords a preferable opportunity for the display of power. Yet from this the noble bard has derived little advantage. Lord Byron's piece, considering it without the slightest reference to stage representation, for which it was never intended, but merely as a closet poem, is bad in structure, bad in effect. Many of the scenes are tedious, heavy, and dragging.* With this, however, we have at present nothing to do.

* The finest, boldest stroke of nature in Lord Byron's poem, occurs in the first scene of the second act, in the colloquy between the Doge and Marina, the devoted wife of Jacopo Foscari. There is a striking development of character in the speeches of each. Marina abruptly exclaims—

Call *me* not "Child!"
You soon will have no children—you deserve none—
You, who can talk thus calmly of a son
In circumstances which would call forth tears
Of blood from Spartans! Though these did not weep
Their boys who died in battle, is it written
That they beheld them perish piecemeal, nor
Stretch'd forth a hand to save them?

An ample outline of the plot of Miss Mitford's "Foscari," which was not brought forward at the theatre till the month of November last, will be found at page 275 of our preceding volume. There, too, it will be seen, that the play was cast with all the strength of the house; an advantage which, had "Julian" enjoyed, the run of the piece must have been great. Perhaps the greatest fault of the fable of "Foscari" is, that the reader or spectator can discover no adequate motive for the remorseless villany of Erizzo. The first act, though it opens fairly, contains little business; but the interest increases—the third and fourth acts close extremely well—generally the situations and stage effect are good—several of the scenes are rich in pathos—and the *denouement* is impressive. In parts, too, the diction has great merit; and, as we have already observed, for the first dramatic attempt of a lady's pen, it is entitled to very high praise. The succeeding speech of Foscari, when accused by Erizzo of the murder of Donato, in the third act, has much force and spirit:—

Hearken, Doge!
His voice hath mockery in it, sharp and loud
As the clear ring of metals; he speaks not
As we, who heard the tale, in broken words
And breathless; his teeth chatter not, his lips
Are firm; there is no trembling in his limbs,
No glare in his keen eyes. None but a fiend,
Fresh from the reek of murder, could so master
The human sympathy, the fellowship
Of nature and of kind.

There is a noble feeling, also, displayed by Foscari in a subsequent speech, when Erizzo has charged the soldiers to seize him:—

Approach me at your peril. Know you not
This very morning how yon serpent lay
Under my heel unbruised, a thing of scorn?
Look not upon us, lords, with doubting eyes,
Ye dare not doubt me—even to deny
Is in some sort a stain! My shield is bright.
Ye force me to these vaunts! *I could not think*
A crime.

This play, which still continues its attraction at the theatre, will be found scarcely less pleasing in the closet. We pass, how-

The reply of the Doge is in every respect worthy of the pen of Byron:—

You behold me:
I cannot weep—I would I could: but if
Each white hair on this head were a young life,
This ducal cap the diadem of earth,
This ducal ring with which I wed the waves
A talisman to still them—I'd give all
For him.

ever, to "Julian," which is decidedly our favourite of the two. In the number of its nights of performance, this piece was less fortunate than "Foscari:" it was played only eight nights; but, when published, it speedily ran through three editions. Macready, the theatrical star of his day, was the Magnus Apollo of Miss Mitford's tragedy; and here we cannot but pause for a moment to notice the almost Dryden-like style in which the fair author evinced her "heartfelt gratitude" to that gentleman for his exertions. The dedicatory inscription, displayed in great and imposing variety of type, which would occupy infinitely more room in our page, than the subject is worth, was as follows:—

To William Charles Macready, Esq., with high esteem for those endowments which have cast new lustre on his art; with warm admiration for those powers which have inspired, and that taste which has fostered the tragic dramatists of his age; with heartfelt gratitude for the zeal with which he befriended the production of a stranger, for the judicious alterations which he suggested, and for the energy, the pathos, and the skill with which he more than embodied its principal character; this tragedy is most respectfully dedicated by the author.

The idea of "tragic dramatists" being "fostered" by the "taste" of playermen is capital! We strongly recommend it to Mr. Hood's notice for his new edition of "Whims and Oddities."

We shall enter into no detail of the plot of "Julian," for the piece must be in every body's hands; but, in justice to the author, we must quote a few passages for the purpose of shewing, as far as restricted quotation can shew, that in every point of view Miss Mitford's second dramatic production towered far above her first. The diction is less glittering and more solid, possesses more beauty and more power—the characters are drawn with superior judgment, and developed with greater skill—the construction of the story, though somewhat improbable, is well managed—the interest is sustained throughout, and carried to a fine climax in the fifth act.

The first passage that we shall transcribe is Annabel's description of the departure of her husband in the first act:—

Father nor cousin came; nor messenger,
From Regent or from King; and Julian chafed
And fretted at delay. At length a peasant,
No liveried groom; a slow foot-pacing serf,
Brought tidings that the royal two that morn
Left Villa d'Oro. Glowing from the chase
Prince Julian stood; his bridle in his hand,
New lighted, soothing now his prancing steed,
And prattling now to me;—for I was still
So foolish fond to fly into the porch
To meet him, when I heard the quick, sharp tread
Of that bright Arab, whose proud step I knew,
Even as his master's voice. He heard the tale,
And instant sprang again into his seat,
Wheeled round, and darted off at such a pace
As the fleet greyhound, at her speed, could scarce
Have matched. He spoke no word, but as he passed,
Just glanced back at me with his dancing eyes,
And such a smile of joy, and such a wave
Of his plumed bonnet!

The above is chiefly descriptive: the succeeding passage, from a subsequent part of the same scene, is at once descriptive and dramatic. Annabel, addressing Julian, her husband, says—

It is my right, my privilege,
To share thy woes, to sooth them. I weep with thee,
And that will be a comfort. Didst thou think
Thou couldst be dearer to me than before
When thou wast well and happy? But thou art
Now. Tell me this secret. I'll be faithful.
I'll never breathe a word. Oh spare my heart
This agony of doubt! What was the horror
That maddened thee?
Jul. Within the rifted rocks
Of high Albano, rotting in a glen
Dark, dark at very noon, a father lies
Murdered by his own son.
Ann. And thou didst see
The deed? An awful sight to one so good!
Yet—
Jul. Birds obscene, and wolf, and ravening fox,
Ere this—only the dark hairs on the ground,
And the brown crusted blood! And she can ask
Why I am mad!
Ann. Oh a thrice awful sight
To one so dutcous! Holy priests shall lave
With blessed water that foul spot, and thou,
Pious and pitying, thou shalt—
Jul. Hear at once,
Innocent torturer, that drop by drop
Pour'st molten lead into my wounds—that glen—
Hang not upon me!—In that darksome glen
My father lies. I am a murderer,
A parricide, accurst of God and man.
Let go my hand! purest and whitest saint,
Let go!
Ann. This is madness. Even now
The fever shakes him.
Jul. Why, the mad are happy!
Annabel, this is a soul-slaying truth.
There stands a witness.
Alf. Julian knew him not.
It was to save a life, a worthless life.
Oh that I had but died beneath the sword
That seemed so terrible! That I had ne'er
Been born to grieve thee, Julian! Pardon me,
Dear lady, pardon me!

We had marked several other passages for extract; but we find that we have room only for the following. Towards the close of the second act, the Duke of Melfi, uncle to Alphonso, the young King of Sicily, and Regent of the kingdom, thus curses

his own son, the loyal, virtuous, and unambitious Julian :—

Even from the grave
A father's curse may reach thee, clinging to thee
Cold as a dead man's shroud, shadowing thy days,
Haunting thy dreams, and hanging, a thick cloud,
'Twixt thee and heaven. Then, when perchance thine own
Small prattling pretty ones shall climb thy knee.
And bid thee bless them, think of thy dead father,
And groan as thou dost now.

It is not only as a dramatist that Miss Mitford is known in the reading world. In the summer of 1824, she published a charming volume, entitled "Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery." This volume consisted of about four-and-twenty pieces, greatly varied, but all of them evincing the happiest powers of description—the liveliest perception and love of nature's beauties—the most intimate knowledge of human character in the different paths of life. "Modern Antiques," "Cousin Mary," "The Talking Lady," "A Country Cricket Match," an "Old Bachelor," "A Village Beau," "The Talking Gentleman," "Mrs. Mosse," and "Aunt Martha," were amongst our prime favourites of the village. There is, however, such a delightful freshness about all the sketches, that it seems almost invidious to particularize any.* Several of them had previously appeared in periodical works; since the period of their publication in a collected form, Miss Mitford has continued to gratify and delight the public by the exercise of her talents in similar papers, inserted from time to time in The Monthly and European Magazine (to which she now appears chiefly to devote her pen) and other works. Another collection of her Sketches, forming the second volume of "Our Village," has, as we noticed towards the close of our preceding volume,† been recently given to the world. The second volume will at least sustain the credit of the first. "The French Teacher," "The Touchy Lady," "Jack Hatch," "My School-fellows," "The English Teacher," "French Emigrants," "The Inquisitive Gentleman," "My Godfather," "My Godfather's Manœuvring," "The Old Gipsey," and "The Young Gipsey," are all excellent: indeed we can hardly say there is a feeble sketch in the volume. At the risk of its having been seen by some of our readers before, we shall offer one short sketch from the "French Emigrants," which involves also an extremely amusing anecdote :—

The chevalier was a handsome man himself, hale, dark-visaged and whiskered, with a look rather of the new than of the old French school, fierce and soldierly; he was accomplished too, in his way—played the flute, and wrote songs and enigmas; but his wife was undoubtedly the most remarkable thing belonging to him; not that she was a beauty either; I should rather call her the prettiest of pretty women; she was short, well-made, with fine black eyes, long glossy black hair, a clear brown complexion, a cocked-up nose, red lips, white teeth, and a most bewitching dimple. There was a tasteful smartness in her dress, which with a *gentilleuse* in her air, and a piquancy in her expression, at once told her country, and gave a promise of intelligence and feeling. No one could look at her without being persuaded that she was equally sensible and lively; but no one could listen to her without discovering the mistake. She was the silliest Frenchwoman I ever encountered,—I have met with some as stupid among my own countrywomen; heaven forbid that we should in any thing yield the palm to our neighbours! She never opened her lips without uttering some *bêtise*. Her poor husband, himself not

* It is not a little curious, that, at the very moment when we had concluded the above sentence, we received a letter from a most valued friend and correspondent—a woman of high talent and correct taste—in which some remarks occur respecting Miss Mitford's productions. In presenting those remarks to the reader, we trust that we shall not be deemed guilty of a breach of confidence.—"You are going to shew up Miss Mitford, and before I see your exhibition, I will tell you what I think of her. I have not read or seen her tragedies; but, taking for granted what is said of them, and comparing these daring flights with her village sketches, I should not hesitate to pronounce her the first of all female authors. * * * * * * * * * * * * Miss Mitford, in 'Our Village,' is nature itself. Her sketches are all *true*. They are before our eyes every day, and she has the magic art to place them in a new light. Her's are real and living pictures; and none more beautiful than the 'Village Wedding,' I have just read, in the last number of the Monthly Magazine.' You see my mental spectacles detect Miss Mitford as well as ********."

† *Vide* page 269.

the wisest of men, quite dreaded her speaking; for, besides that he was really fond of her, he knew that the high-born circle of which she formed a part would be particularly on the watch for her mistakes, as she was *roturière*, the daughter of a farmer-general who had fallen a sacrifice to the inhuman tyranny of Robespierre, leaving her no dower but her beauty. She was a most innocent and kind-hearted person, and devotedly attached to her husband; and yet his bitterest enemy could hardly have contrived to say more provoking things to and of him than she did in her fondness. I will give one instance; I might give fifty.

L'Abbe de Lille, the celebrated French poet, and M. de Calonne, the no less noted ex-minister, had promised one Saturday to join the party in Brunswick-square. They came; and our chevalier, who had a tolerable opinion of his own powers as a verse maker, could not miss so fair an opportunity of display. Accordingly, about half an hour before supper, he put on a look of *distraction*, strode hastily two or three times up and down the room, slapped his forehead, and muttered a line or two to himself; then calling hastily for pen and paper, began writing with the illegible rapidity of one who fears to lose a happy thought, a life-and-death kind of speed; then stopped a moment, as pausing for a word, then went on again fast, fast; then read the lines, or seemed to read; then made a slight alteration; in short, he acted incomparably the whole agony of composition, and finally with becoming diffidence presented the impromptu to our worthy host, who immediately imparted it to the company. It was heard with the lively approbation with which verses of compliment, read aloud in presence of the author and of the parties complimented, are sure to be received; and really, as far as I remember, the lines were very neatly turned. At last the commerce of flattery ceased. Bows, speeches, blushes, and apologies were over; the author's excuses, the ex-minister's, and the great poet's thanks, and the applause of the audience, died away; all that could be said about the impromptu was exhausted, the topic was fairly worn out, and a pause ensued, which was broken by Madame des I., who had witnessed the whole scene with intense pleasure, and now exclaimed, with tears standing in her beautiful eyes, "How glad I am they like the impromptu! My poor dear chevalier! No tongue can tell what pains it has cost him! There he was all yesterday evening, writing, writing,—all the night long—never went to bed—all to-day—only finished just before we came,—my poor dear chevalier! I should have been so sorry, if they had not liked his impromptu! now he'll be satisfied." Be it recorded to the honour of French politeness, that, finding it impossible to stop or to out-talk her (both which experiments were tried), the whole party pretended not to hear, and never once alluded to this impromptu *fait à loisir*, till the discomfited chevalier sneaked off with his pretty simpleton, smiling and lovely as ever, and wholly unconscious of offence. Then, to be sure, they did laugh.

Miss Mitford displays, not in her tragedies only, but in her writings generally, a fine perception of character—a fine dramatic tact: why does she not treat the world with a comedy, the grand *desideratum* of the day? We should hail the attempt with heartfelt pleasure. H.

LADY ISABEL, OF GLEN-ALLAN.

"——— don't forget the picture!—and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there:—
She was an only child ———."

It was during a summer I spent in the highlands many years ago, that a manuscript containing the following little history fell into my hands. My hostess was a very aged person, and in the long evenings we spent together, she related to me many of the romantic incidents she had witnessed in her youth. Her favourite theme, however, was the beauty of the ladies of Glen-Allan, for she boasted of being a descendant of that house. It must be owned that my good hostess, in her own person, did not illustrate the truth of her assertions; but in her parlour hung a portrait of the Lady Isabel, of Glen-Allan, which I used to gaze on almost with adoration: the high and noble forehead—the lily fairness of the smooth young cheek—

the wild sweetness of the mournful and gentle eyes—rendered it a countenance of peculiar interest, and proved that beauty had indeed belonged to the ladies of Glen-Allan. Much did my hostess talk of the Lady Isabel; and many times did she hint that something unusually sad was connected with her history; but long did the curiosity I felt about the original of the beautiful portrait remain unsatisfied. At last, after I had got far into my old lady's favour, she one day placed upon the table an ebony cabinet, and after adjusting her spectacles, and looking even more than commonly important, she drew forth from this cabinet, which had often been the object of my girlish curiosity, a roll of parchment, which she informed me had been written by her grandmother. I opened the manuscript, and found, in fair and legible characters, the historie of "The Ladie Isabell, of Glen-Allan;" which I have copied as it was written, except that I have altered the orthography to suit the fashion of the present day.

I went once to visit at my uncle's cottage, and a dear and sunny spot it was, as it stood on the hill side in that smiling valley: all around rose mountains, wooded to the very summit, with tall and stately pines, whose dark hues were beautifully contrasted by the green branches of the birch trees that enriched the borders of the rivulets which watered the glen. About a mile from my uncle's cottage stood an ancient ruin, majestic in the midst of its decay; and many a time did I seat myself amongst its falling towers, and much did I then muse on armed knights and blue-eyed and lovely ladies, and often did I in imagination rebuild the mouldering battlements of Glen-Allan Castle, and people them with the vassals of the clan. I had one morning clambered to my favourite spot of the old pile, when, happening to cast my eyes below, I beheld an aged female, the singularity of whose employment at once attracted and fixed my notice. She knelt upon a little mound of earth, which had all the appearance of a grave, and often pressed her lips on the damp soil; and then she raised her dim eyes, and seemed as though she prayed. At first, I feared she might be some unhappy maniac; but the neatness of her dress, and the quiet sadness of her looks, dispelled my terror, and I gently approached and spoke to her; and from her I heard the following melancholy tale.

"I was," said she, "the foster sister of my lady, and very proud I was of her wonderful beauty. She was indeed a lovely lady; and when she married the young lord of Glen-Allan, there was not such another couple in the glen. I came, soon after their marriage, with my lord and my lady, to live in this castle; and what rejoicing there was when we arrived! there were bonfires burning on every hill, and the waters of the Allan looked like blood in the blaze of the red flames. Never did a man doat more on woman than my lord upon his wife; and never did man feel happier than he did when the young lady Isabel was born. But *I* saw many fatal signs that night; for the moon rose as red as though it had been drenched in blood, and the Allan roared like thunder, though there was not wind enough to ripple its waves. Yes! yes! I saw those fearful bodings, and I shuddered when I held the fair baby in my arms. Well! the lady Isabel grew up to womanhood; and, when I looked upon her sad, sweet face, I used to feel as though I were listening to some melancholy music. My lady Isabel was in her nineteenth year, when my lord and my lady were commanded by the Queen to attend the court at Holyrood; and very anxious were they to take the lady Isabel along with them: but she intreated so earnestly to be allowed to remain at Glen-Allan, that they, who could refuse her nothing, consented to leave her under my care. I would fain have intreated them to carry her to Holyrood, but I had not courage to resist the intreaties of the sweet child, and I allowed my lady to depart without expressing my thoughts. But I felt that lady Isabel would not have been so anxious to stay at the castle, had not the youth, Estruce Stuart, been also to remain at Glen-Allan; and I knew not how my lord might be pleased with the attachment which I saw my young lady cherishing. Estruce Stuart was indeed a lad of a goodly presence, and his air had something in it that seemed to say he was come of noble blood.

But I know not—there were strange tales told; and who were the parents of Estruce Stuart, none, save my lord and my lady, ever knew. They, however, loved him very dearly, and treated him as though he had been their own child. I have sometimes thought of my lord's only sister, the lady Janet, who died in a wild and unsettled state of mind; and when any troubled thought passed over Estruce's face, I have seen my lord start, and look at the picture of Lady Janet:—the picture hung there, on that very spot, and a noble and queenly looking person my lady Janet must have been; and surely Estruce Stuart was very like that picture, but no one ever spoke of this to me, and I said nothing of my own thoughts.

"Estruce, as I have said, was a noble lad; and when he sat on horseback, he used to look like a king. Every body loved him, for he had a kind word and a kind look for the meanest kern in the glen. Well! my lord and my lady left Glen-Allan; and after my lady was in her saddle, at the castle-gate, she turned, and said with a smile to Estruce Stuart: "You must be very kind to Isabel, and—" what more she said was spoken in a whisper, but the face of Estruce crimsoned even to his brow, and he looked happier ever after that hour. On that very spot I used to sit upon the battlements, and listen to Estruce Stuart and my lady Isabel, when they sang together in the summer moonlight, and I used to think that they were surely born for each other. Very beautifully did they sing, and their voices blended so that they seemed like one sound of harmony. I remember well the last night we ever met together on the battlements. On that evening long did Estruce Stuart gaze upon the sweet face of my young lady; and I wondered not that he gazed upon her, for she was almost too beautiful to be of earth, and her golden hair shone on the fitful moonlight like a glory round her brow. Estruce took the lute from her white hand, and sang to her a little song that he had made—I remember it well"—and then the old woman repeated the following verses:—

'Oh, you are bonny and good, lady!
And love lights your gentle ee;
But will you ere turn those een, lady,
And their sweet love looks on me?

'Your bosom is white as the snaw, love,
When it faas from the lift aboon;
And your cheek is like the summer rose,
When it blaws i' the fair pale moon.

'An' your voice is like the soun, lady,
We may fancy when angels sing;
It is sweeter far than the merle's notes,
When he gars the wild echoes ring.

'An' your lily white han' is fair, love,
An' your foot is sae jimp an' sma';
An' you look like a spirit o' bliss,
When you sit i' your father's ha'.

'But why did I ever hope, lady,
You would gi' your love to me,
For you are come o' a lordly line,
An' I am o' low degree?

'But I'll gang where battles rage, lady,
An' die the death o' the brave;
An' you'll, may be, sometimes weep, lady,
An' think o' the sodger's grave!'

"When Estruce Stuart had finished his song, my lady Isabel turned to him and smiled; but I saw a tear in her eye, and Estruce saw it too, and I heard him whisper—'Isabel, dear, is it so? and am I to be banished from Glen-Allan?'—I did not hear her reply; but Estruce's eyes shone very brightly, and he did not look as though he thought he was to be banished from the glen.

"At this time a dreadful fever broke out in the neighbourhood, and hundreds were swept by it from off the earth, and many said it was the plague. And there was not a sound to be heard but wailings for the dead, and the shrieks of the agonized and dying wretches.—We shut ourselves up in the castle, and felt very little fear; for my lord and my lady had taken almost all their household retinue along with them, and those they had left were old, and little liable to infection: so I feared only for my lady Isabel and Estruce Stuart; and when I looked on those lovely and loving creatures, I remembered the dark omens on the night of my young lady's birth, and I shed many bitter and troubled tears. However, time passed on, and we were beginning to think we should escape from the disease, and I even began to have less fears about Lady Isabel; for the many precautions we had taken to prevent infection, and the regular hours and plain food to which we had restricted ourselves, had a wonderful effect upon her delicate

constitution, and her fair face glowed with a steady and healthful colour. We no longer confined ourselves to walks within the castle walls, but began to take our usual rambles in the glen; and even Estruce less anxiously watched the looks or felt the pulse of Lady Isabel—when, one evening, I happened to go into the hall, and found a poor beggar seated by the fire. It was Midsummer, yet she was shivering; there was a fearful glare in her eyes; and I saw red and livid spots upon her bosom. I threw myself upon my knees before her; for in one moment I knew it was the fever, and I intreated her for the love of God to quit the house! The trembling wretch attempted to comply with my agonized intreaties—it was in vain—she fell at my feet, a black and hideous corpse! Then spread that terrible disease, till all within the walls of Glen-Allan fell its victims, save Estruce Stuart, the lady Isabel, and myself. The anxiety I felt for those dear children was, I believe, the means of my own continued health. For myself I had not a fear;—to watch over them—to preserve them till the return of my lord and my lady—was my only thought, and I did hope that the wrath of the Almighty might now be stayed, and that those innocent creatures would be given to my prayers.

"A week had passed over since the burial of the last dead in the castle of Glen-Allan, and health still bloomed on the cheek of lady Isabel, and strength was still in the limbs of Estruce Stuart. But one evening, as we sat together in the supper apartment of the castle, I saw a shudder pass over lady Isabel, and a somewhat of convulsive movement about her lip. I started up in terror; yet I did not express my fears, lest I should alarm my young lady; but I looked at Estruce Stuart, and I saw that he too had observed the fearful symptoms. I strove to get lady Isabel to bed, and to make her swallow a composing cordial; but she motioned the cup away, and laughingly said, it was her birth-day, and that she would drink her own health in wine. Alas! the heating draught only added to the fever in her blood, and her eyes sparkled an unusual and most unnatural mirth. Estruce Stuart rose, and covering his face with his hands, rushed from the apartment. I was surprised to see him at such a time for one moment quit the side of lady Isabel; yet he remained absent until the night passed on, and morning had begun to break! and what a night it was to me! It may not have been the pestilence—yet surely there was the plague spot upon my young lady's breast; and never did common fever commit such fearful and rapid devastation. While I stood beside her bed, and watched the blackness stealing over her yet breathing body, the door of the room was opened. Estruce Stuart staggered to the bed. I looked at him but once, and I saw that he too was falling a victim to disease. He threw himself beside my lady Isabel, and pressed his lips again and again upon her cheek; and she raised herself as though to meet his kiss, and then she fell back upon her pillow—and she was dead! For a moment Estruce Stuart gazed upon that livid and discoloured face; and then he flung his arms around her, and ere I could foresee or prevent his design, he rushed with her from the apartment. I watched him as he reeled and staggered under his melancholy burthen—and I followed him to this spot—ay! to this very spot!—it was then the burial-place of Glen-Allan—and I found that, during the night, he had dug a grave; and softly, and gently, as though his touch could hurt the dead, he wrapped a white garment round the body, and laid it in the earth. 'Estruce!' I cried; and when he heard my voice he looked up and said—'You will lay me there—there, beside Isabel!'—And when he too was dead, with my own hands I buried him in the grave that he had made; and when I saw the grass growing green over those two young and innocent creatures, I prayed that I might no longer be left upon the earth. When my lord and my lady heard the melancholy tale they went into foreign parts, and sold the lands of Glen-Allan; and when the castle passed into the hands of strangers, it was but little thought of, and then it fell into decay. It is fifty years ago since I buried the body of Estruce Stuart in the grave; and this castle was then a stately pile, and now it will soon be like myself, forgotten in the dust; and many have my days been upon the earth—but I feel that my pilgrimage is almost at its end." B. B. B.

LADY FLORINDA BELLASYSE.

A TALE OF THE DEAD.

"————Might not Simonida
Have her sighs spared to sleep, her lips to pray
Their white and morning prayers, her voice to rise
In choral sweetness with the lark i' the skies?
No; she was young—bland—beautiful—and Care
Saw her—and loving one so young—so fair—
Disturb'd her sighs, and gave a trouble to her prayer.
Ah, pity 'tis that I must tell of wrong."—HAMILTON.

THERE are to me few pleasures more gratifying than that of rambling at will over some large old family mansion in the country, the noble owners thereof being absent. During the period of my sojourn I feel lord of the soil, and perchance experience more true enjoyment of the place than they to whom it belongs. I believe that this is abundantly the case in my visits to Haines-court, a fine antique building in the neighbourhood of my favourite village of Barton. The Earl dislikes it because he cannot control the whole country, and oust a certain upstart gentleman, who has presumed to get himself returned to Parliament in defiance of his veto. The Countess hates it on account of the misery which she sustained in trying to make herself popular on the eve of the last general election. The heir has a particular aversion to it, having been fairly, or rather unfairly, taken in, *cleaned out*, and completely *done*, according to slang phraseology; by some rural black-legs, at a race, whom in his simplicity he did not suspect of such knowing accomplishments; and Lady Charlotte abhors the very sight of it, because the adjacent roads are infested by a fox-hunting 'squire in a red waistcoat, whom, in obedience to papa's orders, she is obliged to refrain from killing by a glance, when he thrusts his broad full-moon face into her carriage-window, or accosts her with a grin, and a "Well, my lady! as rosy as ever, I see!"

But I—I have no such deep and desperate cause of disgust; and I wander through its long galleries and spacious quadrangles, and stretch my lazy length under its majestic trees, or on the banks of its crystal waters, with sensations of unmixed pleasure. The house, built in the reign of Charles II., when fortified castles gave way to more peaceable-looking mansions, is erected on the slope of a hill, and commands an extensive prospect over a rich and highly cultivated country. The architecture is delightfully irregular, full of ins and outs, projections and recesses, its pale grey stone assimilating with the rich treillage of the ivy, the vine, and numberless other creeping plants which entwine themselves around the jutting ornaments of the walls. The grounds immediately about the house have been very judiciously improved, not subjected entirely to the reforming hand of a landscape gardener; a smooth lawn sweeps from the principal front down to a noble piece of water, clumped with splendid flowering shrubs, dotted with mangolias, standard rose-trees, and acacias, according to the present fashion, and planted as it recedes from the windows with splendid groupes of forest trees. In passing round the building, the visitor comes suddenly upon delicious nooks, which remind him of times long gone by, entered by a postern arch, cut through a rampart of holly, and discovering narrow pebble-paved walks, meandering through zig-zag flower-plots, bordered by box, double daisies, and Venus's looking-glass, redolent with aromatic herbs, and knotted with pansies, china-asters, pinks, and sweet-williams. Regiments of tall hollyhocks arise, flanked by clusters of white lilies. Here the gaudy sunflower proudly rears its ample disk; every vacant spot is filled up with geraniums, myrtles, and balsams, in pots; a magnificent yellow rose covers an angle of one of these recesses; the blossoms of the pomegranate gleam brightly from the opposite wall, and the centre presents a rich mixture of the passion-flower, the honeysuckle, and the jessamine.

The arrangements of the interior of the

mansion are in similar good taste; the apartments occupied by the family, and those for the reception of company, the great drawing-room, dining-room, music-room, ball-room, and library, being fitted up in the newest style of modern elegance. The walls are papered, stuccoed, or hung with fluted silk—sphinxes, dragons, lions' heads, and chimeras dire, grin from every direction. The pictures which are allowed to retain a place, are gems from the pencils of the best masters. Brussels and Persian carpets decorate the floors; the lamps and chandeliers are of classic construction; and all the upholsterers' warehouses in the metropolis seem to have been ransacked to furnish the profusion of tables, chairs, ottomans, fauteuils, chiffoniers, cabinets, sofas, couches, and the extensive catalogue of nick-knackeries which crowd up the ample space in these saloons. There are, however, other smaller suites of apartments which are left to their primitive embellishments; where the floors of dry-rubbed oak are only scantily concealed by a square carpet, the size of a table-cover of moderate dimensions, made of cloth-work, or of canvas worked in cross-stitch; where a ponderous table, never intended to be moved, stands between the windows, facing a frowning bureau of equal magnitude; a grotto of shell-work supported by two long narrow-necked blue jars, being placed upon the one, and an Arcadian scene, a foot high, in china, representing a spreading tree loaded with flowers and fruit, under which a lover and his lass recline, the one playing on the pipe, the other wreathing a lamb with a garland of roses, gracing its opposite neighbour; six or eight high-backed chairs, with covers to suit the carpet, and a pair of screens to match, are ranged round the sides; looking-glasses in the shape of hearts, lozenges, and triangles, form a diminutive patch in the centre of an elaborate gilt frame, branching out in all directions like the arm of Briareus. Upon the high mantel-shelf over the fire-place, is placed a *pot-pourri*, and half-a-dozen small cups and saucers, three on a side; a board, with a rose-bush in a vase painted on it, conceals the grate; the family portraits hang against the walls, separated from each other by a pair of cut-glass girandoles, or China parrots on brackets. When the panels are not entirely covered with tapestry, the personages who glare or simper on the gazer from their altitudes, consist of half-length and whole-length bolt upright figures, as large as life, the gentlemen exhibited in all the varieties of polished mail, buff coats, slashed doublets, and cut velvet suits; those in armour having been painted long after such gear had fallen into disuse, accommodated with flowing wigs and point-lace ruffles; the buff-coated gentry bearing hawks upon their wrists; and those in pinked jerkins and embroidered coats, smelling at nose-gays or brandishing their rapiers. The ladies attired in flowered silks, or long cardinals edged with catskins, their tresses combed over a roll, and large fans in their hands; one a Venus in a sacque and petticoat, Cupid peeping over one shoulder, and a dove perched upon the other; another as Diana, all in green, and shooting an arrow at a stag in the corner not larger than a squirrel: a shepherdess or two wearing little flat hats, like a platter stuck at the back of the head, long laced ruffles hanging down to their finger ends, and gowns of gold damask, holding crooks streaming with ribands, as stiff and as formal as the effigies of their grandmothers, carved in stone in the village church; and for the most part marvellously ill favoured, which was probably the fault of the limner, who tried to perpetuate their countenances upon canvas, the artists employed seldom soaring above the qualifications requisite to produce the Turk's-head, Green-man, and Queen of Bohemia, which swung from sign-posts at the inn doors of the neighbouring towns and villages.

I ought not to forget to notice a large family picture—the mother—occupying the centre, arrayed in a hoop petticoat; six girls to her right, ranged like a flight of steps, one head just above another, and four boys in a similar row to the left; the girls habited like their mother in hoops, scalloped aprons, and fly caps; the latter in cocked hats, flapped waistcoats, long skirted coats, rolled up stockings, and red roses in their shoes. Amid these absurd daubings, however, which are valuable only from their associations with other times, the gothic portion of Haines-court pre-

from the farthest corner of the kingdom. It stands in a spacious *boudoir*, where the indefatigable zeal of female industry is conspicuously visible. Like the divine portrait of that most unfortunate descendant of the Cenci, it attracts and fascinates the stranger's eye. It is the resemblance of a young woman, the countenance full of sweetness and beauty; the large blue eyes half concealed by the dropping lid, the brow softly arched, the nose inclining to aquiline, the full red lips parted in a melancholy smile, the neck and arms and face of dazzling fairness, the rich glossy clustering tresses bound negligently by a string of pearl, and escaping from their confinement to wander upon the vermiel cheek and ivory shoulders; one delicate white hand raised in the act of placing a half-blown rose amid the sunny curls. The era in which this enchanting creature lived is not betrayed by the costume; her own, or the painter's taste, has suggested more becoming drapery, and she is represented in a dark velvet robe over a boddice of white lawn, which partially shades the bosom, and fitting close to a form undisguised by the stiff stays worn at that period, hangs in graceful folds below the slender waist—the full white sleeves peep beneath falls of velvet looped up in front with jewelled clasps. A pensive tenderness characterizes the whole, and anxiety concerning the probable destiny of one so young, so lovely, yet tinged thus early with a shade of sorrow, is mingled with the admiration excited by the radiance of her charms. The furniture of the room which contains this portrait is formed of silk exquisitely embroidered in a raised pattern, and intermingled with threads of gold and silver. There is also some curious workmanship in beads and bugles upon velvet, a bouquet of flowers formed of shells, and an illuminated missal of devotion beautifully wrought with the needle; a lute, to which a faded blue ribbon is still attached, rests upon a small ebony table, and in one corner stands a spinnet. In the deep recess of an oriel window, richly stained with coloured glass, which in the sunshine gems the polished floor with the amethyst, ruby, topaz, and emerald, an altar, surmounted by a crucifix, denotes the religion of the former inhabitant—the Lady Florinda Bellasyse, the original of the fascinating portrait from whose ancient family, though descended from a younger branch, the present Earl of Etherington derives his extraction.

The name of Bellasyse has flourished in England from the period of the Conquest; its noble owners fatally conspicuous in all civil wars, and the undeviating partizans of Charles Stuart, in his struggles with the Parliament. The death of the old Earl of Lutterworth, grandfather of the Lady Florinda, at the period of the abdication of James II., alone prevented him from following the fallen fortunes of his master. His son and successor was in too delicate a state of health to embark in the troubled sea of politics, and remained quiescent at Haines-court, a building which had sprung up from the ruins of the castle of his ancestors, demolished by Oliver Cromwell's soldiers; where he dug and planted, entering vigorously, at every interval of repose from a gouty complaint, upon agricultural pursuits. The family of this nobleman consisted of a son and a daughter: Valerian Lord Malpas, and the Lady Florinda Bellasyse, the most celebrated beauty of the court of Queen Anne, yet one who quitted the invalid chair of her father only to pay the plateons tribute of respect to majesty; and who, unsubdued by the pomp and splendours, the gaieties and attractions of the polite world, always returned as quickly as possible to the retirement of her birthplace. Many were the suitors who entered the gates of Haines-court on horseback, or paying their devoirs in state, rumbling through the long oak avenue, which still leads to the principal entrance, in their coaches and six, the precise figures of which are now only to be seen in the plates of old county histories, or in a toy-shop as playthings for children. But Lady Florinda, though not scornful, was rather fastidious; and her father, notwithstanding his anxious wish to give her to the protection of a husband before his departure from this world, predicted by his fast increasing infirmities, should take place, yet doated too fondly upon his darling to deny her the privilege of refusing the addresses of many very eligible persons. Now it happened that the Lady Florinda, who loved all the old country sports, kept a

favourite hawk, one of the very few which, in consequence of her father's invalid state, and the absence of her brother on the Continent, were now trained at Haines-court. Attended by the ancient serving men of the family, she frequently rode out to enjoy the diversion of hawking. Upon one of these occasions the bird was lost; and having offered large rewards to those who should catch and bring it back to Haines-court, without success, she almost despaired of its recovery. One morning, however, a damsel in attendance came flying into the *boudoir*, or as it was then styled, the oratory of her mistress, with the glad intelligence that the hawk was below. "Master Sherard Clinton," your ladyship, said Lettice, "old Sir Lawrence Clinton's son, and a noble looking gentleman he is, has got the bird safe enough upon his fist, but he asks as a guerdon to be allowed to deliver it into your ladyship's own hands."—Lady Florinda had seen the youth before at mass, and she shrewdly suspected that, being a protestant, he had only attended the service of the Romish church to be enabled to gaze upon her; but his deportment had ever been so modest, that she could not feel offended, and she now did not hesitate to grant him the interview he so earnestly desired. After this introduction Sherard Clinton came as often to Haines-court as the formal system of society at that period permitted; but although the long estrangement of the two families, who differed in their political principles, as well as in their religious faith, and the vast disparity of rank between them, did not sanction very frequent visits, especially as the inferior party had courted the acquaintance, he found other, and continual opportunities of conversing with the Lady Florinda: indeed, he seemed to possess a familiar spirit who informed him of her movements: for, did she go down to the neighbouring river to fish, she was sure to see the good old knight's son upon the opposite bank, and he always found a ford, or swam his brave steed across to the spot where she stood; and in whatever direction she turned her palfrey's head, Sherard Clinton never failed to be cantering along the same road.

Lady Florinda's shyness began to give way before the perseverance of her lover. Bold, active, accomplished, and panting to distinguish himself on the theatre of arms, he was chained to his natal spot by dutiful obedience to the wishes of an infirm and aged parent. The situations of the youthful pair were nearly alike, only that one remained at home from choice, the other from necessity; and Sherard Clinton, denied the cherished wish of his heart, was reconciled to a life of dull repose only by the society of the fairest flower of the county. He lived almost entirely in the open air, haunting the glades and woodlands of the Earl's extensive manor. If Lady Florinda ever stirred beyond the precincts of her flower-garden in her evening walks, she was sure to encounter the wanderer; and, leaving the cultivation of the gilly-flowers and lupins to the gardener, she now usually sought the avenue, and underneath the spreading oaks listened to a tale sweeter far than the nightingale's lay which trilled from the green canopy above; or, seated on a willow bank, by a babbling streamlet's side, awaited the approach of the loved companion of their solitude. Often, too, after conducting his mistress home, Sherard, like Romeo, would linger round the spot, steal to the oriel window; when, attracted by his footsteps, and his well known voice in some soft serenade, Florinda would lean from the stone balustrade of the lattice, holding protracted converse, while all around the silver-frosted shrubs, the dewy grass, and clustering flowers, slept in the calm moonlight. The Earl's fair daughter indulged the affection which the merits and the honied accents of Sherard Clinton had awakened in her breast, without dread of future evil. As their intimacy increased he came more frequently to Haines-court; and the Earl, pleased with his frank yet polished manners, and the intellectual acquirements which gave him a decided superiority over the neighbouring gentry, always greeted this esteemed guest with a cordial welcome, and growing hourly more delighted with his society, expressed strong disappointment if a day elapsed without bringing the visit which constituted one of his chief sources of happiness. The young man, encouraged by these flattering symptoms, and secure of his father's approbation, had almost conquered his diffidence,

and after some hesitation, resolved at the first favourable opportunity to venture the daring request, and ask the hand of Florinda in marriage. But this opportunity never arrived: a paralytic affection suddenly deprived the Earl of his faculties, and he lay upon his couch, alive, yet wholly insensible to all that passed around him. In this heavy affliction the agonized daughter derived her sole consolation from the soothing kindness and unceasing attentions of Sherard Clinton. He became her guide and counsellor through all the trying scenes which the melancholy situation to which her father was reduced, and the heavy responsibility now devolving upon her in consequence of his utter incapacity, obliged her to sustain. In a few hurried lines she acquainted Lord Malpas with the Earl's hopeless malady; but as there were many things which demanded his speedy interference that she had neither time nor ability, under the present circumstances, to explain, she accepted her lover's ready pen in the communication of the necessary details.

After a few weeks of wretched existence, the Earl's bodily health grew manifestly worse; the hour of death appeared to be close at hand. Florinda, worn with watching, and hardly desirous that, since she dared not hope for amendment, his sufferings should be protracted, hung over his couch in anxious solicitude. The chaplain, stationed on the opposite side of the bed, looked vainly for some token of returning reason; and at the foot stood two or three of the superior persons of the household, and Sherard Clinton, whose presence, the known favour which he enjoyed with the dying man, and his late active exertions in the service of the family, seemed to warrant. The silence of the chamber, broken only by the faint and repressed sobs of the female mourner, was profound. Suddenly the sorrowing group were disturbed by the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs; the portal was flung open; and Lord Malpas, apparently much fatigued, his garments stained with travel, and every feature bespeaking the strongest anxiety, rushed into the room. "Our lady be praised," he exclaimed, "I am not too late."—The noise of the entrance seemed to strike the ear of the dying man: he raised his head, and bent forward as he lay supported by pillows in an almost upright position on his couch, stretched out one hand to Florinda, yielded the other to the clasp of Valerian, and distinctly said—"Bless you, bless you both, my children; and you, too, Sherard Clinton, my other son." Exhausted by this effort, he heaved a deep sigh, sank back upon the bed, and in a few minutes breathed his last.

Lady Florinda was borne weeping from the apartment; and the new Earl, eyeing the young man, so strangely and so disagreeably associated with himself and his sister in his father's dying speech, with a haughty glance, seemed to place considerable constraint upon his feelings in accosting him with decent civility, coldly rejected the offers of service which Sherard thought might be acceptable in the season of affliction, and retired, excusing himself on the plea of his unfitness to converse with strangers, and the attention due to a dear friend who had travelled with him from the Continent. Clinton quitted Haines-court immediately; the tide of pleasure which had rushed to his heart at the Earl's most unexpected reminiscence, and implied sanction of his love, somewhat slackened by the unequivocal demonstrations of dislike which the supercilious heir had manifested towards him. He renewed his visit in the course of a few days; but the coldness of his reception, and the denial of his request to be allowed an audience with the Lady Florinda, plainly evinced, that so long as the Earl of Lutterworth retained the guardianship of his sister, all hope of a matrimonial alliance must be at an end. The young lover heard with much displeasure, that there was a person of high rank domesticated at Haines-court, the Lord Viscount Manningham, the friend who had been the Earl's companion on his travels; and a report soon gained ground in the country that this nobleman was shortly to be united to the Lady Florinda.

Nothing could be more distressing than the situation of the fair orphan, who was now entirely under the control of a tyrannical brother. Anxious to avoid all cause of dispute she permitted him to return a polite refusal to Sherard Clinton's proposals of marriage; and wrote to her lover,

entreating him, for her sake, to abstain from all acts of hostility, until the law should emancipate her from her present thraldom. The Earl, still unsatisfied with his sister's concessions, now openly espoused the cause of his friend, and sought to compel the unwilling girl to an alliance which she hated. Rendered completely miserable by the persecution she sustained from the continued importunity of her new suitor, and her brother's threats and menaces, and fearful that she should be dragged by force to the altar, she determined to make an attempt to escape. Too modest to associate Sherard Clinton in her plans, she intended to seek refuge for a short time at the house of a near kinswoman, an aunt, whence she hoped to obtain safe conduct to a convent in Germany, which would afford her an asylum until the return of better times. The expected death of Queen Anne had raised the hopes of the Stuarts, of whom the Earl of Lutterworth was a zealous partizan; while the Whig faction as sedulously struggled for the Hanoverian family, a cause to which the Clintons ardently devoted themselves; and Florinda anxiously desired to fly from the scene of contention, and await in a distant land the restoration of peace. Unfortunately she confided in one of the under servants, and she had the mortification to see her plans detected, and rendered a theme for derision by her insultin brother. The Earl, enraged, confined his sorrowing ward more strictly than ever; and without the assistance of some active friend, she felt that the sacrifice of her happiness would be inevitable. The devotion of the chaplain and some of the principal servants to the interests of their young mistress, threatened considerable difficulty in the execution of the Earl's selfish schemes; and Florinda learned that, under the pretence of conveying her to the house of the relation before-mentioned, she was to be trepanned to a lonely mansion belonging to Lord Manningham, where, without a single a friend to assist or defend her, she would be compelled to obey her brother's most despotic commands. In this emergence, Florinda chose rather to confide to the honour of Sherard Clinton, than to the mercy of two unprincipled men. She contrived to send him notice of her situation by Lettice, beseeching him to find some means, without having recourse to violence, to rescue her upon the road. At the time appointed the cavalcade set forth from Haines-court, consisting of the Earl and his sister, the Lord Manningham, and five attendants, all on horseback; Valerian, being ignorant of the knowledge which his intended victim had obtained of the plot, deeming a larger retinue unnecessary. The route of the travellers lay across a river; and, arriving at the bank, they found a stone bridge, which had hitherto afforded a safe passage, broken down, and wholly impassable. Two of the servants were despatched in different directions in search of a ford, the stream being too deep and too rapid at the ruined bridge to admit of the attempt to swim the horses over. Florinda, assured that the detention which they experienced originated in some contrivance of her lover, alighted and walked a little way up the bank, strolling towards a thick grove of trees. Sherard Clinton, mounted upon his favourite courser, emerged from the thicket: in one moment the lady sprang up behind him, and the noble steed dashed into the current with his burthen. Stemming the tide gallantly, the brave animal had reached the opposite shore before the Earl became perfectly aware of his sister's flight. Pausing an instant on the brink, Sherard urged his panting charger forward—a few bounds up an acclivity, and they would be out of sight of their enemies! The Earl attempted to follow, but his horse shrank from the water and refused the plunge; infuriated by the disappointment, and aware that if once the hill were placed between him and Clinton, all chance of effectual pursuit would be lost, he snatched a blunderbuss from the bow of a domestic's saddle, took a hurried aim at Sherard's horse—fired, and the ball piercing the hearts of Florinda and her lover, the murdered pair rolled bleeding on the greensward; and the steed, rushing furiously onward, was instantly lost to view.

The Earl of Lutterworth died a monk in the convent of La Trappe: the title, on his demise, became extinct; and Haines-court devolved upon a collateral branch of the family, whose descendants became ennobled.

ROSALIE SOMERS.

In Two Parts.—Part. I.

The little village of Norton, in the county of ——, is one of the pleasantest spots in England. It lies at the base of a lofty hill, which shelters it from the nipping blasts of the north-east wind; a "river, murmuring o'er its pebbly bed," runs across the main, indeed the only street, over which a neat and elegant bridge is thrown; and it has a delightfully picturesque appearance. Woods and plantations are thickly strewn around; whose foliage affords shelter to numberless feathered songsters, that, at morn and night "hymn their great Creator's praise:" and the front of every cottage is ornamented with a garden, the perfumes from which rival those of "Araby the blest." The inhabitants are, with a few exceptions, tenants of the proprietor of the neighbouring estate of Rosemount; and the battlements of Rosemount Castle may be seen rising in proud magnificence, over the tops of the trees which skirt the banks of the river. Most of the humble residents labour hard for their daily bread; but they are content with their little store, and cheerfulness and happiness reign in their dwellings. No demagogue has as yet poisoned their minds by talking to them of the undefined and undefinable rights of man; no infidel has weakened their faith by whispering doubts of the truth of that divine religion, which at once tends to make man happy here, and to fit him for everlasting happiness hereafter. They are a loyal and a religious population; and as they proceed to church on the Sabbath, with their families in "neat and trim array," they present a sight of which every Englishman would feel proud—for it is in England only where such a sight can be seen.

Rosemount Castle is a splendid modern mansion, but built in a style of architecture which gives it an antique appearance: it might pass for a structure erected in the days of Stephen (when frowning castles were to be seen in every part of the kingdom) rather than in those of George III., during whose reign it was built by the present possessor. But, though outwardly it appears like one of the mansions of the barons of old, within there are few points of resemblance, except that, as hospitality was a virtue which every English noble practised in the "ancient time," so Colonel Villars, the present owner of Rosemount, keeps open house for the traveller and the stranger, who are always sure to receive a welcome at his board; whilst his tenants find him the best of landlords; and in every other relation of life his character stands equally high. A lovely wife shares with her lord the pleasing duty of dispensing happiness amongst their dependents, whilst she sheds her benignant influence on the social board; and a son and daughter, who are worthy of their parents, complete the family circle.

One of the neatest cottages in Norton was erected by Colonel Villars, for the residence of Beatrice Smith, an aged matron, who had not only been his nurse, but also the nurse of his son and daughter. It stood nearly at the entrance of the village, on the banks of the river, between which and the cottage there was a small but neat garden; whilst at the back a plantation of elms almost hid it from view. This humble abode consisted of four rooms, furnished by Miss Villars and her brother; and often did these two amiable young people visit their respected servant; often did they cheer her hours of solitude, and carry gladness into her dwelling by their kind attentions.

In the spring of 18—, when the family returned from London to Rosemount, after a rather longer absence than usual, one of the first visits paid by Emily Villars and her brother was to the cottage of Beatrice. On their approach, as they trod "the path so well known," they were startled by hearing the sounds of a voice burst upon their ears, which was so powerful, yet so plaintive—so sweet, yet so rich and full, and managed with such judgment, as proved the singer to possess both science and taste. They stopped, and heard Bishop's beautiful ballad of "Home, sweet Home," sung in a style of simple elegance, and with so much pathos, that every note went to the heart; and not a syllable of that popular

song was lost to the ear. When the singer came to the last line of the song, as she—for it was a female voice—dwelt upon the words, "Home, home—there's no place like home," she ended with a cadence so appropriate to the original melody, that it almost seemed a part of it; whilst a degree of agitation, a tremulousness, was plainly discernible in her voice, which proved to the sympathizing heart that the vocalist was the child of sorrow, and perhaps in want of that home, the pleasures of which she evidently knew so well how to appreciate.

When the song was finished, Charles and Emily stood for some time in silence, as afraid to break the charm with which they were surrounded. They listened, hoping again to hear the voice of the accomplished songstress; but all was silent. At length Charles exclaimed—borrowing the language of poetry—

Oh! let me hear once more the strain
That sings the joys of home!
Oh, breathe that tender air again,
'Twill teach me ne'er to roam.

Thy words a soothing charm convey
To minds by anguish riven:
Approving angels hear the lay,
And waft thy notes to heaven.

"Upon my word you are quite in heroics, Charles, about this invisible songstress," replied his sister; "this fairy of the woods, or nymph of the lake: for one of these she must be, as no inhabitant of Norton could ever 'discourse such eloquent music.'"

"Whichever she is, if on the earth, I must find her," replied Charles. "The sounds came from the direction of Beatrice's cottage. Let us see whether indeed she has obtained an inmate thus highly-gifted—an inmate calculated to charm the dull ear of age, or win a smile even from the misanthrope."

The brother and sister advanced with a rapid pace, that was somewhat slackened as they approached the termination of the path, at the gate leading into the garden. An arch of roses and jessamine twined above the gate, and partially hid them from the view of Mrs. Smith, who was seated in her high-backed arm-chair, at the door of the cottage, enjoying the bright beams of an April sun. The old lady had a most venerable matronly appearance: she wore a chintz gown, made in the fashion of "a century ago;" ruffles as white as snow covered her wrists; and nearly reached to the tips of her fingers; these were edged with lace of Miss Villars's own working, as was the neat stomacher, which rivalled the ruffles in whiteness. An apron, also white, and a close mob cap, from beneath which a few grey hairs were seen straggling, completed her costume. Beside her chair stood a being of a different mould: a female, seemingly about twenty years of age, on whose intelligent and interesting, though not strictly handsome countenance, the traces of recent illness, added to the marks of sorrow, were clearly to be seen. She was habited in a tartan frock, made close to her shape, and which displayed to advantage

Her form, fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves—constrained and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

A silk handkerchief, corresponding with the colours of the frock, shaded her bosom, and she wore a small Leghorn bonnet, carelessly put on, and which did not at all hide her features from observation. The lady held a small basket full of the flowers of the season in her hand; and as Charles and Emily caught sight of her, she was giving Mrs. Smith a *bouquet*, saying, as she presented it, "Here's a nosegay of your favourite flowers for you, Mrs. Smith; my rambles this morning I have laid the cottagers under contribution, and now come to make an offering to you."

"Thanks, kind lady, thanks—accept an old woman's thanks, and an old woman's blessing, too, child; it will do you no harm."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Smith, the blessings of the aged are always comforts to the young. I wish I may ever deserve them."

"Your face belies you sadly, young lady, if you do not. But will you sing me another song? it is very rude to ask it; but somehow when you are singing, you bring my dear young lady to my remembrance—we shall see her soon—it must be about time for the family to return."

"Indeed! Is that the family of Colo Villars, of whom I have heard you speak?"

"Yes. The owners of Rosemount Castle, yonder. The Colonel and his fa-

mily, though they spend the winter in town, always return to the country in the spring; and their arrival is sure to bring pleasure to Norton. But here am I prattling away, young lady, and forgetting that I begged another song—will you sing me one?"

"Oh yes—if it can afford you any pleasure."

Charles and Emily had listened to this colloquy—they may be accused of acting dishonourably; but had it not been for Mrs. Smith's request, they would immediately have discovered themselves. The hope, however, of again hearing the sweet songstress, was too powerful to be resisted. In a few minutes she sang the following ballad:—

You ask me, dear Kate, when my love will grow cold,
And chill as the winter-brook be?
Could I number the stars which the heavens unfold,
Or call back the minutes that o'er me have roll'd,
Then, Kate, I might cease to love thee!*

For where could I look for such exquisite grace,
A heart so devoid of all guile?
A mind so enchanting as beams in thy face,
Imparting a pleasure divine to the place,
Illumed by thy heavenly smile?

No, no, no, dearest Kate, the years may roll on,
And bring only sorrow to me;
But whilst this fair world is lit up by the sun,
Whilst the stars and the planets around it may run,
Dear Kate! I'll ne'er cease to love thee.

She ceased, and Charles exclaimed—

The nightingale may be more sweet. The lark More powerful; but 'tis a pleasing strain. Oh sing to me again of love's young dream, And I will hang upon the melody:—

He was proceeding, when the voice of the stranger, in reply to something said by Mrs. Smith, again arrested his attention.

"It is a favourite of mine, because it brings to my recollection two dear friends. The two last verses were written by a gentleman, whose friendship has been at once my solace and my pride; the subject is a lady, dear to me as a sister; young, gay, and careless as the mountain kid, but innocent and affectionate as the dove. No wonder, therefore, that I like the song, which at the same moment brings them both back to my memory; it reminds me, though painfully," she added, in a lower tone, and as if unconscious that she was speaking, "of 'days that were, and were most dear to me.'"

Feeling that to remain any longer in their concealment would be highly improper, Emily and Charles entered the garden. The noise made in opening the gate caused Mrs. Smith to look up, and she no sooner saw who were the intruders, than, rising, she exclaimed, "my young master and mistress!" and the next moment Emily was hanging round her neck, whilst Charles affectionately shook her by the hand. A thousand questions were asked by the dame, who possessed much of the garrulity of old age—and she scarcely allowed time for one to be answered before another was put. Suddenly, however, she recollected herself, and exclaimed, "But, dear me, how rude I have been, not to have introduced Miss Somers all this time!". On turning round, however, she found Miss Somers had retreated into the house, and the garden was left unoccupied, except by herself and her young friends.

"Well, now, that I should have been so rude, to such a dear good young lady!" said Beatrice, smoothing down her apron, and adjusting the folds of her stomacher, which the ardent embrace of Emily had a little discomposed; "that I should have been so rude; but she's so good-humoured, she'll forgive and forget it."

"Who is Miss Somers?" inquired Charles.

"A young lady from London, who came here for the benefit of her health, and has occupied my spare apartments these three months. During that time she has gained the hearts of all the villagers, young and old: she is so good, so charitable, so attentive. I have never heard her say a cross or a harsh word to any body since she came into the house; and if I was her own mother, she could not be kinder to me."

"We must know this young lady," said Emily; "she must come to Rosemount. Let us go into the cottage and speak to her."

* This verse is by George Linley, Esq.

The two entered the cottage, Emily and Charles holding each a hand of Beatrice. A request for a few minutes' audience by Miss Villars, soon brought Rosalie before them, when the blushing Emily accosted her, and said,

"My dear Madam, my brother and I have to plead guilty to a very great piece of rudeness. We listened with delight to your singing at a distance, and just as we approached the gate, our good dame here was requesting another song: we could not resist the desire to hear you again, and remained behind that very convenient rose-bush there (pointing to the gate) till you had finished. I hope you will forgive us, and prove that you do so, by coming and partaking of the hospitalities of Colonel and Mrs. Villars at Rosemount Castle."

Miss Somers made a suitable reply, and would have urged a delay before her introduction to the castle took place. But the impetuous Charles and the ardent Emily would hear of no excuse; they told her she must go; and whilst they made a few calls in the village she could complete her toilet. On their return they declared she should accompany them.

In the village, at every house, they heard nothing but the praises of Miss Somers: she had done something almost for every inhabitant; and one old woman was loud in her praises. "She verily believed," she said, "if there was an angel on earth Miss Somers was one: she had saved her daughter's life by her attention and care, and had made her a dutiful and industrious girl, from a disobedient and an idle one. She is just like yourself, Miss Emily; just so kind, just so generous, just so thoughtful, just so considerate."

Emily blushed at her own praises being thus loudly proclaimed; but Charles, pleased at hearing the sister of his heart, and one whom he was already half inclined to love, so highly eulogized, patted the woman on the back, and putting a piece of gold in her hand, told her "she was a good old soul;" at the same time taking his sister's arm, he led her towards the cottage of Dame Smith. Here they found Miss Somers in a simple but becoming dress, ready to accompany them; and the happy trio, for even Rosalie seemed happy, took the road to Rosemount Castle.

"And pray," exclaims the reader, "are not we to know who Miss Somers is?"—Certainly: wait for the appearance of Part II. and her history shall be disclosed.

York. W. C. S.

CRUEL FRIENDSHIP.

The ancient gates of Maberly Park had been thrown open at an early hour, for the reception of the tenants and peasantry, who were expected to welcome the arrival of their generous and hospitable landlord, Colonel C******, from a distant part of the country, where, for some years past, he had been residing. Each man had attired himself in his holiday suit, and each woman had mounted her village finery on the occasion. The Colonel was a man of fashion himself, and an admirer of fashion in others, especially amongst the softer sex, to whom he was chivalrously, rather than sincerely devoted. He was a sportsman; and it was said of him that it must be a rare bird to escape the aim of his gun, and a shy maiden indeed who could keep utterly aloof from his insinuating advances. However, he was much beloved in the neighbourhood, and every individual there appeared most anxiously to expect his return. No: there was one residing amongst those lovely green hills, one on whom the sound of mirth fell sadly—from whose heart joy seemed to have passed away for ever. Her grief was a secret—she was a stranger—but her outwardly-expressed sorrow was of so dignified, so noble a character, that even those who strove most to offer her consolation, had never once presumed to inquire into the history of her woes, or the cause of that grief which sometimes drove her, in phrenzy, to the deepest solitudes of the valley, or the bleakest heights of the stormy peak. She was young, beautiful, and amiable even in despair. One of the humblest cottages offered her an abode;

and her only companion was a woman of advanced age, *remarkable*, amongst the gossips of the place, for a reluctance to talk either of herself or of others.

"He is coming!" cried a lusty clown, who had climbed up to the top of the park wall for the purpose of surveying the distant road; "the Colonel is riding down the hill!" said he to the bee-like throng beneath; and in an instant all was hum and confusion, order and disorder. Presently the tramp of horses' feet was heard; and up the avenues, mounted on a sober hard-trotting war-charger, in most majestic state, rode Meinherr Von Walmar, the Colonel's German valet; a man who was reported to have saved his master's life at the battle of Leipsic, in consideration of which, he was treated with peculiar confidence by the Colonel, and equally honoured by the tenants and domestics. "Ich vish your ver goot a help, mein old freiut!" vociferated Meinherr, stopping his horse with a jerk, and extending his Samson-like hand to the pursy churchwarden, who stood on one side of the gate, bowing most profoundly to the representative of coming greatness, foremost of a group of *scraping* youths and *bopping* damsels, each not a little delighted at the sight of Meinherr, because he was always so good-humoured, and moreover always *jabbered* such *droll outlandish gibberish.* "Oh, mi pritty childers," continued the German, turning to the girls with a familiar, but almost a paternal smile; "Ich haf de grand news vot vill set all your leetle hearts to bomp a—dere is coming here, vid mein lort, der rich yount ladi *Fireshovel*, vot is to be marry to-morrow morning at Elham Place, vich is no more as twenty miles off, and you vill be all invité to der great marriage, ah ha!" A universal buzz of satisfaction from the juvenile party followed this eloquent disclosure; while Mr. Hobnobble, the aforesaid overseer, ventured to inquire whether they were to look on Lady Fiscoval as the future bride of the Colonel. "Non, non, dat is not goot, der Colonel honnair dat ladi as much, but, notwithstand, he gif her away to his intimate friend, de younk Captain Peldrine, who is come here also with der ladi's fadair, mine lort Fireshovel."

"Fiscoval, you mean," said the obsequious churchwarden. "Do I? vell a vell, *Fireshovel* or *Fishshovel*, it's all der same tink, you know," was the half-earnest, half-humorous reply; and as Meinherr, not without difficulty, performed the ceremony of descending in his never-to-be-relinquished travelling jack-boots, from the back of his patient Bucephalus, the two bells of the village steeple began to jangle sweetly out of tune, and in a few moments the nuptial cavalcade was seen approaching. The Colonel, with that easy courtesy of which he was so eminently master, now presented himself to the rustic multitude, accompanied by the intended bridegroom; and scarcely had the carriage which contained Lady Julia Fiscoval arrived at the entrance of the house, ere, bounding with elasticity from his steed, he was himself the first to offer her the assistance of his arm, despite the attendance of Peldrine, who, charming and interesting as Julia appeared, conducted himself towards her with an air of *sang froid* approaching to insensibility. It was evidently with a desire of concealing the apathy of his friend, that the Colonel rendered himself all but officious to the lady; what his motives were, rested in his own breast and that of Peldrine. The father of Julia, indeed, could not fail to notice the coldness of the to-morrow's bridegroom, whose gloom appeared to increase the nearer they approached to Elham Place. However, as he was a lover of Julia's choice, and she, though young, was a widow, and entirely mistress of her own ample fortune, Lord Fiscoval deemed it most advisable to remain silent, and not to damp the smile which sported on the beauteous features of Lady Julia. That Peldrine was of a generous, as well as a grateful disposition, Lord Fiscoval was aware; and he conceived it to be impossible, endowed with such exalted principles, that, whatever his present sentiments might be, he should not eventually love so excellent a creature as she to whom he was on the point of being united.

A beautiful little boy, about four years old, alighted from the same carriage as Lady Julia. This child was a *protegé* of the Colonel, to whose notice he had been introduced by the hand of Providence in a singular manner. The Colonel, one morning, on a hunting excursion, was sur-

prised by the rustling of leaves in a neighbouring coppice; and, discharging his gun at what he supposed to be a deer, was almost transfixed by the piercing cry of a child which immediately followed the shot. He rushed to the spot, and beheld a lovely boy, bleeding on the ground, while Pedro, the Colonel's faithful dog, was licking the blood as it flowed copiously from the newly-inflicted wound on the infant's cheek. The Colonel caught up the little victim in his arms, and called loudly for assistance, but no one answered. He then, with his handkerchief, wiped away the blood, and was in an ecstacy of joy to find the mischief was only of the slightest nature.

"This poor babe," said he, "has been left here for no ordinary purpose—perhaps deserted by unnatural parents, to whom its very existence may impart shame. However, heaven has thrown him into my arms, and I am resolved to supply the place of those who should have been his best and only protectors." With these words, he gazed more intently on the boy, who answered with a smile so cherub-like, that he could not refrain from hugging him fondly to his heart. Hurrying back to the castle—"take this child," said he, to old Von Walmar, "'tis the fruit of my day's sport; treat him as you would treat me, for, from this moment, I pronounce him mine; that is, should he not be claimed by a better parent." Then, relating to his valet the incident of the morning, he directed him to make all possible inquiry for the infant's parents. This was done, but without effect; and, in consequence, the little unknown continued, under the appellation of Paul, to enjoy the protection of his *papa Colonel*, as he called him, and from day to day to exercise an influence in his breast of the most affectionate nature. He named him his *little General;* and there were few instances in which he would not imprudently have indulged him, but for Von's frequent and timely admonition, that "der spoil childers make a der bad solger;" and as Von was appointed Paul's educating commander-in-chief for the present, and was too much attached to the boy himself to refuse him any reasonable demand, the Colonel usually obeyed the old man's timely remonstrance.

Of a shrewd and lively disposition, little Paul, as his mind unfolded, imperceptibly acquired the elegant manners of the Colonel; and profited by the lessons of Von Walmer, who gloried in imparting to him a knowledge of military discipline, which he considered the best and strongest basis of "*every tink in der shape of der true eddecashoon.*"

There was but one feeling which could exceed the Colonel's esteem for Paul; and that was, his devotedness to the fairer part of the creation. The whole course of what a soldier calls his domestic *life*, had been to him one system of gallantry; adhering to the false notion, that in love, as in war, all manœuvres are fair, because he deemed all women insincere.—A few hours' stay at his paternal residence, previously to the departure of his visitors, had been enough to inspire him with the belief that an attack had been made upon his heart; and no sooner were Peldrine and lady Julia on their way to Elham Place, whither he promised to follow them, than, summoning Von to his presence, he imparted to him the state of his emotions, and enjoined him immediately to seek the object of his admiration, that he might more nearly behold, and converse with, such an earthly divinity. "Der old story," said Von, shrugging up his broad shoulders, and speaking aside, "and vere sall Ich find der angel vot haf inspire mine Colonel vid der fine shentiments?"—"In the village," was the reply; "she fled towards it—I beheld her seated on the edge of the current which runs into the old oak forest, as I was shewing some of those venerable trees to Lord Fisdoval, who, you know, is an admirer of forest scenery; she was gathering water-lilies, and as her seraphic form bent over the brook, Eve, twisting her locks in the translucent waters of Eden, was not more fair: I spoke, and in an instant she vanished—seek her, Von; quick to the village, and inquire for the most lovely, the most captivating—go, go—I burn—I—"—"If vot you so in der flame now mine Colonel," interrupted the old German, half sarcastically, and half vexed at, to him, an incomprehensible speech, "may not der passion be consume by der time vot Ich sall return?" The Colonel was about to reply in a tone of indignation, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Soutrand,

Captain Peldrine's valet, who had suddenly returned with some unimportant message from his master. Then darting a look of bitter scorn on Von, "Go," said he, "and attend to your *other duties;* in the present *business* I no longer desire your services nor your insolence." Von bowed in silence, and with a relieved, rather than a distressed feeling, retired.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original Poetry.

A SPIRIT'S SONG.

From bowers of bliss—from our starry home—
Come with me—O, sister Spirit, come!—
I am called—I am called!—I hear a sigh
From that lower world of misery,
Where we dwelt, in our days of mortal breath,
With the children of sorrow, pain, and death.

Let us fly to the loved of former years—
To those who live in the land of tears!
They are whispering now the vesper prayer—
Are naming the names of the friends that WERE;
They are dressing the sod where our relics lie,
With dewy flowers of the freshest dye.

Ye faithful!—ye faithful!—a Spirit's love
Cleaves to ye still from the realms above!
When the earth was strewn—when the grave was closed—
When dust with its fellow dust reposed—
When ye breath'd o'er the buried the first wild prayer
Of desolate grief—Lo! *I* was there!

I hovered unseen o'er your lonely path,
When ye sought once more the deserted hearth,
Where the vanished smile, and the vacant chair,
Told ye, that DEATH had been busy there!
But I was amidst ye—amidst ye yet,
Though the sun of my mortal day was set!

The world where *we* dwell is too purely bright
For the dim, dim ken of *your* weak sight;
But the Power—the gracious Power above,
Pities the yearnings of earthly love,
And permits that *we* fly to soothe your pain
With whispers—that *we shall meet again!*

L. S. S.

THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

The tear of joy may light the eye,
The tear of sorrow dim it;
The tear of love (confession dumb)
May carry rapture in it.

But there's a tear more brilliant far,
With feeling, thought, imbued;
It is the silent, speaking tear—
The tear of gratitude.

B. N.

THE ISLAND OF BLISS.

METHOUGHT that in some low and lovely isle,
Where the flow'rets beam'd 'neath the sun's warm smile,
We had a bower of lovely form,
A sky without a cloud or storm;
With many a bird its wild notes breathing,
And many a rose its tendrils wreathing
Around our lattice; and seeming to be
Blooming there in beauty for you and me!
And we wander'd together among the woods,
And among the wild and the deep solitudes,
And together adored the mighty Pow'r
Whose eye was upon us in that lone hour;
And together adored the gracious hand
That had form'd this bright and beautiful land;
Or wander'd away beside the sea,
That seem'd like a waveless lake to be;
And we watch'd the ships as they glided by,
Fearless and calm, 'neath our sunny sky;
And we saw the care-worn sailor smile,
When he near'd our green and sea-girt isle;
And the birds sang sweeter, and the flow'rets grew
Of a brighter, and fairer, and fresher hue;
And we, like spirits of heavenly birth,
Dwelt on this peaceful and beautiful earth;
And there sin and sorrow could reach us never,
And we praised our God for ever and ever.

B. B. B.

ON VIEWING SOME RUINS, OF GREAT ANTIQUITY.

I LOOK'D on the ruin'd castle walls,
Which frown'd in sad decay,
And told a melancholy tale
Of ages past away!

The grass had grown in the noble hall
Where the Norman chieftain sat;
And the clustering ivy had made a home
For the dull and gloomy bat.

Oh! where, I exclaimed, are the knights
Who fought on yonder plains?
And minstrels, who their praises sang
In loud and swelling strains?

Silent, and gone! the conqu'ring grave
Has long entomb'd them all!
And their bravest deeds are shrouded o'er
By Death's funereal pall.

Never more shall the trumpet's note
Sound to the warlike fight,
For they are deaf to earthly sounds,
And powerless in might;

While those who watch'd their gay career
With bright and beaming eyes,
And gave, with blushing sweetness, *then*,
The bravest knight the prize,

Alike are sleeping in the dust;
And, though of lofty race,
There is not one memorial left
To mark their resting-place!

Oh, TIME! how powerful thou art!
For e'en the strongest tower
Falls, as thy mighty course sweeps on,
Beneath thy with'ring pow'r!

Yet, when thy race at last shall cease,
Then man shall conquer thee;
And, in another world, enjoy
An immortality. MRS. H.

SWEET lady! raise thy drooping head,
Again let smiles thine eye illume,
And to thy pallid cheek restore
Its pristine bloom.

Blot out from memory's page all thoughts,
All fond memorials of one,
Whom 'tis thy duty to forget,
Thy pride to shun.

Again let cheerfulness benign
Its wonted radiance impart,
Stamp every feature, and entwine
Around thy heart.

For there are many left thee yet,
Whose love and friendship are sincere,
Who fain would see thee check the sigh
And dry the tear.

And none more truly so than he
Whose friendship prompts this feeble strain,
Yet would be loth to say aught here
To give thee pain.

Then, lady, raise thy drooping head,
Again let smiles thine eye illume,
And to thy pallid cheek restore
Its pristine bloom.

B. N.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LYRE.

'TWAS Summer—around me Night's shadows were closing,
All hushed and all silent the grove's feather'd choir;
Here calmly I lay, on a moss-bank reposing,
There hung, 'mid a cluster of roses, my lyre.

Methought, as I slept, I heard music come stealing,
As if on the wings of the breeze, o'er mine ear;
Methought too a light fairy figure was kneeling
Those roses beside, now all wither'd and sere.

And sadly she gazed on those now wither'd roses,
Kiss'd fondly my lyre, and then turning to me,
"I cannot," she cried, "see! how calm she reposes,
I dare not foretel what the future may be.

"Enough that the roses are withered and faded,
Enough that her lyre's minstrel music is o'er;
The silence of death those sweet chords has pervaded—
That hand shall awake them to music no more!

"Yes—heedless alike or of talent or beauty,
Death smiles on his victim, and raises his dart;
Yet pauses awhile o'er his merciless duty—
Then drives the dire weapon at once to the heart."

With fear I awoke and the red roses number'd—
Unwither'd they blushed in the moon's silver beam—
Yet felt that the words I had heard as I slumber'd
Were chartered by Truth, though conveyed in a dream.

Temple, Nov. 22, 1826. H. B.

SONNET.

THE RAINBOW.

BEHOLD yon golden arch—streaming with light—
Blazing with every rich and varied dye,
That can be found in air, earth, sea, or sky;
Though soft and lambent as a summer night,
Yet but of momentary splendour—bright,
But transient are its tints—for while the eye
Strains its intensest nerves, the colours fly,
Melting, and fading from th' enraptured sight.
And thus it is with Hope, I sighing said:
Though pure, and bright, and cloudless she may seem,
Yet but at best a visionary shade,
And fleeting as "the frost-work of a dream:"
Fraught, like the rainbow, with each dazzling hue,
As evanescent, and as transient too.

B. N.

Records of the Beau-Monde.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1827.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

Walking Dress.

A high pelisse-dress of slate-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a broad border, formed of twisted *rouleaux*, set on in bias stripes at separate distances, and confined above and beneath under a *rouleau*, which two *rouleaux* cross the skirt, and complete the border: the sleeves loose, with *mancherons* formed of double scallops trimmed round with quilling of *gros de Naples*, pinked. A pelerine cape, the same as the dress, fastens behind, and is finished by a narrow falling collar of the same; above which is tied round the throat a pink silk *sautoir*. Under a plain black velvet bonnet is worn a *cornette* of British lace, ornamented with full-blown roses.

Morning Costume.

A gown, made partially high, of sage-green *gros de Naples*, bordered with two scalloped flounces, edged with a bias binding of satin. The body *en gerbe*, with a *fichu-pelerine*, forming a sort of stomacher, which, falling over the shoulders, in cleft *mancherons*, somewhat elevated, gradually terminates in a point under the belt. From the throat, over these, falls a Maltese collar of fine India muslin, with a double quilling round the edge of thread *tulle*. A bonnet of bird-of-paradise-yellow, is ornamented with puffs of yellow sarcenet, with bows of slate-coloured gauze next the crown, brocaded with black flowers. This bonnet ties close under the chin, on the left side.

Ball Dress.

Over a slip of amber-coloured satin, a dress of *tulle*, the border, with two rows of amber gauze, *bouillonés*; the *bouillon* placed on the border, in close *fers de cheval*, and forming a rich and striking sort of trimming. The body is *à la Circassienne*, with a broad sash of amber-coloured satin; a small rosette on the left side, in the centre of which is a pearl ornament: long ends, edged round with narrow blond of a Vandyke pattern, descend somewhat lower than the knee. The sleeves are short and full, of amber satin, trimmed with blond, and finished down the outside of the arm with silk buttons. Bracelets of gold, very broad, encircle the wrists, and are worn over the gloves: they are fastened with a turquoise brooch. The tresses are arranged in curls on one side, and in a light, transparent bow on the other. Detached *bouquets* of roses, with a slight portion of their green foliage, are sparingly, but tastefully scattered over the head. The ear-pendants are of pearls, and the necklace is formed of one row of very large pearls. A sort of long chain, formed of Egyptian pebbles, is hung over the neck and bust, from which depends a large patriarch Greek cross of black and gold enamel.

Opera Dress.

A dress of etherial blue, or of pink *crêpelisse*, ornamented at the border with *rouleaux*, in festoons, and bows of satin: a full wadded *rouleau* next the shoe, concealing the hem: the body ornamented crosswise, with satin straps. The sleeves very short, and bracelets worn over the gloves, of coral in oval pieces, each surrounded by *fillagrée* gold. Hat of black velvet, with superb white plumage; a rich group of feathers appearing in front, and one very long feather drooping over the left shoulder, towards which side the hat is very conspicuously inclined. On the side of the hair that this obliquity discovers, are two short marabout feathers placed under the brim of the hat. The mantle, which is of the Venetian form, is of violet or puce-coloured chequered velvet, with a large *pelerine* cape, and is lined throughout, according to fancy, with either white satin, or a colour the same as the cloak.



BALL DRESS OPERA DRESS

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Though fashions multiply fastest during the wintry season, the dark and short days, thick fogs, or piercing cold, render the promenade dull and uninteresting, and often cast a cloud over the out-door walking costume. As we, however, enter our most fashionable *magasins des modes*, or behold the lady of high rank and fashion in her carriage, the elegant contrast to the dull walking-dress soon presents itself when we look on the rich pelisse and splendid mantle; swans'-down, zibeline, American squirrel, sumptuously ornamenting these warm envelopes, and hats adorned with the smart *esprit* plume, or winter flowers, of bright and garish hues.

Many black velvet pelisses have made their appearance this winter. They button down the front, and come up close to the throat with a narrow collar, over which is tied a silk neck-kerchief of lively colours. The sleeves of these pelisses are *en gigot*, and have, besides, double *mancherons*. For walking, a pelisse of *gros de Naples*, the colour of *bone de Londres*, is very fashionable.* The favourite colour for mantles seems now to be the royal-purple; these, with those of royal blue, were most admired last month, when lined with amber; but now it is considered more genteel to have them lined with the same colour as the outside. They have one large cape with a rolled collar above it.

The hats of black velvet have often a deep blond at the edge of the brim: they are frequently trimmed with coloured ribbon, and, if in the carriage, with short feathers to correspond; but these feathers are never seen in walking costume on the bonnet of any lady who has the least claim to elegance. The black bonnets are, many of them, lined with white, which is evidently an improvement: the black linings casting a dingy shade even over the fairest complexions. Some coloured hats have been seen in carriages, for morning visits; those most in favour for this purpose are of pink satin, with a rich white blond at the edge. Young persons, for walking, wear close large bonnets; these are sometimes of coloured silk, but are more general in black velvet. There are occasions on which white bonnets are yet worn in carriages; they are then usually of watered *gros de Naples*, trimmed at the edge of the brim with a broad blond, and the puffings about the crown stiffened out with wired ribbon. White feathers are added if the style of dress or visit of ceremony require.

Evening dresses are of *crêpe-lisse*, blue, pink, or other good candle-light colours. They are trimmed round the border with *rouleaux* of satin, in scallops, and rosettes of satin ribbon, the colour of the dress forming a novel kind of bordering which has a rich and pleasing effect: the boddice of these dresses are made of a proper height, displaying the fine turn of the neck and bust, perfectly decorous, but in a style fit for full dress. The front of the waist is trimmed across in the stomacher manner, with narrow straps of satin; the sleeves short, but not very full. We have seen a very pretty dinner-party-dress of chequered taffety, bordered with two flounces edged with blond. The body made quite plain, and very high across the chest, and low at the shoulders; it had a falling collar, cleft at each shoulder, and edged round with a *rouleau* of white satin. The dress had long sleeves of *tulle*, with antique points of blond at the wrists, fastened by a gold bracelet and cameo. For half-dress a gown of *gros de Naples* is much in favour, made partially high; the body *en gerbe*, but not very full, with a platted ornament across the chest: sleeves, *en gigot*. The gown ornamented at the border with three wad-

* "One must tell these things in French," observes the learned author of *Almack's*; and what can be higher authority? for *very* learned she certainly is in all that relates to costume, &c. &c. "Our language," she adds, "will not describe *shades* of any sort; so matter of fact!"—Again: "I have been miserable at leaving Paris before Longchamp, for it was expected to be brilliant beyond expression; *beaucoup de toilettes superbes; Josephine de la Tour* writes me word that '*dos d'Araignée*,' '*Puce en couché*,' and '*arbre de Judée*,' were the favourite colours. Madame la Maréchale Soult sported '*Queue de Singe*' really beautiful; but Mademoiselle Amenaide de Quatrebarbes quite cut her out in '*Eau du Nile*,' a new shade, which many say should be called '*tête de nègre*.'"

ded braids or plats of satin, the colour of the dress, which is finished at the throat by a handsome Vandyke lace collar.

The manner now of arranging the hair, that is the *newest* manner, looks well with young faces only: it is whimsical enough; the two sides next the face differing from each other: sometimes it is a braid, *à la Madonna*, on one side, with a very full cluster of curls, and much elevated on the other. Some ladies prefer arranging their hair in the manner represented in our engraving; with a light bow on one side, and curls on the other: this does not appear so whimsical as the mode we first noticed; though the bow, at a cursory glance, has very much the appearance of those large frightful curls, which, we are sorry to say, are yet in favour—and ever shall be sorry at such dominion of false taste, because we never yet saw the female who looked well with them; some, they entirely disguise. Satin turbans of gold-colour and *ponçeau* are much admired at evening-parties, and at the theatres: they are very large, and are placed much on one side. Two white feathers are placed in these head-dresses when adopted at the evening party. The opera hats are large, but are placed very backward, and have no strings: we have seen one prepared for that elegant theatre, of pink satin, with several long, flat, white feathers. Bengal roses are favourite flowers with young ladies for their hair; as is geranium in the elegant blond caps now worn in half-dress and for home costume. Some of these caps have long lappets; others are quite round, without lappets or strings. A *toque* of blue crape, with gold ears of corn, has been much admired at an evening dress-party lately given in one of the first circles. These ears of gold corn were surmounted by a beautiful *esprit* feather. At the above-mentioned party, the diversity of the different head-dresses was remarkable: one lady had her hair arranged in large curls and bows, with a half turban of gauze placed very backward; and among the curls of hair were flowers intermingled. Another had a Scotch cap of tartan silk, with black feathers. Several ladies of distinction had blond caps, placed very backward, and much on one side; they were loaded with flowers, and long lappets floated over the shoulders. The tops of the combs were very high; some were ornamented with large valuable pearls; others were of wrought gold.

The favourite colours are *ponçeau*, blue, pink, amber, royal-purple, tea-colour, and holly-green.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Much mystery appears always to be observed among our merchants, of every description, at the approach of the new year. The *marchande des modes* is extremely cautious of displaying the tasteful dress, cap, or bonnet, she may have in preparation for the first day of January, 1827; and were it not for the little private interest I have with a few fashionable friends, I know not how I should, at this season, perform my usual task. However, I am more than a match for some of these priestesses; as I have been indulged with a sight of several articles preparatory to the looked-for period; and which *they* will not behold till they have issued from some of their superiors in the modish art.

Tartan silks, and velvets, but of light colours, will prevail in dress pelisses. Velvet mantles, lined with the fur of the red fox, are in high vogue, as are merino mantles of tartan in very large chequers, with a broad collar of marten's fur: these cloaks are very warm, being lined throughout with plush silk of a *ponçeau* colour. A woman of fashion well wrapped up in a Witzchoura pelisse, with sleeves *à la Polonaise*, ought to wear black velvet boots, laced up in front, with a border of chinchilla round the leg. Before I quit the account of our most fashionable out-door articles, I must describe to you a beautiful mantle just completed for a lady of high rank. It is of that fine, *frosty*-looking (if I may be allowed the term) green, that peculiarly distinguishes the leaf of the auricula, and is of the best Genoa velvet: the cape is beautifully embossed with satin, in a rich and ingenious pattern, the same colour as

the cloak, which is finished all round, in the same superb and truly novel manner.

When black velvet and black satin hats are without a blond at the edge, black veils are always worn with them. Rose-coloured hats are often trimmed at the edges with black blond. Plush silk hats have large puffings of different coloured ribbons; these are, for the most part, chequered. Some satin hats, the yellow of the bird-of-paradise, have double brims: the first is very large, and both are lined with satin chequered with velvet. *Plumes boiteuses*, or marabouts, ornament these hats on one or other of the two brims. Hats of yellow plush silk are trimmed with black velvet and puffs of broad ribbon of yellow satin striped with black. On some hats of black satin are seen light yellow feathers imitating large tulips.

Ball-dresses are of *tulle*, ornamented at the border with three rows of coloured striped ribbon in waves *en chevrons;* each point encircled by a *rouleau* of ribbon. The sash, bracers, and *mancherons* are the same. The *tulle* sleeves are short, and not very full: the body is *à la Vierge*. Many evening-dresses of rose-colour and blue are embroidered in black floize silk: black is a favourite ornament to every colour. Many young ladies wear for evening-dresses, *barége*, with white or coloured grounds, figured over with chequers or flowers. The *corsage* crosses over the bust in drapery; the trimming at the border consists of flounces with heads, or *bouillons* in circles, formed of satin *rouleaux*. Gowns for half-dress are trimmed with two broad, flat bias folds; above each of these are three *cordons*, of a colour suitable to the dress; some ladies prefer small tucks to the *cordons*. Poplin dresses are trimmed with two *rouleaux* of satin, with an ornament above, *en scie*. Merino dresses are more in favour than ever, this winter; the *corsages* chiefly *à la Grecque:* this material is now brought to the highest perfection possible; the fineness of their texture, and the admirable workmanship bestowed on them in flat embroidery of silk, the colour of the dress, render them a *parure* fit for any party, howsoever brilliant. Small *colerette* shawls, *à la Marie Stuart*, falling over the shoulders, with low dresses, are often of rich blond, when the dress is of silk.

Berêt-toques of blue satin, crowned with numerous plumes of white feathers, are very fashionable for the evening party. Ball head-dresses are composed of bows and curls of hair: small bows over the forehead, and three bows on the summit of the head, which are seen in front. A diadem comb of gold and pearls is stuck in front of the bows above the curls, which are brought very low on the forehead; the hair is dressed very short at the ears; the other ornaments on the head are puffs of ribbon, edged with coloured *rouleaux*, to answer the sash or trimmings on the dress. The *berêts* continue very flat and large: they are ornamented with marabouts mingled with *aigrettes*. The *esprit* feathers now worn in turbans are very long. Flowers, formed of hair, are among the novelties of the day; they are very light, and are distributed round an amethyst which serves to fix them on the head by a long gold pin; this pin places them among the bows, either above or below the comb. Dress-hats are of satin or velvet, and are trimmed with bias folds of satin in festoons round the crown: they are lined always with a different colour to the hat. Large tulips, formed of variegated feathers, suitable both to the hat and lining, are yet of different hues: these are placed in front of the crown. *Toques* and turbans are a mixture of gold, silver, and coloured foil; sometimes the foil is cut so as to represent a narrow lace, and serves as a *bandeau* to the *toque;* sometimes it is cut in stars and diamonds, and is sprinkled all over the other materials. Turbans are sometimes of plain velvet, sometimes of striped cachemere, and often of *crêpe-lisse* of one colour, or of two different colours. *Toque-turbans* are ornamented with gold flowers.

A fashionable whim in jewellery is to have a cross and a necklace of red and white cornelian; a red bead, then a white one, and so on, alternately. The beads are oblong; but at each angle of the cross is a flower in gold, beautifully wrought.

The favourite colours are pine-apple-yellow, blue of all shades, green, *ponceau*, violet, yellow, and rose-colour.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Few are the works of the season that will be more anxiously inquired after, or perused with more avidity, than "*The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry, and other Poems, by L. E. L., Author of 'The Improvisatrice,' 'The Troubadour,' &c.;*" we are therefore anxious to give it the earliest possible notice. Little are we disposed to criticise the contents of the volume: Miss Landon's reputation as a poet has been long established; and, in justice to her, as well as for the gratification of the reader, we are more desirous of devoting all the space that we can spare for extract, than of offering numerous or extended comments.

Miss Landon, in an Introduction of less than half-a-dozen lines, informs us that the title of her book is taken from the festival alluded to at the close of her "Troubadour;" and that, of the various accounts which we possess of the origin of the metrical competition which it represents, her idea has been principally taken from a passage in Warton's "History of Poetry." It may be as well, therefore, to quote what Warton mentions respecting the Floral games which were instituted in France in the fourteenth century. "They were founded," as he states, "by Clementina Isaure, Countess of Thoulouse, and annually celebrated in the month of May. She published an edict, which assembled all the poets of France in artificial arbours, dressed with flowers: and he that produced the best poem was rewarded with a violet of gold. There were likewise inferior prizes of flowers made in silver. In the mean time the conquerors were crowned with natural chaplets of their own respective flowers. During the ceremony, degrees were also conferred. He who had won a prize three times was created a doctor *en gaye Science*, the name of the poetry of the Provencal Troubadours. The instrument of creation was in verse. This institution, however fantastic, soon became common through the whole kingdom of France: and these romantic rewards, distributed with the most impartial attention to merit, at least infused an useful emulation, and in some measure revived the languishing genius of the French poetry."

The following are Miss Landon's introductory lines:—

To-Morrow, to-morrow, thou loveliest May,
To-morrow will rise up thy first-born day;
Bride of the summer, child of the spring,
To-morrow the year will its favourite bring:
The roses will know thee, and fling back their vest,
While the nightingale sings him to sleep on their breast;
The blossoms, in welcomes, will open to meet,
On the light boughs thy breath, in the soft grass thy feet.
To-morrow the dew will have virtue to shed
O'er the cheek of the maiden* its loveliest red;
To-morrow a glory will brighten the earth,
While the spirit of beauty rejoicing has birth.

Miss Landon has enlarged upon the idea of the Countess; and, instead of confining her assemblage of minstrels to the French poets, has convened bards and songsters from nearly every region of the earth. Thus, in the course of the competition, which lasts two days, we have lays, and tales, and songs, from two Provençal minstrels, a Norman knight, a Scottish minstrel, a German meinnesinger, a Provençal lady, a pilgrim from the Holy Land, a Spanish minstrel, an Italian minstrel, an Irish minstrel, a Moorish bard, an English knight, &c.

Had the golden prize been our's to award, we should probably have said "sweets to the sweet," and have transferred it from the raven hair of the noble Countess, to the possession of the Italian minstrel who sings the sad and mournful tale of blighted love—"The Rose." Miss Landon, however, feeling the difficulty of marking a preference, observes, in a somewhat abrupt

* Gathering the May-dew.

close, that, when the lady had unbound the violet from her hair—

Many a flash from each dark eye pass'd,
Many a minstrel's pulse throbb'd fast,
As she held forth the flower;

and subsequently adds—

Let *each one* at *their* pleasure set
The prize—the Golden Violet.
Could I choose where it might belong,
Mid phantoms but of mine own song?

As our favourite, "The Rose," is too long for the purpose of transcript, we give the English knight's ballad—"Sir Walter Manny at his Father's Tomb:"—

"Oh! show me the grave where my father is laid,
Show his lowly grave to me;
A hundred pieces of broad red gold,
Old man, shall thy guerdon be."

With torch in hand, and bared head,
The old man led the way;
And cold and shrill pass'd the midnight wind
Through his hair of silvery grey.

A stately knight follow'd his steps,
And his form was tall and proud;
But his step fell soft, and his helm was off,
And his head on his bosom bow'd.

They pass'd through the cathedral aisles,
Whose sculptured walls declare
The deeds of many a noble knight;
De Manny's name was not there.

They pass'd next a low and humble church,
Scarce seen amid the gloom;
There was many a grave, yet not even there
Had his father found a tomb.

They traversed a bleak and barren heath,
Till they came to a gloomy wood,
Where the dark trees droop'd, and the dark grass grew,
As cursed with the sight of blood.

There stood a lorn and blasted tree,
As heaven and earth were his foes,
And beneath was a piled-up mound of stones,
Whence a rude grey cross arose.

"And lo!" said the ancient servitor,
"It is here thy father is laid;
No mass has bless'd the lowly grave
Which his humblest follower made.

"I would have wander'd through every land
Where his gallant name was known,
To have pray'd a mass for the soul of the dead,
And a monumental stone.

"But I knew thy father had a son,
To whom the task would be dear;
Young knight, I kept the warrior's grave
For thee, and thou art here."

Sir Walter grasp'd the old man's hand,
But spoke he never a word;—
So still it was, that the fall of tears
On his mailed vest was heard.

Oh! the heart has all too many tears;
But none are like those that wait
On the blighted love, the loneliness
Of the young orphan's fate.

He call'd to mind, when for knighthood's badge
He knelt at Edward's throne;
How many stood by a parent's side,
But he stood there alone!

He thought how often his heart had pined,
When his was the victor's name;
Thrice desolate, strangers might give,
But could not share his fame.

Down he knelt in silent prayer
On the grave where his father slept;
And many the tears, and bitter the thoughts,
As the warrior his vigil kept.

And he built a little chapel there;
And bade the death-bell toll,
And prayers be said, and mass be sung,
For the weal of the warrior's soul.

Years pass'd, and ever Sir Walter was first
Where warlike deeds were done;
But who would not look for the gallant knight
In the leal and loyal son?

It is eminently due to Miss Landon—to the fine genius of a youthful and delightful poet—that we insert the following lines, which form the concluding portion of those which are appended to the "Golden Violet:" they possess much sweetness, much tenderness, much beauty; and, based in truth, they form the best answer that can be offered to the objection which has been urged, that the fair author is not at all times happy in her choice of subject:—

One saith that tale of battle brand
Is all too rude for my weak hand;
Another, too much sorrow flings
Its pining cadence o'er my strings.
So much to win, so much to lose,
No marvel if I fear to choose.
How can I tell of battle field?
I never listed brand to wield;
Or dark ambition's pathway try,
In truth I never look'd so high;

Or stern revenge, or hatred fell,
Of what I know not, can I tell?
I soar not on such lofty wings,
My lute has not so many strings;
Its dower is but an humble dower,
And I who call upon its aid,
My power is but a woman's power,
Of softness and of sadness made.
In all its changes my own heart
Must give the colour, have its part.
If that I know myself what keys
Yield to my hand their sympathies,
I should say it is those whose tone
Is woman's love and sorrow's own;
Such notes as float upon the gale,
When twilight, tender nurse and pale,
Brings soothing airs and silver dew
The panting roses to renew;
Feelings whose truth is all their worth,
Thoughts which have had their pensive birth
When lilies hang their heads and die,
Eve's lesson of mortality.
Such lute, and with such humble wreath
As suits frail string and trembling breath,
Such, gentle reader, woos thee now.
Oh! o'er it bend with yielding brow:
Read thou it when some soften'd mood
Is on thy hour of solitude;
And tender memory, sadden'd thought,
On the world's harsher cares have wrought.
Bethink thee, kindly look and word
Will fall like sunshine o'er each chord;
That, light as is such boon to thee,
'Tis more than summer's noon to me;
That, if such meed my suit hath won,
I shall not mourn my task is done.

If this be not at once elegant and graceful, we know not what is. Upon the whole, however, our preference in this volume leans to some of its miscellaneous pieces. "Erinna," especially, and "Love's Last Lesson." In personating Erinna—she of the olden time—she who was a poetess from her cradle, and who lived only to the completion of her eighteenth year—Miss Landon could not have felt herself otherwise than inspired. Two or three passages from this poem we must quote:—

Had I lived ever in the savage woods,
Or in some distant island, which the sea
With wind and wave guards in deep loneliness;
Had my eye never on the beauty dwelt
Of human face, and my ear never drank
The music of a human voice; I feel
My spirit would have pour'd itself in song,
Have learn'd a language from the rustling leaves,
The singing of the birds, and of the tide.
Perchance, then, happy had I never known
Another thought could be attach'd to song
Than of its own delight.

The idea, in the succeeding passage, of music being "the language of some other state, born of its memory," is not original, and we have seen it more happily expressed; still it is beautiful:—

A poet's word, a painter's touch, will reach
The innermost recesses of the heart,
Making the pulses throb in unison
With joy or grief, which we can analyse;
There is the cause for pleasure and for pain:
But music moves us, and we know not why;
We feel the tears, but cannot trace their source.
Is it the language of some other state,
Born of its memory? For what can wake
The soul's strong instinct of another world,
Like music? Well with sadness doth it suit,
To hear the melancholy sounds decay,
And think (for thoughts are life's great human links,
And mingle with our feelings,) even so
Will the heart's wildest pulses sink to rest.

Is not the subjoined passage rich and glowing? Is it not instinct with life, and genius, and inspiration?

How have I loved, when the red evening fill'd
Our temple with its glory, first, to gaze
On the strange contrast of the crimson air,
Lighted as if with passion, and flung back,
From silver vase and tripod rich with gems,
To the pale statues round, where human life
Was not, but beauty was, which seemed to have
Apart existence from humanity:
Then, to go forth where the tall waving pines
Seem'd as behind them roll'd a golden sea,
Immortal and eternal; and the boughs,
That darkly swept between me and its light,
Were fitting emblems of the worldly cares
That are the boundary between us and heaven;
Meanwhile, the wind, a wilful messenger
Lingering amid the flowers on his way,
At intervals swept past in melody,
The lutes and voices of the choral hymn
Contending with the rose-breath on his wing!
Perhaps it is these pleasures' chiefest charm,
They are so undefinable, so vague.

Again:—

It had seem'd to me
A miser's selfishness, had I not sought
To share with others those impassion'd thoughts,
Like light, or hope, or love, in their effects.
When I have watch'd the stars write on the sky

In characters of light, have seen the moon
Come like a veiled priestess from the east,
While, like a hymn, the wind swell'd on mine ear,
Telling soft tidings of eve's thousand flowers,
Has it not been the transport of my lute
To find its best delight in sympathy?

An exquisite feeling pervades the succeeding lines—the last that we can offer from "Erinna:"—

And yet I would resign the praise that now
Makes my cheek crimson, and my pulses beat,
Could I but deem that when my hand is cold,
And my lip passionless, my songs would be
Number'd 'mid the young poet's first delights;
Read by the dark-eyed maiden in an hour
Of moonlight, till her cheek shone with its tears:
And murmur'd by the lover when his suit
Calls upon poetry to breathe of love.
I do not hope a sunshine burst of fame,
My lyre asks but a wreath of fragile flowers.
I have told passionate tales of breaking hearts,
Of young cheeks fading even before the rose;
My songs have been the mournful history
Of woman's tenderness and woman's tears;
I have touch'd but the spirit's gentlest chords,
Surely the fittest for my maiden hand;—
And in their truth my immortality.

"Love's Last Lesson" is founded on the truth and tenderness of woman's heart, on the possibility of doing "all things but forget;" an old theme, but here very effectively treated. The point will be seen from a single brief excerpt:—

But you first call'd my woman's feelings forth,
And taught me love ere I had dreamed love's name.
I lov'd unconsciously: your name was all
That seem'd in language, and to me the world
Was only made for you; in solitude,
When passions hold their interchange together,
Your image was the shadow of my thought;
Never did slave, before his Eastern lord,
Tremble as I did when I met your eye,
And yet each look was counted as a prize;
I laid your words up in my heart like pearls
Hid in the ocean's treasure-cave. At last
I learn'd my heart's deep secret; for I hoped,
I dream'd you loved me; wonder, fear, delight,
Swept my heart like a storm; my soul, my life,
Seem'd all too little for your happiness;
Had I been mistress of the starry worlds
That light the midnight, they had all been yours,
And I had deem'd such boon but poverty.
As it was, I gave all I could—my love,
My deep, my true, my fervent, faithful love;
And now you bid me learn forgetfulness:
It is a lesson that I soon shall learn.
There is a home of quiet for the wretched,
A somewhat dark, and cold, and silent rest,
But still it is rest—for it is the grave.

If the quotations we have made will not induce the reader to peruse the whole volume, all recommendation—all praise—from us would fail.

We turn from Miss Landon's "Golden Violet," to a work of a different character—"*Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse; with Forty Original Designs, by Thomas Hood, one of the Authors of 'Odes and Addresses to Great People,' and the Designer of 'The Progress of Cant.'*" Here, however, our labour will be light; as, in the supplementary number to our preceding volume, we have noticed, at some length (with rather copious extracts) the literary merits of the volume. Mr. Hood's designs, cut in wood, possess great originality, and an extraordinary breadth of humour. We shall mention a few of the more prominent: though, by so doing, we can by no means render justice to their merit. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore;" the head of an Indian squaw, decorated with a human arm-bone, with a ring of immense dimensions through her nose, &c.: "The Cook's Oracle;" a man in *kitchen* costume, his head formed by a frying-pan, holding a grid-iron with musical figures on the *bars*: "The Last Man;" Jack Ketch, having performed the law's office to the last existing wretch, himself excepted, smoking his pipe in full enjoyment on the top of the gallows: "Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt;" an immensely fat prize ox, urged forward by a drover, a cripple, and almost a skeleton: "As it fell upon a day;" an unhappy wretch of a girl who has broken her pitcher at the pump: "Père la Chaise;" two unhappy children tumbling out of a chaise through the *absence* of their father: "Son of the Sleepless;" another piece of misery—a father walking about half naked at night with a screaming child in his arms: "Take, oh take those lips away," a pretty girl shrinking with horror from the threatened salute of a negro: "Oh! breathe not his name;" a hideous representation of a certain personage whose name would not appear at

all ornamental in the pages of La Belle Assemblee: "Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life;" a lot of happy urchins cleaning out a sugar hogshead, &c.—This book will not fail to increase the stock of laughter at Christmas.

We have been exceedingly pleased with a volume of "*Poems, by Eliza Acton.*" The pieces are all short—we wish many of them had been longer; but they have impressed us with a most favourable opinion of the writer's talents, and not less so of the purity and goodness of her mind. Some specimens will be found in the supplementary number of the preceeding volume.

"*Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the Present Day; including Grahame's Sabbath and other Poems, and Blair's Grave; with Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks, by John Johnstone,*" reflects great credit upon its compiler. The nature of the work is displayed in its title-page, and it remains for us only to observe that the selections are tastefully made, that the biographical and critical notices are concise and judicious, and that the pleasing form in which it is brought before the public, combined with its cheapness, will render it acceptable to all classes of readers. In his preface, Mr. Johnstone announces his intention of producing a succeeding volume on the same plan, "devoted to the lyrical, amatory, patriotic, and descriptive poets." If executed in the same spirit as the present—with engravings, too—it will be very desirable.

Descending from the flowery regions of Parnassus, to the beaten paths of—not common but—fashionable life, we obtain a peep at "*Almack's, a Novel,*" in three volumes; a production which, at the commencement of the present year of our Lord, 1827, constitutes the grand object of attraction in the reading world—that is the reading world of *fashion*. By all that are *in* and *of* that world, it will be perused with the utmost avidity; to others it will be little more than a sealed book. With peculiar propriety, the work is inscribed "To that Most Distinguished and Despotic Conclave, composed of their High Mightinesses the Ladies Patronesses of the Balls at Almack's, the Rulers of Fashion, the Arbiters of Taste, the Leaders of Ton, and the Makers of Manners, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c." Viewing it as a correct portraiture—which, from its author's having evidently witnessed and been a participator in the scenes which it describes, and from the air of reality with which the whole is invested it will generally be deemed,—the novel of "Almack's" is perhaps the severest satire upon fashionable life that ever was written. There is a drawback, however, from its attraction: it relates to the *past*, not to the *present*; it shews us what Almack's was eight or ten years ago, not what Almack's is at the present moment. The book has been ascribed, though certainly in error in both cases, to Lady Foley and to Lady Charlotte Bury. Neither of those ladies would, if she could, have written it; but the author, whoever she may be, has unquestionably had the honour of being "one of the exclusives." It may please some and dissatisfy others to know that she disclaims all *personal* allusion; "though it is not pretended to deny, that many of the follies described are taken from the life, as well as several of the anecdotes related." No reader, moving in the upper circles, will experience the slightest difficulty in discovering prototypes for the Duchess of Stavordale, the Baroness Wallestein, Lady Hanton, the Ladies Bellamont, Plinlimmon, Birmingham, and Lochaber, the Dukes of Castlemaine, and Clanalpin, Lord Boileau, &c. &c. From the slight personal knowledge, however, which we happen to possess of fashionable life, we can take upon ourselves to affirm that these are *not* portraits: they have occasional traits of resemblance; but, we repeat, they are *not* portraits. The story is too slight to bear sketching: it involves three or four marriages, but presents no "moving accidents by flood and field," "no hair-breadth 'scapes;" for once the course of true love *does* run smooth. Independently of the *scenery*, the bringing out of an heiress, a description of her friends and relatives, the company to whom she is introduced, &c., form the *matériel* of the work. The writer is a clever person; she is perfectly *au fait* in every thing she attempts: yet, of her style, we should say, it is rather tame than spirited, rather dull than brilliant. We have no room here for a specimen; but, in the supplement to our

preceding volume, published on the same day as the present No. of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, a characteristic scene of considerable interest will be found.

It would be difficult to imagine a work contrasting more strongly with "Almack's" than "*Paul Jones; a Romance, by Allan Cunningham, author of 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,' 'Traditional Tales,' &c.*" Mr. Cunningham, we apprehend, must rest his fame rather upon his descriptive powers and fine poetical imagination, than upon his talent for pourtraying character, or for constructing and developing an interesting and highly-wrought fiction. In the three volumes before us there is much powerful writing—the scenery of the Scottish coast is described with the vividness of painting and the enthusiasm of poetry—but the characters are indistinct, inconsistent, and unnatural; and the incidents are, many of them, unconnected, improbable, and even impossible. Mr. Cunningham seems to have totally lost sight of the important maxim that, in the composition of historical romance, historical fact is not to be outraged. The outlines of a historical romance—as far as history is actually concerned—should be strictly in conformity with, and never in opposition to established facts: the filling up may be from imagination, but all the fictitious scenes, incidents, and characters—all the accessories—should be in perfect keeping with truth.

At the commencement of the story, John Paul, afterwards Paul Jones, has recently returned from America, whither he had fled to escape a humiliating punishment unjustly awarded by the magistrate of the district. John Paul and Lord Thomas Dalveen had been close and inseparable companions from childhood. Both of them of a high spirited and unyielding disposition, as they advanced in years their contests were frequent, and a severe chastisement inflicted upon Lord Dalveen had been the primary cause of Paul's visit to America. Of a most profligate character, Lord Dalveen, attracted by the beauty of Maud, Paul's sister, bribes a pirate Captain to carry her off by force. In consequence, however, of some pique, the pirate carried Maud over the seas for himself instead of for Lord Dalveen. When Paul discovers the loss of his sister, he demands her of Lord Dalveen, and a furious conflict between them ensues. The latter is wounded, and Paul is again taken before the magistrate; again his sentence is unjust, and again he effects his escape. His second return is not so peaceful as his first. Burning for revenge for the wrongs he has endured, he returns to ravage and plunder his native shores. It is impossible, however, to follow him through all his adventures. He visits Paris, where he is caressed by the King and court; revisits America, where he discovers his sister, the ruler or queen of a Scotch colony. Notwithstanding the services which he renders to America, he is neglected by her people. "The curse which those men deserve and find who fight against their country fell upon Paul." He quits America in disgust, and joins the Russian service. At the conclusion of the war with the Porte Paul is dismissed from the Russian court, and returns to Scotland, where he meets with nothing but curses and execrations. He flees to France, his life is threatened by the revolutionists, and he is shortly afterwards found dead upon his couch. The fate of Lord Dalveen is mysteriously connected with that of Paul. He is opposed to him on his native shores—in the engagements at sea—he is with him in America, in Russia, and in Paris, where he is assassinated the day before the death of Paul.

If we had room for extracts of four or five pages each, we could find fifty in these volumes worthy of being transposed to our pages: as it is, we must confine ourselves to a single passage illustrating Paul's last return to his native shores:—

Paul turned his face to his mother's house. The night was cold, streamers were dancing in the northern sky, the howl of the fox came at times from the distant mountain, and a thin misty vapour curled slowly from the valleys half-way up the hills. He came to the bank of a little stream, where stood of old a Saxon cross of solid stone, with a thistle intertwined round the shaft, and terminating in a virgin and child on one side, and a kneeling warrior on the other. The stone, thrown from its pedestal and broken in two, lay impeding the current; he set his foot upon it to aid himself in leaping over the stream, when the mist which curled on the surface seemed touched by fire, and a shape dim and indistinct appeared before him. Paul gazed on the form, if form it could

be called, which seemed fashioned out of a dark vapour, and which might belong rather to the imagination than to the spiritual world. Some such belief at first seemed to be Paul's—he drew his sword and thrust it before him—he imagined that the blade quivered to the hilt, and though he felt nothing, a tremor like the touch of electricity was communicated to his flesh. It was then that terror fairly mastered him, and the form, which till now remained dim and dimensionless, assumed the shape of a man and the port of a warrior, and waxed of more than mortal height. Paul put up his sword, and said, "What art thou, and what is thy will?"—A faint low reply came to his ear like the murmur of a brook. "I am the evil spirit which follows thy footsteps. On the bloody deck, on the dancing floor, in the royal hall—I am with thee."

Paul quivered in every limb. "False and subtle spirit," he said, "I defy thee!—the God in whom I trust will deliver me from thy presence." The shape sunk suddenly away, the stars ceased shining, a blood-crow started with a croak from a neighbouring pine, and a wild blue light ran trembling from bank to bank on the rivulet. He went to his mother's house—the door stood open—a faint light glimmered from a cruse; his mother was kneeling in prayer, she looked up, gave a low shriek of joy, and fainted in his arms. She recovered soon, looked on her son, shook her head, and smiled, whilst the tears dropped fast from her eyes. "Mother, dearest mother! what ails you? Are you not rejoiced to see your son?" She pressed him closer to her bosom, and said, "O, welcome back, my son, to the bosom which warmed you, and to the arms which fondled you when you were but a babe. What ails my child?—a deadly paleness is on his brow, and his eyes see something which I see not."—"I have braved all earthly terrors," answered Paul, "and now I have to brave those of hell, or imagination, which is worse. A shape, an evil shape, met me on my way to-night; but it matters little—hell has more power here than dotards dream of, else fancy makes fools of the bravest."—"Oh! what shape did it appear in, Paul, my child? in whose form did thine evil spirit appear?" inquired Prudence, with an agitated look. "At first it was undefined in its form," replied Paul; "but when I spoke, it assumed a shape, which I well knew—the image of the late Lord Delvcen; its parting words were, 'I shall find thee again in France.'" "Then God of heaven have mercy on my child! he has seen the spirit of his fa——." She did not complete the sentence, but fell lifeless on the floor.

The above, it will have been observed, casts a gleam of supernatural light on the mysterious connexion subsisting between the fate of Paul Jones, and that of Lord Thomas Dalvcen.

As we have already stated, there is much powerful writing in these volumes; many of their scenes are depicted with extraordinary vigour and effect; and the author has shewn himself a poet in *every* sense of the word. His wildness and his energy, and his mode of blending human and superhuman agency, are such as warrant us in classing his work amongst the remarkable productions of the age. Aware that we should have little room for extract here, we have availed ourselves of the opportunity which offered to introduce an impressive scene from the romance of Paul Jones, in the supplement to our just closed volume; and it is probable that, at no very distant period, we shall be enabled to bring Mr. Cunningham before our readers in a manner yet more generally satisfactory.

Of the numerous translations from German novelists which have lately appeared, "*German Stories, selected from the works of Hoffmann, De la Motte Fouqué, Pichler, Kruse, and others, by R. P. Gillies, Esq.*," in three volumes, are amongst the most attractive. They contain eleven tales, &c., upon which the translator's remarks are so judicious, that we cannot do better than transfer them briefly, in substance, to our pages. "Madame Scuderi," a tale which excites the most intense interest, "is one of the few examples afforded by Hoffmann of a plain historical style in opposition to the wildness and bizarrerie in which he usually indulged." "Scarfenstein Castle is by the Baroness de la Motte Fouqué, whose story of the Cypress Wreath appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for 1819." Rolandsitten, another of Hoffmann's, contains, though in appearance hastily written, "an exhberance of plot, from which three separate dramas or tales might be constructed." George Selding would, "in good hands," make "an excellent sketch of domestic life, after the manner of Miss Edgeworth—or rather, perhaps, that of author of Lights and Shadows." The Siege of Antwerp is admirably conceived, and "might supply a groundwork for an historical novel in three volumes". Wall-

burga's Night is a fair specimen of fairy legend; while Oath and Conscience, and the Crystal Dagger, by Kruse, prove the author's ingenuity in the contrivance of mysterious and intricate plot. The Spectre Bride, and The Sisters, are amongst those "ghost stories, of which the late M. G. Lewis has been the only successful adaptor;" and The Warning "is from a Ghost Book published at Ruddolstadt in 1817, where the narratives are, for the most part, founded on real events."

The nature of the work, and our own circumscribed limits, preclude the possibility of extract; and we can only add that from the present specimen of Mr. Gillies's talents as a translator, we anticipate with pleasure, the fulfilment of his promise of presenting us with specimens of foreign literature, *anglicized*, not only by the mere process of translation, but by that of a *remaniement* or *refacimento*, under which form we agree with him in the belief that they will prove more acceptable to the British public than they have ever yet been.

We must here just take the opportunity of remarking that a translation of the tale of The Sisters, alluded to above, first appeared in La Belle Assemblee more than two years ago, under the title of "The Fatal Prophecy;" that about the same time we also gave a translation of "The White Wolf," from the Baron de la Motte Fouqué's celebrated work; "The Magic Ring;" and that the very striking little romance of "The Last Coffin," which lately appeared in the pages of a contemporary publication, also had its origin as a translation, in La Belle Assemblee.

It is worth while to inscribe the entire title-page of a very useful and very amusing annual volume, called "*Times Telescope for 1827; or, a Complete Guide to the Almanack; containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities; Notices of Obsolete Rites and Customs; Sketches of Comparative Chronology; and Contemporary Biography; Astronomical Occurrences in Every Month; comprising Remarks on the Phenomena of the Celestial Bodies: and the Naturalist's Diary; Explaining the various Appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, and including a View of Scotian Botany.*"—This title-page may be said to constitute a description and review of the book to which it is prefixed. It is impossible, we think, not to be pleased with a volume so judiciously arranged, so extensively varied. To the youthful it must prove particularly acceptable, and it will serve, on many points, to refresh the memories of the old. To the lovers of rural life we particularly recommend it on account of the Naturalist's Diary; and numbers will admire it because it contains many original as well as many selected pieces of poetry by some of the most respectable writers of the day.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Quando amista secondo,*" *Duetto nel Opera La Vestale, dal Sig. Spontini,*—Goulding and Co. "*Che Smania Quai trasporti,*" *Do.;* "*Degli infelice,*" *Prayer sung by Caradori, Do.;* "*Te che invoco,*" *Cavatina, Do.;* "*Oh difuneste passa,*" *aria col coso, Do.;* "*Presso il sublime tempio,*" *Introduzione and recitativo, Do.*

The list above is all that has yet been published of Spontini's opera, but as the greatest beauties of the piece consist in the fine chorusses, and concerted pieces, our opinion of these detached songs would not, even if unfavourable, militate against the character we entertain of this piece *en masse*. The first duet, sung by Curioni and Giovanola, possesses no very striking trait; it is of the general class of semi-bravura tenor duets, and without the assistance of any of Rossini's cramp passages is sufficiently effective, and not beyond the powers of amateurs in general. "Che smania," between Caradori and Curioni, opens with an alternate iteration of the words, to an agitato accompaniment, which is rather *à-la-Rossini*; but the resemblance soon wears off; this duet, being of the allegro strepitoso class, is not so well adapted to chamber performance. The Prayer is an elegant simple melody, but has not stage-trick enough about it to cope with the Preghiero in Otello, Semiramide, &c. "Te che invoco" is a sweet flowing melody with the advantage of a very beautiful and effective accompaniment. "Oh di funesta" is more properly a scena than an air, as it consists of three pages of recitative, two of a beautiful largo, one of a broken [illegible] and concludes with a

short martial movement accompanied by a chorus; of course it is essentially dramatic in its character. As to the accompanied recitative which forms the introduction, it is not of a class legitimately subject either to censure or praise, as it is merely one of those links which connect a certain number of songs, duets, &c., in the composition of a grand opera.

"Legends of the Rhine," the Poetry by Planché, the Music by Bishop.—Goulding and Co.

We have just seen the proofs of this beautiful work, quite a unique, which will appear on the 3d of the month. It consists of eight beautifully-finished views, from sketches by Mr. Planché, of some of the most romantic spots on that very romantic river, the Rhine, with a short history, in letter-press, of the spot, and some legendary tale concerning it. On each of these Mr. Planché has founded a pretty poem, to which Mr. Bishop has adapted music in his best style. Mr. Haghe, the lythographist, is well known to be one of the first artists in that line, and has executed his part of the work most ably. The eight subjects are "Frawenloh, the last of the Minnesingers;" "Grisella;" "The Mouse Tower;" "Sir Halchen of Lorah;" "The Vine-dressers;" "Lurela;" "The Seven Sisters;" and "The Lord of Liechenstein." The greatest part of them are trios, something in the manner of Calcott's glees, with a good deal of bass solo; but there is a sufficient variety to please all tastes, and all in their several styles are excellent. Upon the whole it will form one of the most beautiful works, both in the graphic and musical department, that we are acquainted with.

"Follow, Follow, o'er the Mountain;" sung by Miss Paton, composed by S. Smith.—Cramer and Co.

"When you roam again," by Barnet and Logan.—Do.

Both of these songs are in the popular style of the day; light, pleasing, elegant melodies, generally very easy and not overburthened with feeling. They are certainly not precisely the class we admire; but the first is so particularly pretty that we have made it one of our own peculiar and especial stock; no slight praise we can assure the author, seeing that our collection is limited to Händel, Mozart, and a few *chef-d'œuvres* of Gluck, Righini, Benincore, and other exclusives.—"When you roam again" is an answer to "I've been roaming," and is of about the same calibre as the original: it cannot, however, compete with our favourite's sweet fairy notes.

A Selection of sacred Melodies; the Poetry by William Bellamy, Esq., the Symphonies and Accompaniments by W. Fitzpatrick, No. I.—Cramer and Co.

This is a species of work much in request, and with the exception of Moore's Sacred Melodies, which are too strongly marked with the amatory style of the poet to be pleasing to a really religious mind, may be said to be a solitary individual of its class. We have abundance of collections of psalmody, both orthodox and sectarian; but, after hearing a due portion of them at our public devotions, they became rather *ennuyantes* as an evening amusement; and as to dressing up La ci darem, Deh Prendi, &c., as sacred songs, it is absolute profanation. Novello's motetts form a splendid collection for the highly-cultivated musician; but, independant of the Latin words, they are of too difficult a class for family performance. Purity, as well as beauty, has been evidently the object of Mr. Fitzpatrick's selection, which has principally been made from the services of the Catholic church; and we may venture to say that we have never seen more pleasing poetry conjoined with a pure devotional feeling. The melodies are six in number: first, "Father of Mercies," is an "Alma Redemptoris," by Webbe, a solo, with a short harmonized trio, very graceful and simple. "Ill-fated, haughty Babylon!" likewise from Webbe, is one of the best specimens of writing up to a melody that we have ever seen, and does Mr. Bellamy, as well as the arranger, the greatest credit. The point, "dead and forgotten," is truly splendid; and also "the mournful wind sighs passing sweet." Perhaps the worst part of the song is the hurrying on the passage "are not thy countless legions dead;" but the general effect amply redeems this flaw. We trust our young Pianists will not be deterred by the bundle of accidentals in the second bar of the symphony, for they are truly beautiful chords, though rather appalling to the eye. "Shall I repine," a

sweetly plaintive minor in ¾ time with a very trifling alteration would form a beautiful psalm; we hope our parochial organist will lay hold of it; the ritornel is beautiful and appropriate, but the first four bars are borrowed notation from an old organ acquaintance. "Daughter of Sion," one of our great favourites, is on the model of Avison's "Sound the loud Timbrel," and is, in our opinion, equal to its prototype; the melody is Mozart's. Mr. F. in the accompaniment to the second verse has afforded one of the finest morsels of plain counterpoint that we are acquainted with; the harmonies to the words "they fled like the chaff from the wind that pursued them," are delicious. "All bounteous Father," a duet, and "Oh thou whose hand," though excellent compositions, are not so striking as the rest: the chord of C flat in the symphony to the former, strikes us as very uncouth; the chord of the 6th would have been decidedly preferable. The price of the work is reasonable, and we hope its success will induce Mr. F. to continue it immediately.

"*Oh give me Music*," *by T. Garnett.*—Goulding and Co.

"*Rest my Heart*," *a Song, the Poetry by John Kay Allan, composed by F. W. Crouch: "Like a Vision," the Words and Air by W. F. Collard.*—Clementi and Co.

The second of these songs is decidedly the best of the three: the melody is pleasing and appropriate, and the accompaniment sustains the voice well. Mr. Garnett's air is rather common-place, though not ineffective; but he has made the most of it by his accompaniments. The symphonies bear strong traces of a certain well-known pianiste: there is a peculiarity about his style which we could detect anywhere. "Like a Vision," is another pleasing melody, rather uncommon in effect: the accompaniment is good, but the introductory symphony exceedingly odd. None of these compositions soar above that mediocrity, which though it may be very well in the common affairs of life, in poetry or music is hardly tolerable.

PIANO-FORTE.

The Crusaders, a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, by T. A. Rawlings.—Cramer and Co.

We are surprised that, in this age of arranging and manufacturing, so popular a subject as the Red Cross Knight should have escaped so long. Mr. R. has been very modest, and given us little more than the mere notes of the Glee, with a short introduction; we regret that he has been so, for the subject would have well borne working up a little more. However, it forms a pleasing, easy, lesson, though not of so high a class as we could have wished. The Flute accompaniment is pretty and easy.

The celebrated Greek march, from the Siege of Corinth, arranged for the Piano-forte, by H. Hertz.—Willis and Co.

It is quite a pleasure to find any thing from the pen of this author which may be acquired without such prodigious plodding. We think Mr. H. would have shewn his judgment by selecting some other Introduction. We have seldom seen a piece less suited to the genius of the instrument. The March is in itself a very effective movement, and the arrangement has done it justice; and, though there is rather too much of the "con fuoco" character to please our own taste, we think it will generally be considered as a favourite.

"*The Mill Mill O*," *with variations for Flute and Piano-Forte Concertanti, by B. Gibsone.*—Cramer.

We have had occasion before to notice compositions of this gentleman for the Harp, Voice, Orchestra, and Piano-forte, and he now attacks the Flute. Mr. G. should recollect the conclusion of the adage, "Jack of all Trades." He is decidedly not a flute player, *chacun a son metier:* as a vocal composer he exhibits both science and elegance, and to that branch we recommend him to adhere: we do not deny that there is some very ingenious management and excellent harmony in the composition; but still it is not flute music.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

DRURY-LANE.

Mr. Lunn, the author of one or two respectable farces, has produced a *bagatelle* at this theatre, called *White Lies, or the Major and the Minor.* In the first act there are some sprightly touches of dialogue, with incidents, which if not altogether original, are rather ingeniously introduced. In the second act there is more falling off both in dialogue and situa-

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Sir Walter Scott.—Walker's engraved portrait of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., from the late Sir Henry Raeburn's picture, is an admirable resemblance, and in every respect a fine specimen of art.

Martin's Paphian Bower.—All who admire Martin's finely poetical genius, ought to possess this charming print, executed in mezzotinto by G. H. Phillips. The art of engraving is never so advantageously employed as in giving publicity to the finest compositions of our great masters. The picture is well known and universally admired.

Lequel des Deux.—This is a lithographic print. from a painting by E. Chatfield, a young and highly promising artist. A young and beautiful, but coquetish lady, is seated between two lovers, the gay and the grave. Of the conception, and of the entire composition, with all its accessories, we cannot speak too highly; but, certainly, the artist has not been successful in transferring his design to stone. We have reason to believe that if Mr. Chatfield had had justice done him, in a certain quarter, his print would have come before the public in a very different style. Affixed are some verses from the pen of L. E. L.

Views of English Cities.—We are much gratified by the appearance of the first number, in quarto, of a work entitled Picturesque Views of the English Cities, from drawings by G. F. Robson. Norwich, Lichfield, Rochester, Worcester, Canterbury, York, Chichester, and Bristol, are the cities here introduced; the engravings are by Varnall, Tombleson, Smith, Barber, Barenger, Woolnoth, and Jeavons. It is no slight guarantee of the general merit of the work, that it is edited by Mr. Britton.

The Cumbria Brig and Kent Indiaman.—Mr. W. Daniell's painting of the Cumbria Brig receiving on board the last boat-load from the Kent Indiaman, on fire, must be fresh in the public recollection. Mr. Daniell has engraved it himself with an impressiveness of effect that is almost astonishing.

The Brig Jane, and Cutter Beaufoy.—A coloured aqua-tint, by E. Duncan, of a view by Mr. Huggins, of the brig Jane and cutter Beaufoy, on the 20th of February, 1823, bearing up in 70° 15′—the highest southern latitude ever reached by an Englishman—is a very pleasing effort of art. Captain Weddell's little vessels are seen in this print with great effect. The atmosphere, and scenery, and different objects, are all in good keeping.

Passions of the Horse.—Two numbers of Mr. J. B. Chalon's Passions of the Horse, a series of designs in chalk, noticed in our preceding volume (page 276) have already appeared; meeting fully the high expectations we had formed of them.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

At the first meeting for the season of the Royal Society, a paper by Colonel Miller was read upon percussion shells; an invention which, in the event of war, will in all probability be called into service.

The Royal Society of Literature commenced its season on the 15th of November; when the Hon. Sir S. Gaselee, Mr. Hallam, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, &c. were elected members. An ingenious paper was read, communicated by Sir W. Ousely, reclaiming, in favour of the Oriental writers, various popular fictions hitherto considered to be of European origin. The subscription in favour of the new building for the Society is filling very liberally.—At a subsequent meeting was read an excellent paper on the subject of Anne Boleyn, by Mr. Sharon Turner, the historian.

At the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, in consequence of the resignation of Wilmot Horton. Esq. (a Vice President) and of the death of Messrs. E. Dawson and W. Evans (severally Chairmen to the Committees of Accounts, and of Colonies and Trade) David Pollock, W. H. Bodkin, and George Twining, Esquires, have been elected to fill those offices.

Campbell, the poet, has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, as the successor of Mr. Brougham.

Neither deer nor dogs, but Shetland ponies, it is said, are to be employed for dragging the sledge-boats over the ice, in Captain Parry's expedition to the North Pole.

The Russian American Company are fitting out an expedition to explore the western coasts of North America, towards the Frozen Sea, and to Hudson's Bay.

It is said to have been at length ascertained, by a French traveller, M. Calliaud, that the Nile, of which Bruce conceived he had discovered the sources in Abyssinia, and which the Portuguese had seen and described in the sixteenth century, is only a tributary stream flowing into the true Nile, of which the real source is much nearer to the Equator.

A rich mine of platinum has, it is said, been found in Colombia.

The fossil horns of a Buffalo of immense size

with part of the *os frontis*, and a fossil turtle, embedded in a mass of septaria, have recently been found, in blue alluvial clay, on the coast of Essex.

Talma's sepulchral monument, for which a subscription has been raised, is to be a mausoleum, simply with his name engraved upon it. A statue of Talma is to be placed in the theatre of *La Comedie Française*.

M. Vaillant, of Boulogne, the inventor of winged rockets, has discovered a new mode of discharging rockets without either wings or sticks.

Dr. Newbourg, of Brussels, has invented an operation by which he is enabled to cure the deaf and dumb.

A decoction of the bark of the root of a young pomegranate tree is said to be efficacious in the cure of worms.

Messrs. Hayday and Bowyer, bookbinders, have discovered a composition by which gilding may be fixed upon silk binding without discolouring or injuring the silk.

Works in the Press, &c.

By a lady well known in the literary world, a novel, in three volumes, entitled Dame Rebecca Berry, or Court Scenes in the Reign of Charles II. Amongst the Court Scenes are, we understand, a masked ball at the King's Mews; and several others, introducing the characters of Buckingham, Rochester, Charles Sedley, Lady Castlemaine, Miss Stewart, &c.

The new work by the author of "The English in Italy," entitled Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life, is nearly ready.

In a few days, the Zenana, or a Newab's Leisure Hours; by the author of "Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindoo;" containing a Series of Tales translated from the narrations of Indian natives.

Nearly ready, the Book of Spirits, and Tales of the Dead; comprising Lord Byron in the other World; Weber and the Heavenly Choir; Talma in the Celestial Spheres; the Phantom Ship, or the Flying Dutchman; and other narrations of deep and awful interest. With Plates, in Gold and Colours, and an ornamental Title.

By Mr. Burnet, author of Practical Hints on Composition, and Light and Shade in Painting, a work on the General Management of Colour in a Picture.

In One Volume, 12mo., Practical Elocution, or Hints to Public Speakers; being an Essay on the Human Voice, enforcing the necessity of an early and continued cultivation of the Organs of Articulation; by H. J. Prior, Teacher of Elocution, &c.

To appear early in January, Part I., in royal quarto, of Illustrations of Ornithology, by Sir William Jardine, Bart., and P. J. Selby, Esq., who are to have the co-operation of the most distinguished Naturalists in the Country.

In Monthly Parts, the Botanic Garden, consisting of 96 elegant coloured delineations of ornamental flowering plants, with their history, culture, &c. &c., by B. Maund.

Dr. Southey, the Laureat, has undertaken the editorship of the Garrick Papers, an extensive collection of which has lately been discovered.

Cecile, or the Passions; by M. Jouy.

The Brazen Serpent, a Poem.

Original Tales for Infant Minds.

The System, a Tale of the West Indies, by the author of Consistency, Perseverance, &c.

The Busy-Bodies, a novel, in Three volumes, by the author of the Odd Volume.

Views in England and Wales, engraved in line, from original drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A.

The Epicurean, a Tale, by Thomas Brown, the Younger.

A Life of Nollekens, the Sculptor, by Mr. Smith, the Antiquary.

Instructive Poems for Young Cottagers, by Mary R. Stockdale.

The Life and Reign of Richard III., by Sharon Turner, Esq.

The Traditions of Lancashire.

Materials towards a well-digested History of Bristol, comprising an Essay on the Topographical Etymologies of that City and neighbourhood; and a Critical Examination of the Rev. Samuel Seyer's Memoirs of Bristol.

Stories of Chivalry and Romance, in One volume.

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The English Book of Fortune, wherein a true answer can be found to any question proposed, relative to the Pursuits, Health, Riches, Dreams, Travels, Pleasures, Law Suits, Hopes, &c., of the enquirer.

The History of the Church of England, from the Reformation to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, 4 vols. 8vo., by J. B. S. Carwithen, B.D. is in the press.

Mr. Hawkes has been some time engaged in collecting materials for a History of France from the earliest period.

In a few days will be published in 8vo. the fabulous History of the Ancient Kingdom of Cornwall, with copious Notes; by Thomas Hogg, Master of the Grammar School, Truro; author of Institutes of Mathematical Geography, &c. &c.

Mr. Bowring has very nearly ready for publication a volume on the Literature and Poetry of Poland.

The Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, a Native of Italy, in 2 vols., post 8vo., is in the press.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—The lady of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart.—The lady of Sir C. Sullivan, Bart.—The lady of Lieut.-Colonel Bourchier.—The Right Hon. Lady Mary Willis.—The lady of J. D. Alexander, Esq. M.P.—The lady of Capt. W. Stanhope Badcock, R.N.—The lady Harriet Paget.—The lady of Captain Bernard Yeoman, R.N.—The lady of Lieut.-Colonel Sir H. D. Ross, K.C.B.

Of Daughters.—The Marchioness Riario Sforza.—The lady of Lieut.-Colonel Wilson.—Lady Byron.—Lady Elizabeth Belgrave.—The lady of Sir T. F. Fremantle, Bart.—The lady of Sir George Sitwell, Bart.

MARRIAGES.

At Paris, the Hon. Ferdinand St. John, to Miss Selina Charlotte Keatinge, niece to the Earl of Meath.

The Rev. William Gilly, Rector of Wanstead, to Miss Knowles, eldest daughter of J. Knowles, Esq., of Wanstead.

At St. Pancras New Church, Cuthbert Johnson, Esq., to Charlotte Mary, eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Locke.

At Twickenham, John, eldest son of John Fane, Esq., M.P., to Catherine, daughter of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart.

C. Leslie, Esq., to Mary, youngest daughter of Major-General Sir C. Halloway, and granddaughter of the late Sir W. Green, Bart.

At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Commandant William Douglas Knox, on the Bengal Establishment, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Waite, Esq.

At Chichester, Charles S. Beckham, Esq., to Sybella Jane Carr, second daughter of the Bishop of Chichester.

Claud Douglas, Esq., to Mary Madelina, second daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir A. C. Dickson, Bart.

At Chichester, Captain Edward Sabine, to Elizabeth Juliana, daughter of Major Reeves.

At Heanor, Derbyshire, H. S. Wilmot, Esq., eldest son of Sir R. Wilmot, Bart., to Maria, eldest daughter of E. M. Mundy, Esq., of Shipley Hall.

The Hon. and Rev. Frederick Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, to Augusta Marian, second daughter of E. M. Mundy, Esq.

Robert Chichester, Esq., to Clarentia, only daughter of the late Colonel Henry Mason.

Richard Estcourt Cresswell, Esq., to Marianne Lawrence, eldest daughter of the Rev. R. L. Townshend, D.D.

John Constable, Esq., to Margaret, second daughter of John Saunders, Esq., of Downes House, Ealing, Hants.

Wyndham Knatchbull, D.D., Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford; and Rector of Smeeth-with-Adlington, in Kent, to Anna-Maria-Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Henry Dawkins, Esq.

The Rev. W. Start, to Louisa, daughter of J. Gurney, Esq., King's Counsel.

DEATHS.

Aged 73, Lieut.-General Alexander Kyd.

At Bath, Colonel Edward Brown.

At Saxmundham, aged 72, the Rev. William Brown, Rector of Saxmundham.

Aged 81, John Nichols, Esq., F.R.S., Author of "The History of Leicestershire," &c.

At Martinique, Lieut.-General Francis Delaval.

At Richmond, the lady of Sir Rose Price, Bart.

At Madras, Captain Cosby, son of the late Lieut.-General Sir Henry Cosby, of Barnsville Park, Gloucestershire.

At Swaffham, Frances, wife of the Rev. W. Yonge, Vicar of Swaffham, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Norwich.

At Barton Grange, aged 62, Caroline Mary, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Grey Cooper, Bart.

In Buckingham-street, Fitzroy-square, aged 72, John Flaxman, Esq., R.A., and Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy.

At Chichester, aged 72, Sir J. Watson Green, Bart.

A Frenchman, named Lemonier, Professor of Languages at Breslau, aged 107.

At Gloucester, Sarah Weatherstone, aged 105.

At Brighton, aged 46, Lord Kinnaird.

Aged 25, Graham, fifth son of Sir H. Oxenden, Bart., of Broome, Kent.

At Pimlico, aged 83, Mrs. Burnet, relict of General Burnet.

At Southampton, aged 74, Matilda, relict of Paul-Cobb Methuen, Esq., of Corsham House, Wilts.

At Naples, on board the Revenge, aged 72, the Most Noble Francis Rawdon Hastings, Marquess of Hastings.

At Terrier's House, Buckinghamshire, aged 55, the Right Hon. Lord Dormer.

The Hon. Miss Stourton, sister to the Right Hon. Lord Stourton.

Aged 85, Joseph Cradock, Esq., F.S.A.

Aged 87, the Rev. John Thompson, Vicar of Warden, Northumberland.

At Edinburgh, the Hon. Miss Fraser, eldest daughter of the late George Lord Saltoun.

In Wexford, Hugh Cahill, aged 103.

The Rev. A. Robertson, D.D., F.R.S.

Charles Moore, Esq., second son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

At Brighton, aged 71, Katherine, relict of R. Molesworth, Esq., and mother of the present Viscount Molesworth.

At Rathmines, the Right Hon. Lord Clonbrock, of Clonbrock, in the County of Galway.

At Cheltenham, Sir J. Monk, late Chief Justice of Montreal.

At Holne, aged 79, Sir Bourchier Wrey, Bart.

At Hawkesbead, Anne, wife of the Rev. George Park, only sister of Sir R. Peel, Bart.

At Formosa Park, Berks, aged 61, Sir Samuel Young, Bart., F.R.S., F.S.A.

In Arlington-street, the Hon. George Duncombe, third remaining son of Lord Feversham.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXVI, FOR FEBRUARY, 1827.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of His Late Royal Highness PRINCE FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK AND OF ALBANY, &c.&c. &c., engraved by THOMSON, from a Miniature by HAINES.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner-Party Mourning Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Mourning Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret the necessity of again postponing "*Marriages, No. III.*" The length of the paper, and other circumstances, have prevented its appearance this month.

"*Lament for the Last Inca, sung by a Peruvian Bard at the Tomb of Atahualpa,*" is reserved for future insertion: we wish it were not quite so long.

"*Alice Ford, a Tale of* 1558," by "Mrs. H.," will most probably appear in our next.

We trust our friend "Bridget" has found, ere this, that she has not been forgotten.

"*The Englishman's Farewell to Italy,*" by "B. N." shall very soon be inserted.

We have some pieces yet in store by "W. H. L." of Dulwich.

The paper "*On Autographs,*" certainly in our next. The wishes of its author shall, with great pleasure, be complied with.

We are sorry to remark, that, "*Lines, written some Time after the Death of a Beloved Brother,*" by "B." are too incorrect for insertion. Were we to attempt to render them fit for the public eye, they would, by the process, be so altered, that their author would be unable to recognise them as his own.

If permitted, we shall, at a future period, present our readers with "*The Rose of December,*" and "*Stanzas to Mary, leaving England,*" by "S. S." The other pieces by that lady are too long; and, one of them is of a character somewhat too grave for the pages of La Belle Assemblee.

"A. S." will perceive that her packet has reached us, and that we have promptly complied with her request. Should she not have already received from us a private communication, this will serve to apprize her that one is at this time in transit.

If the author of "*Stanzas,*" to the air of "Oh! remember the Time in La Mancha's Shades," will take the trouble of correcting and re-writing them, they shall appear at a future opportunity.

We trust our good friend "E. M." has not forgotten the promised papers. We feel greatly obliged by her last enclosures.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1827.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK AND OF ALBANY, &c. &c. &c.

In the season of national grief and mourning—a season in which all who bear the honoured stamp of Briton, howsoever humble in rank or in station, are anxious to evince their respect for the memory of the illustrious departed—the conductors of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE claim the sad privilege of weaving a funereal wreath. Extensively patronised as they are by the great and the good, the fair and the noble of the land, it is not for *them* to stand aloof—to seem as though they participated not in the calamity which has deprived the King of his brother, the country of its next priceless jewel. Poor as their tribute may be deemed, it is offered in the heart's affection. The FEMALE NOBILITY OF BRITAIN will, it is presumed, be rather gratified than offended at the *solitary exception* here made to a *general rule*, in substituting the Portrait of THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND, the late HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE BRITISH THRONE, for one of their own distinguished class. Could a nobler acknowledgment of love, regret, and veneration be imagined, it should be gratefully paid.

Few are the families that can boast an origin so remote, or so splendid, as that of the royal race of Britain. The illustrious House of Brunswick, of which the subject of this sketch was a truly dignified member, traces its descent from high antiquity, in the several lines of Este, the Guelphs, Billung, and Witekind the Great; all of which became united in the person of Henry, surnamed Leo, who obtained from the Emperor Barbarossa, about the year 1156, in addition to his own dominions, the city and county of Hanover, on the Lein, and also large possessions on the Hartz. The House of Este, which is the male line, derives its origin from the Actii, a noble Roman family in the time of Tarquinius Priscus; and which, continuing through various successions, as Margraves of Este, Milan, Genoa, and Tuscany, intermarried with the Guelphs, Dukes of Lower Bavaria, in the eleventh century. The lines of Billung and Witekind (Dukes and Kings of Saxony) were subsequently blended with those of Este, and Guelpho. From George the First, and his father, the first Elector of Hanover, observes Gibbon, in his "Disquisition on the House of Brunswick," we ascend in a clear and regular series to the first Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburgh, who received his investiture from Frederick II, about the middle of the thirteenth century. This first Duke, however, was rather degraded than adorned by his new title, since it imposed the duties of feudal service on the free and patrimonial estate, which alone had been saved in the shipwreck of the more splendid fortunes of his house. His ancestors had been invested with the powerful Duchies of Bavaria and Saxony, which extended far beyond their limits in modern geography: from the Baltic Sea to the confines of Rome they were obeyed, or respected, or feared.*

The maternal ancestry of our deceased Prince, if it yielded somewhat in splendour, was at least equal in the honours of antiquity to the Brunswick line. Genealogists deduce the family of her late Majesty Charlotte, Queen of England, from the ancient Kings of the Heruli, the Vandals, and the Venedi, or Wenden, upon the East Sea, or Baltic; of whom Anthyrius I.† lived 320

* *Vide* GIBBON'S *Posthumous Works*, vol. ii p. 637. As it is impossible in a sketch so limited as the present, to convey any adequate idea of the ancestral honours of the reigning family of Britain, they who are desirous of being fully informed on the subject, should consult Gibbon (as referred to) the works of the celebrated Leibnitz, who passed forty years of his life at the court of the dukes of Hanover; ECCARD'S *Origines Guelficæ*; MURATORI'S *Antichita Estense*; ANDERSON'S *Genealogies*; HEYLIN'S *Cosmography*; HALLIDAY'S *Memoirs of the House of Brunswick*, &c.

† *Vide* ANDERSON'S *Genealogies*, page 369. From Anthyrius I. is said to have descended Nicotus, the thirty-ninth king, whose son,

years before the commencement of the Christian era.

His Royal Highness, Prince Frederick, was the second son of their late Majesties. He was born on the 16th of August, 1763; on the 27th of February, 1664, he was elected Bishop of Osnaburg; at a chapter of the Bath, held on the 30th of December, 1767, he was invested with the ensigns of that most honourable order, of which, on the 15th of June, 1772, he was installed, in Henry VIIth's chapel, as first and principal companion: he was elected a companion of the most noble order of tl Garter on the 19th of June, 1771, and in stalled at Windsor on the 25th of the suc ceeding month; and on the 27th of Novem ber, 1784, he was created Duke of York and of Albany, in Great Britain, and Earl of Ulster, in Ireland.

Before we proceed, it seems desirable to anticipate chronological order, and to state, that at a subsequent period, and at the time of the decease of this illustrious personag his style, titles, &c., were as follows:—

His Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Duke of York and Albany, in Great Britain, and Ear of Ulster, in Ireland, Bishop of Osnaburg, Knight of the Garter, First and Principal Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Knight of St. Esprit, and D.C.L. F.R.S., and a Field Marshal, Commander-in-chief of all the king's land forces in the United Kingdom, Colonel of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards, Colonel-in-chief of the 60th (or Royal American) regiment of Foot, and of the Royal Dublin regiment of Infantry, Officiating Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, Lord Warden of Windsor Forest and Great Park, High Steward of New Windsor, and Warden and Keeper of the New Forest, Hampshire.

Of His Royal Highness's military services, it may also be proper to state, summarily, that—

He entered the army on the 1st of November, 1780, as Colonel by Brevet; was appointed, on the 23d of March, 1782, Colonel of the 2nd regiment of Horse Grenadier Guards; was made, on the 20th of November, 1782, Major-General; on the 27th of October, 1784, Lieutenant-General; on the 27th of October, 1784, Colonel of the Coldstream regiment of Guards; on the 12th of April, 1793, General; on the 18th of February, 1795, Field Marshal; on the 23d of August, 1797, Colonel-in-chief of the 60th regiment of Foot; and on the 5th of September, 1805, Colonel of the Grenadier Regiment of Guards.

The education of the young Prince received the closest attention under the paternal eye of George III. In childhood, as through life, he was greatly attached to his elder brother. They studied together, played together, and were devoted to each other's society.

The most remarkable incident of the early part of the Duke of York's life, was the duel which His Royal Highness fought with Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, in the month of May, 1789. The difference originated in a political conversation, occurring at Daubigny's club; in which it was alledged, that the Duke said, some words which had been made use of to the Colonel, no gentleman ought to submit to. Failing in his attempt to obtain an explanation, Colonel Lennox called upon His Royal Highness for the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. The Duke, waving the distinction of rank, of which he might have availed himself, consented to give Colonel Lennox the meeting required. Accordingly, the parties met on Wimbledon Common; the Prince attended by Lord Rawdon (the late Marquess of Hastings) and Colonel Lennox by the Earl of Winchilsea. The ground was measured at twelve paces, and both parties were to fire by signal. The signal having been given, Colonel Lennox fired, and the ball grazed one of His Royal Highness's curls: the Duke of York did not fire. Lord Rawdon afterwards explained, that it was not his intention to fire —he had come out to give Colonel Lennox satisfaction—he had no animosity against him. To Lord Winchilsea, the Duke stated, that if the Colonel were not satisfied, he might fire again. This was of course declined; and the parties, having both acted

Pribislaus II. was the last king of the Wenden, A.D. 1159, and died at Luneburg, at a tilting, October 1, 1178. His son, Henry Burevinus, was great-grandfather of Henry of Jerusalem, who dying in 1302, left a son, Leo, Duke of Mecklenburgh, whose son, Albert I. was created first Duke of Mecklenburgh by the Emperor Charles IV. and declared a Prince of the Empire in 1348 or 1349. His great great grandson Magnus, Duke of Mecklenburgh, died in 1547; whose grandson, Adolph Frederick I. died in 1658, and his grandson Charles Lewis Frederick, was father to Her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte. Her Majesty's mother was Albertine Elizabeth, daughter of Ernest Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen.

with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity, left the ground.

This year, in consequence of the King's recovery, the royal birth-day was celebrated with more than usual splendour; but the King, owing to the shock which he had experienced from the duel, did not appear. At the ball in the evening, Colonel Lennox stood up, in a country dance, with Lady Catherine Barnard. The Prince of Wales, when he came to the Colonel's place in the dance, took the hand of his partner, the Princess Royal, just as she was about to be turned by the Colonel, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of York and the Princess Augusta turned the Colonel without notice or exception. The Duke of Clarence and the Princess Elizabeth followed the example of the Prince of Wales. However, the dance proceeded, and Colonel Lennox and his partner danced down; but when they came to the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, the Prince led his sister to the chair by the side of the Queen. "You seem heated, Sir, and tired," said Her Majesty.—"I am heated and tired, Madam; not with the dance, but with dancing in such company."—"Then, Sir, it will be better to for me to withdraw, and put an end to the ball."—"It certainly will be so," rejoined the Prince, "for I never will countenance insults given to my family, howsoever they may be treated by others."—Accordingly, at the end of the dance, the Queen and the Princesses withdrew, and thus the ball was closed.—The Prince afterwards, with his accustomed gallantry and grace, explained to Lady Catherine Barnard the reason of his conduct.

On the 29th of September, 1791, His Royal Highness married the Princess Frederica Charlotte Ulrica (born May 7, 1767) eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia, by his first consort, Elizabeth Ulrica Christiana, Princess of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, sister to the late Duke.* The Parliament, at the commencement of its ensuing session, voted to His Royal Highness, in addition to his then income of £12,000 a year, an additional annuity of £25,000, in consequence of his matrimonial alliance.

The Duke of York was now called into active and severe service. In the year 1793, the war of the French revolution having broken out, it was judged expedient to send a military force from this country to the continent. Upon this occasion, the British troops were placed under the command of His Royal Highness, and they joined the combined army under the Prince of Saxe Cobourg. The siege of Valenciennes was commenced under the superintendence of the Duke; and, at the expiration of six weeks, it surrendered. His Royal Highness, with a strong *corps*, next attempted to take Dunkirk; but he was repulsed with considerable loss. In the spring of 1794, he returned to England, to confer with Ministers on the operations of the approaching campaign; and, after an absence of six weeks, he returned to his command. At first, the Allies were successful: the Duke evidently acquitted himself with great spirit, promptitude, and military skill; but it appears that the British interests were thwarted abroad, and inadequately sustained at home; and the result was, consequently, disastrous. The Allies took Landrecies; but the armies of Clerfayt and Cobourg being driven back, and the Duke of York's position at Tournay becoming critical, he retired to Antwerp; and, although Lord Moira succeeded in joining him, with a reinforcement of 10,000 men, at a very critical moment, he was obliged to continue his retreat. Resigning the command of the British troops to Lieutenant General Harcourt, His Royal Highness returned to England early in December.

* By the first article of the treaty touching this alliance (signed at Berlin, by Sir Morton Eden on the part of the King of England, and by three representatives on behalf of his Prussian Majesty) the marriage portion guaranteed to His Royal Highness was 100,000 crowns in Fredericks d'or; viz. 40,000, as the usual portion of the Princesses of the House of Prussia, and 60,000 for "paraphernalia;" should the Princess die before her husband, not leaving issue, both sums to revert to the King and his successors, in as far as her Royal Highness should not have disposed of the latter; but the produce thereof to belong to His Royal Highness, in case of survivorship. Her Royal Highness's *trousseau*, or wedding suit, was to be supplied by her father. By the third and fourth articles, her pin-money was fixed at £4000 a year; and her *morgen gebe*, or present from her husband the day after her marriage, was to be £6000. In the fifth article, the King secured to Her Royal Highness, if she survived her husband, a jointure of £8000 a year, with a residence, &c. The Duchess of York, however, died without issue, on the 6th of August, 1820.

Soon afterwards (in February, 1795) His Majesty was graciously pleased to nominate the Duke of York to the situation of Commander-in-Chief of the Army; an appointment not less arduous than it was important, from the utter inefficiency and want of system which every department of the service betrayed. His Royal Highness, however, undertook the duties of his high office with a determination to correct the errors and abuses which had crept into the administration of the army; and the zeal and indefatigable attention with which he persevered in his task, were equalled only by the judgment which directed, and the success which crowned his labours.

Early in the summer of 1799, an expedition was projected by the British government for the deliverance of Holland. This was at a period when there was reason to hope that the successes obtained by the Austrian and Russian armies in Germany and Italy, would prevent the French from offering any vigorous resistance; especially should the attempt to emancipate the country be supported, as there was reason to expect, by the inhabitants. In the autumn, the Duke of York assumed the command of this expedition, which consisted of 30,000 British troops, to be joined off the coast of Holland by 17,000 Russians. The preliminary operations were against the Dutch fleet in the Texel; which, on the 28th of August, surrendered to the English Admiral Mitchell. The Duke of York then landed his troops and advanced into the country. At first he was successful; but the result of a subsequent engagement was unfavourable; and His Royal Highness, finding that the Dutch would not join him, and that winter was approaching, commenced a retreat, agreed to a suspension of arms, surrendered his prisoners, and returned to England. On this occasion, as on the former, there was a deplorable want of support from the government at home.

In the year 1803, the patriotic spirit of the English was strikingly displayed, in the numerous voluntary associations which were formed, in almost every city, town, and parish, throughout the kingdom. This proved indirectly the means of placing the Commander-in-Chief, as brother to the Heir Apparent, in a very trying situation. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, then Colonel of the 10th Light Dragoons, felt himself aggrieved that amidst the extensive military appointments and promotions which were taking place, he should not be allowed to set an example to the country—to display the best energies of his character—to shed the last drop of his blood, should it be necessary, in support of his Majesty's person, crown, and dignity. His Royal Highness addressed the Commander-in-Chief, by letter, on the subject. The Duke of York, in answer, pleaded, as a reason for not complying with the Prince of Wales's request, His Majesty's solemn injunctions not to mention the point to him. Several explanatory letters, which excited great attention at the time, passed between the royal brothers on this occasion. At length the affair resolved itself into a political consideration; and then the Duke most affectionately conjured the Prince, that, as he had carefully avoided, at all times, and under all circumstances, interfering in political points, he would not call upon him to deviate from the principles by which he had been invariably governed. Throughout the correspondence, the goodness of the Duke's heart, and his kind and generous feeling towards his brother, were strongly apparent.

Until 1809, the Duke of York continued to devote his time and attention to the melioration of the military system; each successive year affording fresh proofs of the vast benefit arising from his unremitting exertions. At that period, a conspiracy, the full infamy of which was not even suspected by His Royal Highness's friends at the time, was formed, for depriving the country of his services as Commander-in-Chief. After a parliamentary inquiry which agitated the kingdom for several weeks, a vote of the House of Commons declared the Duke innocent;—innocent of charges brought forward against him, by a man who immediately afterwards sank into that obscurity from which profligacy alone had enabled him ephemerally to emerge. The Duke, however, insulted and wounded in honour, gave in his resignation on the 20th of March.

For a time, the office of Commander-in-Chief was filled by Sir David Dundas; but soon the voice of the country was raised in favour of the Duke's recal; and, under the auspices of his brother, then Regent of the United Kingdom, his Royal Highness returned (May 1811) to a station, which, until the day that closed his earthly existence, he

continued to hold, with the highest honour to himself, the fullest satisfaction to the army, and the utmost advantage to the country.

Twice did His Royal Highness receive the unanimous thanks of the House of Commons: *first*, at the conclusion of a general peace, in 1814, for his "long, unremitting, and effectual exertions, for the improvement of the British army;"—*secondly*, in 1815, after the memorable battle of Waterloo, for "his continued, effectual, and unremitting exertions in the discharge of the duties of his high situation, during a period of upwards of twenty years, in which the British army had attained a state of discipline and military science hitherto unknown; and which, under Providence, had contributed, in a great degree, to acquire for this empire, its present height of military glory among the nations of Europe."

Nor was the efficient discharge of the routine duties of the office of Commander-in-Chief, all that the Royal Duke performed for the advantage of the army, and of his country. It is to him that we are indebted for the establishment near Chelsea, for the orphans of soldiers; and also for the military school, or college, at Sandhurst, where the fullest scientific instruction is afforded to those officers whom it may be judged proper to qualify for the service of the staff.—It should be mentioned, too, that one of the latest objects of his attention, was the advancement of the old Lieutenants in the army, who were unable to purchase promotion, to the rank of Captain; a measure which was submitted to His Majesty by His Royal Highness's express desire, the day before he took a final leave of worldly affairs, and received the sacrament from the hands of the Bishop of London. It was carried into effect by "General Order," on the 27th of December following.

It was rarely—very rarely—that the Duke of York delivered his sentiments in Parliament—that he took part, directly or indirectly, in any great political question. It was, therefore, thought by some, that His Royal Highness had unnecessarily stept out of the beaten path of duty, when, on the 25th of April, 1825, on presenting a petition to the House of Peers, from the Dean and Chapter of St. George's, Windsor, against any further concessions to the Roman Catholics, he delivered his memorable speech, sustaining the supremacy of the Protestant faith. We profess not to be politicians; but, in our humble opinion, the act was manly, candid, and magnanimous: it was right that the British people should know—should be told from his own lips, the principles of him who stood next to the British throne—of him who might, ere long, be called upon to sway the sceptre of the State. If we mistake not, it was intended also to convey a deep, though less obvious meaning, from a yet higher quarter. Amongst the ferocious mock leaders of the Irish Roman Catholics, the Duke of York's speech served as a signal for the commencement of a savage yell, which was continued, and never permitted to subside, till death had performed his office on the speaker; but, by the warm and loyal adherents of the Protestant Ascendancy in Britain, it was hailed as a bright omen of the future, enrolled on vellum, inscribed in letters of gold, and cherished in the sacred recesses of the heart.

From certain statements which have been published, it appears that the Duke of York had laboured under the description of dropsy termed *ascites*—the disease which terminated his existence—since the month of July last, and for which he underwent an operation on the 3d of September. At an early period, His Royal Highness was informed that his situation was not free from danger; yet he preserved a serenity of temper and a cheerfulness of spirit, continued in the sedulous discharge of his official duties, and, to the last, indulged a hope of recovery. It was not until the morning of his departure that he contemplated the actual approach of death. He then beckoned his immediate attendants to the side of his couch, and faintly said—"Now I know that I am dying!" We dwell not upon the parting scene. His Royal Highness expired without a struggle, apparently without a pang, at twenty minutes past nine o'clock, on the evening of Friday, the 5th of January.

We pass over the affectionate attentions paid to the royal sufferer, during his last illness, by His Majesty, and by other branches of the royal family—attentions that were alike honourable to the survivors and to the deceased. Little now remains to be said.

By the death of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, the succession to the crown devolves upon the Duke of Clarence, who is now Heir Presumptive to the Throne; and, in the event of his decease, without issue, His Majesty's royal niece, Alexandrina Victoria,

daughter of the late Duke of Kent, will find herself in that important station. Further, in the event of her death, without issue, the succession would descend to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland; and, after him, to his son, Prince George Frederick, who is, within three days, of the same age as the Princess Alexandrina. Thus, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Cambridge, and the children of the Duke of Cambridge would ascend the throne only in the case of death having removed all these prior claimants.

A Gazette Extraordinary was published on the night of the Duke of York's decease, announcing the melancholy event; and the requisite measures were immediately taken for embalming the body, &c., preparatory to its lying in state at St. James's Palace.

The state coffin, resembling that of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, was of fine mahogany, lined with white satin, covered with rich crimson velvet, and ornamented with gilt nails, handles, &c., in the usual manner. On the leaden coffin, and also on the state coffin, was a plate bearing the following inscription, issued from the College of Arms:—

Depositum
Illustrissimi Principis
FREDERICI
De Brunswick Lunenburg
DUCIS EBORACI et ALBANIÆ
Comitis Ulloniæ
Nobilissimi ordinis periscelidis
et
Honoratissimi ordinis Militaris de balneo
equitis
Fratris augustissimi et potentissimi Monarchæ
Georgii Quarti
Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regis
Fidei Defensoris
Regis Hanoveræ, etc.
Obiit quinto die Januarii
Anno Domini MDCCCXXVII
Ætatis suæ LXIV

On Thursday and Friday, the 18th and 19th of January, the remains of the Royal Duke lay in state in the large new room at the eastern end of the Palace. From the hour of ten till eleven, none but persons with tickets were allowed to enter; from eleven till four, the admission was general. The public were admitted through the new gallery; and, entering at one end they passed completely through the state room, and retired by the private chamber and guard-room, at the other end. The rooms were completely hung with black; the banner style of drapery having been adopted as the most appropriate to the military rank of the deceased. Escutcheons, and silver branches with lights, were arranged round the state room; and the coffin itself was surrounded with wax torches, in massive silver candlesticks.

As the clock struck eight on the morning of Saturday, the 20th of January, the funeral procession began to move from St. James's Palace, on its destination for St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It passed up St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and along the high road by Knightsbridge, Kensington, &c. The first portion was entirely military; then followed mourning coaches containing the civil officers, &c. of His Majesty, the domestics of His Royal Highness, and his executors, Sir Herbert Taylor and Colonel Stephenson. Immediately preceding the hearse was the carriage of the deceased, bearing his coronet on a cushion. The hearse was drawn by eight of the King's black Hanoverian horses; and it was followed by His Majesty's State carriage, the carriages of the several branches of the royal family, &c. Heralds and troops flanked the procession and brought up the rear.

At Windsor, the body was received by the dignitaries of the church, and deposited in the royal vault in St. George's Chapel. Whilst the service was performing, His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, as chief mourner, was seated at the head of the coffin; the Dukes of Wellington, Rutland, Dorset, Newcastle, &c. who were pall bearers, on each side. At the conclusion, the coffin was lowered into the vault by the machine invented by the late Mr. Wyatt for the interment of Lord Nelson, and moved at once into the niche prepared for its final reception. At that moment Garter King at Arms proclaimed the Royal Duke's style; and thus the ceremony closed.

Having endeavoured to render our Memoir a record rather than a eulogy, it only remains for us to mention, that various plans are in contemplation for the erection of monuments to the memory of the deceased. As the father of the army—the soldier's friend—the widow's support—the orphan's protector—nor less as the fearless champion of the Protestant faith—his virtues deserve to be perpetuated in marble and in brass; but his best monument will be found in the history of his country—in the hearts and affections of the people.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XV.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

MR. CUNNINGHAM, whose romance of "Paul Jones"* is attracting some notice in the literary world, has long been known as the successful writer of "Scottish Songs," "Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry," &c. His Scotch songs are perhaps equal, if not superior, to any that have been written since the time of Burns. Not, however, that, in our opinion, they are equal, in point or in tenderness, in beauty or in pathos, in humour or in power, to the delightful effusions of his great master. Selecting, almost at random, we subjoin, as a specimen, his "Bonnie Lady Ann:"—

There's kames o' honey 'tween my luve's lips,
An' gold amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil;
Nae mortal een look there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' luve dare span
The honey lips, the creamy palm,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann!

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs of dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
Maun touch her ladie mou.
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gold,
Her jimpy waist maun span—
O, she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
My bonnie Lady Ann!

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gold,
Like my luve's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my luve wears
Is monie a golden drap.
Her bonnie eebrow's a holie arch
Cast by no earthlie han';
An' the breath o' Heaven's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Lady Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa';
My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My een are bauld, they dwell on a place
Where I darna mint my han',
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

It was in the year 1822, that Mr Cunningham published "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a Dramatic Poem; "The Mermaid of Galloway, The Legend of Richard Faulder, and Twenty Scottish Songs." Alluding to "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," the author of "Nigel," who loves to "plaster and daub" his countrymen—to "lay it on thick"—to scratch in any quarter from which he may hope to obtain a scratch again—says: "There is my friend Allan has written just such a play as I might write myself, in a very sunny day, and with one of Bramah's extra-patent pens." "What," says his friend, "Do you mean Allan Ramsay?"—"No, nor Barbara Allan either. I mean ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, who has just published his tragedy of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," full of merry-making and murdering, kissing and cutting of throats, and passages which lead to nothing, and which are very pretty passages for all that. Not a glimpse of probability is there about the plot, but so much animation in particular passages, and such a vein of poetry through the whole, as I dearly wish I could infuse into my Culinary Remains, should I ever be tempted to publish them." This is all very well, and, in some respects, true enough. We, however, "pin our faith upon no man's sleeve."

Respecting the fitness or unfitness of this drama for representation, we have not a word to offer: Mr. Cunningham appears to have no doubt upon the subject; neither have we; and he tells us, that his "chief wish has been to excite interest in the reader, by a natural and rational presentation of action and character." The scene of the poem "is laid in the beautiful, but ruinous castle of Caerlaverock; and the time of the story, is the close of the Commonwealth under the second Cromwell." The *scene*—with every inch of the ground of which Mr. Cunningham is intimately acquainted—has enabled the author to be very happy in his descriptions; but, with respect to the *time*, it might as well have been in the reign of Donald I. or Kenneth III., as in the days of the Commonwealth. The hero of the piece is a horrible fellow, one Halbert Comyne, a Macbeth, Richard III., and Glenalvon, all in one. This desperado (cousin of Lord Walter Maxwell, of Caerlaverock) after an absence of many years

* *Vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. iv. p. 289, and vol. v. p. 37.

from Scotland, lands, with a gang of ruffian followers, on the shore of the Solway, in the midst of a thunder storm, at night. Disappointed in his expectation of inheriting the possessions of his cousin, who, he finds, during his absence, had married and been blessed with a son, Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, he resolves to achieve by murder what natural right denied him. Accordingly, the senior Maxwell is assassinated; and Lady Maxwell, and her son, Sir Marmaduke, are supposed by Halbert Comyne to have experienced the same fate. They, however, are spared; the author of the murder is discovered; and its actual perpetrators are slain by Simon Graeme and Mark Magee, two friends of Sir Marmaduke. Vengeance is resolved on at a fitting season. Halbert Comyne, not satisfied with the supposed slaughter of Lord Maxwell, his lady, and her son, Sir Marmaduke, determines to be very rude to Mary Douglas, the mistress of the young heir. In this, too, he is foiled. Richard Cromwell appoints Halbert Comyne to a high military command; but Monk and his royalists are in the way; and, convinced of his villany, the country rises in arms against him. Comyne consults a reputed witch, Mabel Moran; her responses consign him to perdition; he fights desperately; dies, like another Richard; the lovers are made happy, and all ends well.

From one end to the other, the piece is full of useless and ineffective supernatural agency. Thus, the first act opens with a dialogue between the unseen spirit of the river and that of the sea. Allusive to the approach of Halbert Comyne and his followers, the river spirit says—

His helmet plume shall drink my mirkest surge.
I have no lack of waters, such as smack
Of the world's corruption. I have secret floods,
Embrown'd with cut-throats' dust; waves tumbling red
With the gore of one whose hands were never wash'd
From the blood of strangled babes.

Sea Spirit. Of every crime
That cries from earth to heaven, I have a stain;
So rise, ye surges. Are ye slow to rise
Against the homeward sea-boy, when he sees
Lights in his mother's dwelling by the foot
Of lonely Criffel? Rise, ye surges, rise!
Leap from the oozy bottom, where the bones
Of murderers fester—from the deepest den,
Where he who perish'd, plotting murder, lies;
Come from the creek where, when the sun goes down,
The haunted vessel sends her phantom troops
Of fiery apparitions. Come, as I call;
And come, too, heaven's wild wind. Pour the deep sea
Prone on yon ship that bears five unblest mortals—
Spirit, let us work.

Certainly there is a vein of poetry in this colloquy.

There is strength, too, and sentiment, and feeling, in the subjoined speech of Lord Maxwell's:—

Say no more!
My Scotland, while one stone of thee is left
Unturned by ruin's ploughshare—while one tree
Grows green untouch'd by the destroyer's axe,—
While one foundation stone of palace or church,
Or shepherd's hovel, stands unmoved by
The rocking of artillery—while one stream,
Though curling with warm life's-blood, can frequent
Its natural track—while thou hold'st holy dust
Of princes, heroes, sages, though their graves
Flood ancle deep in gore; O, I will love thee,
And weep for thee, and fight for thee; while heaven
Lends life, and thy worst foes are but of flesh,
And can feel tempered steel.

A fairer specimen of the general character of the dialogue cannot, perhaps, be given, than part of a scene, in Caerlaverock Wood, at night, between Sir Marmaduke Maxwell and Mary Douglas:—

Sir Marmaduke. My true love,
The ancient glory has gone from our house,
And we, like beadsmen, sit and quote sage saws,
While weeds have grown, and topp'd the noble cedars;
The clouted shoe has kick'd the golden round
From the bright brow of majesty; the axe
Supplants the sceptre; and the awful law
Devours as an unheeded fire, even those
It was but meant to warm. Some noble spirits
Are rife for loyal deeds;—so farewell, love;
Thou'lt make for me a garland or a shroud.

Mary D. Is this the close then of the truest love?
It was too tender and too frail to last—
Alas! I dream'd not of ungentle war;
It is a fearful thing—war, where the odds
Will make gods of the winners, is a game
That charms the noble, but makes poor maids' eyes
Moist with perpetual tears. Go, my love, go—
Yet all my thoughts were still on gentle themes;
On twilight walks aside the shaded brooks;
Of songs by moonlight on the castle top;
Of merry-makings when the corn was ripe;
Of building sunny homes for hoary men;
And thou wert ever there with thy grave smile;
But thou wilt find some higher love, when fame
Has deck'd thy helmet, and the laughing eyes
Of noble dames are on thee.

Sir Marmaduke. I shall be
True as these stars are to the cold clear sky;
True as that streamlet to its pebbly bed;
True as green Criffel to her stance; and true
As bards to song in summer. Smile, my love,
For I may yet return 'mid many a shout
And song of welcome.

Mr. Cunningham's descriptions of nature, possess, in all his works, much freshness, truth, and spirit; but his genius owns nothing of the dramatic. The plot of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell" is most clumsily constructed; and, in consequence, much confusion occurs in its development. Nothing could be in worse taste, or more injurious to

the general effect, than the introduction of a *political* interest, subordinate to the domestic interest, which is the legitimate aim of this drama. They divide, and by dividing, weaken the attention, without promoting the end. They assimilate no more than a chapter of Exodus and a chapter of Hume. The scenes are unconnected; the characters —those of the principals, at least—are not well drawn, clearly made out, or ably sustained. The lower characters of the drama display infinitely greater merit: they are strong, fresh, and natural. Simon Graeme, Mark Magee, and Auld Penpont, are all good; and May Morison, the attendant of Mary Douglas (worth fifty of her mistress) is a lovely, as well as a natural sketch. Characters of a higher stamp, Mr. Cunningham seems to have contemplated only at a distance—to have studied them in books—to have manufactured them at second-hand. It is with the peasantry—the Scotch peasantry—that he seems to be intimately acquainted. In painting *their* manners, he is *always* successful.

The language, throughout the drama of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," is nervous; but, with certain intervening exceptions, rugged, harsh, and even uncouth. The rhythm is extremely defective.

Here we meet with a palpable plagiarism, there with as palpable an imitation. Shakspeare, and Home—tragic writers and comic writers—are all remorselessly laid under contribution. Halbert Comyne, as we have said, is a compound of Macbeth, King Richard, and Glenalvon; so is Sir Marmaduke of Romeo, and Norval, and heaven knows whom; Mary Douglas philosophises away, with Hamlet, for twenty lines together; and the clever hit of a waiting-maid, in one of our comedies, pretending to have dreamt of some cast clothes of her mistress's, that she might obtain them as a gift, is adroitly enough repeated by May Morison, respecting Mary Douglas's golden-flounced satin gown, and bonnet decked with Solway pearls. The tent, or ghost scene, imitated —poorly imitated—from Richard III. is a sad piece of common-place, ineffective mummery. In fact, the supernatural agency, throughout, constitutes one grand failure.—Above all things, Mr. Cunningham ought not to descend to imitation. He has ore enough of his own, without borrowing or stealing that of others.

To read Mr. Cunningham's "Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish [Scottish and English, if you please] Peasantry," we might suppose that their author had been born, and bred, and had passed every moment of his life, upon the banks—the Scottish banks—of the Solway. Like his own Robin Macgubb, in "Paul Jones," he seems to think the shore of the Solway, the "green Criffel," and their circumjacent scenery, the brightest, the only favoured spots beneath the wide canopy of heaven. If Mr. Cunningham's range of scenery is confined, his range of idea is not less confined. He has a circle of his own: within that circle he is a man of might and rule; but, beyond its periphery, his spells are powerless as those of a magician, whose attendant genius has been vanquished by a demon of higher grade.

Of the "Traditional Tales"—the whole of which, with one exception, had appeared in a once-popular periodical, previously to their collective publication—"The Mother's Dream," is, perhaps, the best—the most powerful—the most affecting. Rarely, however, does this author succeed in exciting the sigh, in extracting the tear. His *forte* lies quite another way—amongst the more boisterous passions and emotions of our nature. "Ezra Peden," the only piece in the collection that had not appeared in the periodical alluded to, is a sly, but keen and bitter satire. We marvel that its author should not have been "admonished" for it, in "full kirk."

Besides the Scotch songs which Mr. Cunningham himself has written, we are indebted to him for a valuable work, in four volumes, entitled "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern; with an Introduction and Notes, Historical and Critical, and Characters of the Lyric Poets." These volumes were published little more than a twelvemonth ago. The selection reflects much credit on the taste and industry of the editor; the accompanying criticism is sound and judicious; and the little biographical sketches, or characters—between thirty and forty in number—are executed with considerable force and spirit.

It is, however, with Mr. Cunningham's romance of "Paul Jones" that we are now chiefly interested. According to the old adage, there is no accounting for tastes; else we should say, it was an odd fancy to pick up a pirate-traitor, and elevate him at

once into a politician and a philosopher, statesman and a hero.

In these three thick, and closely-printed, and truly ponderous volumes, we find a range of ideas similar to that of the "Traditional Tales," but upon an enlarged scale. Mr. Cunningham is still within his circle. He can accomplish nothing without an idiot or a maniac, a witch or a warlock, a wraith, a ghost, or a fiend. Yet all this parade of supernatural agency, called into action at all times and seasons—introduced helter-skelter, here and there and every where—fails in power: it produces none of that appalling effect which is produced by the grey spectre—the evil genius of the house of M'Ivor—in "Waverley;" a spectre which, perhaps, Ossian's alone excepted, approaches nearer than any other to the sublimest of all supernatural appearances upon record—the spirit described in the Book of Job.

"Paul Jones" is not less clumsy and inartificial in the construction and development of its plot, than "Sir Mermaduke Maxwell:" it betrays the same want of unity, the same want of connexion, the same total absence of dramatic tact. It has neither beginning, middle, nor end.

In a work of fiction, every incident, and every character, ought to converge, as it were, to one point—to lead to, and promote, one grand *denouement*. This rule is never obtained sight of in "Paul Jones." Many characters are introduced merely to serve the purpose of the moment, and are no more seen or heard of.

The scenes and incidents, as we have said, want connexion: they do not necessarily, or naturally, arise one out of another. Character is crowded upon character—incident is forced upon incident—scene is heaped upon scene—Pelion upon Ossa; every character, every incident, every scene, is over-loaded, till it breaks down beneath its own incumbent weight.

The language employed in "Paul Jones" is very strong, and often very coarse, not to say vulgar. Images, expressions, descriptions, frequently occur, which are far too free in their nature; images, expressions, and descriptions which are not merely voluptuous—for the true voluptuous, if not chaste, is delicate—but absolutely gross. It is not a justification of this offence to say, that dramatic propriety required it.

We cannot but consider the book as monotonous in its character. Notwithstanding the multitude of its persons, incidents, and scenes—its battles by sea and battles by land—its wraiths, and ghosts, and gifted crones, and fiend ladies, and demented damsels—it is altogether deficient in lightness, variety, relief. It reminds us of the incessant deafening sound of a deep-toned gong.

Yet the work is unquestionably the production of a man of mind and genius. Some of the characters—especially those of Lady Emeline, Maud Paul, and Robin Macgubb, the Galwegian sailor, who will do as his commander does, say as he says, and swear as he swears, but can fight against his own country only in the dark, are powerfully drawn. Much of the scenery, too, combines the spirit of the painter with that of the poet; and, what is of yet more consequence, the book carries with it a fine, a redeeming moral—that a curse will rest upon him who fights against his country.

Now for a brief running commentary upon certain passages in these volumes, and we have done.

What Mr. Cunningham can mean by such an impudent, uncharacteristic piece of burlesque as the following, we cannot imagine. We hope that it is his taste merely, not his feeling, that we impugn:—

> The torches were all extinguished—the sole light was the momentary glare of the lightning, but no light was needed—the people fell on their knees, and each murmured his separate petition. One only of the audience stood, a member of the church of England—he clasped his prayer-book between his hands, looked wildly around, and when he heard the voice of unpremeditated prayer ascending on all sides, he exclaimed, in an agony of despair, "A light! a light! to read my prayer; they'll all go to heaven in the dark, and I'll go to hell for lack of a candle."

The church-yard scene (vol. i. p. 181) is forcible, but is outrageously overdone. The rising of Elspa Joysan, in the same volume (page 235)—her dream—the mental sufferings of her husband—and his departure—are finely conceived, and effectively expressed. Parts, also, of the old Cameronian's funeral oration are entitled to equal praise; but the conduct of Lord Dalveen and John Cargill, when passing through the Nith, at the momentary risk of their lives, is absolute caricature.

Paul Jones's oath of vengeance against

Corbie, the pirate, who has carried off his sister (vol. i. page 291) has great energy:—

I dreaded this, and I ought to have prevented it; and yet how could I imagine that such a craven as him [he] dared to imagine aught against the sister of one of whose courage he has had such experience?—he knows I never forgive till I have punished. But for this there is no forgiveness. He dies—I swear it by that flood which but now has helped him to achieve his villany. He dies—I swear it by yon bright moon, which now witnesses my sorrow. He dies—I swear it by that power who rules both element and planet, and he shall not hide himself though he fly to the uttermost ends of the earth.

We honour the feeling expressed by Halliday (vol. i. page 374) in reply to the sophistry of Paul Jones, respecting the vaunted glories of the new world. For the whole we cannot find room; but for one brief paragraph we must: it breathes the very spirit of Mrs. Hemans:—

I acknowledge the splendour of the new world; but what are its hills of spice, its groves of pines, and its valleys of sugar-cane to me? When I have seen it once, I have enjoyed all its treasures. It is connected with no noble deeds—no historical recollections rise to my mind—the fame of a thousand years is not upon it,—our ancestors' graves are not there—nor the hearths at which we were rocked on our mothers' knees. Its history is a narrative of the stripes of the task-master, and the groans of the slave.

Lord Dalveen's love-scenes with the fiend-lady (vol. ii.) might have inspired terror in the days of Monk Lewis, but they will not pass muster now.

Propriety is less outraged in Paul Jones's attack upon Whitehaven, as described by Mr. Cunningham, than it was in Sherburne's most veritable history of the pirate, published rather more than a year ago. Mr. C., however, has not neglected occasionally to avail himself of the contents of that worthless specimen of American literature.—After the exploit of burning Whitehaven, Paul becomes a philosopher as well as a fighting man, and chopslogic rarely.—Robin Macgubb's instinctive love of his native spot might be amusingly compared with the rational and philosophical attachment of Halliday; but we have not room for any of the passages.—In the contest with the Serapis, all that relates to the rifle business is capital. On the other hand, we think Mr. C. must have been hardly run for an expedient to assist Captain Pearson, when he sent Lord Dalveen and Halliday off in a little boat, in the midst of a naval night engagement. Though his Lordship was privileged to play all sorts of mad pranks, Halliday was not.

On the approach to Havre de Grace, the national extravagance of Macgubb, in reply to the question of a Frenchman—"Aha! Robin de Macgubb, is your Edinburgh or your Holyrood as magnificent as these?"—is delightfully characteristic and amusing:—

Edinburgh, man! Edinburgh's a bonnie place, but it is little better than a dog-kennel compared to some of our Scottish cities; and I have seen a fairer town than that French one pulled down in Galloway for the sake of getting a sight of my native Mull. Did you ever see the city of Lochmaben, man?—that's what I call a finished town—a place built so perfectly that another stone will never be laid in't frae this till doomsday. Two navigable rivers run through the city, and over these are built four-and-twenty bridges of bone and ivory—ye never saw sic splendour. The castle stands there that was never conquered—the lake flows there that line never fathomed,—and there the fish swim, which are sae dainty and delicate that they can live nowhere else,—they gild the man's teeth that eats them inch-thick of pure gold, and ye might bottle his breath up for perfume to the princes of the earth it is so fragrant.—I have a bottle on't myself to push my fortune with at your court.—The very gentlemen of the place—for there are nae common-folk live there—have a charter of liberty to rise at the last day a stricken hour afore all other people. Talk nae to me of your French cities, man.

We could notice fifty more incongruities and absurdities, and we could indicate as many passages deserving of high praise; but it is not worth while to pursue the task. It is our anxious hope that, when Mr. Cunningham shall next come before the public—and we understand he has another romance in considerable forwardness—he will shew us that his connexion with Chantrey has imbued his mind with a higher sense of grace and beauty, propriety and delicacy, than he has evinced possession of in the volumes before us.

H.

CRUEL FRIENDSHIP.

(Concluded from page 26.)

THE Colonel then disclosed the cause of his anger to Soutrand, who had served him in affairs of a similar nature before, and was, moreover, a person in whom the *strictest confidence* might be placed. "And is it possible that you, Soutrand, who are the very soul of inquiry after female beauty, have heard nothing of this queen of the valley?" inquired the Colonel, laughing.—"Why I must say, Colonel, that on entering the village, I did make some *few* interrogations on that subject—it's a way I have, as you are pleased to say;" and the obsequious Soutrand concluded this speech with a low bow, rendered lower as the Colonel drew forth a purse, through the meshes of which a profusion of gold gleamed in Soutrand's eyes. "Well!" continued the Colonel, slipping up one of the rings of the purse, "what information did you obtain?" "The *name* of the queen of the Valley," answered the valet.—"Indeed, and what was it, Soutrand, what was it? I'm all impatience to learn," continued the warrior, drawing forth five sparkling pieces, and eagerly depositing them in Soutrand's hand—"come, come, what was the angelic creature's name?"

"Rosellen!" answered Soutrand.

"Rosellen! what a delightful sound! how romantic?" exclaimed the Colonel; "but is that all?"

"She is a stranger in these parts, and lives in a lonely cottage hard by, with a *silent old woman*—a wonder indeed—the villagers themselves are ignorant of her story—they only know that she is young, charming, amiable, and unfortunate."

"Young, charming, amiable, and unfortunate!" reiterated the Colonel, "what claims to the sympathy of a lover! Soutrand, you must seek this poor girl; I am rich—I must think of relieving her misfortunes immediately; go, and conduct her to me."

"But who is to take back my reply to the Captain?" asked Soutrand, somewhat facetiously—"O—! Von Walmar can do it." "True, it will be as well to get him out of the way, he is oftentimes so officious that—" from some latent emotion, a momentary hue of crimson rushed across the Colonel's brow at this observation—it might be that he wished the impulse of his present generosity to wear a construction different from the one Soutrand had, somewhat injudiciously for him, put upon it;—it might be that he did not like to hear the integrity of his trusty old vassal abused, especially by Soutrand. Soutrand noticed the cloud spreading rapidly over the Colonel's brow, and dispersed it in an instant by the magic name of Rosellen.

"Rosellen," said he, "is too beautiful to have resided *always* in a cottage." The Colonel's eye brightened—"*You* have *seen* her then?"—"I have; in passing the place where she resides, I ventured, purposely, to solicit a draught of milk: Rosellen presented it herself—" "And spoke to you?" "Not a word; care and poverty seemed to occupy all her mind."—"A being so bewitching, folded in the rude grasp of the monster, poverty, while I possess the golden sword which should deliver her from his gripe—no, no—go, Soutrand, desire her to follow you hither, while I dispatch Von Walmar to Elham Place; but mind me, Soutrand, I wish *all* my *deeds* of *benevolence* to remain inviolably secret." "That *I* can be secret none better knows than yourself, Colonel." "True, and none will find better account in it, if you allude to what has passed between us respecting your master, Captain Peldrine. Let who will deny it, my conduct towards him has been generous and disinterested. Men in early life are too apt, like him, to form rash attachments which blight all their future prospects. Miss Ordine, with whom he fell so desperately in love, was merely the orphan daughter of a poor painter, without name and without fortune. That *chef-d'œuvre* of your's, Soutrand, in imitating Miss Ordine's handwriting, and thus persuading your master that his Calantha had a *more favoured* suitor of her own rank, eventually recovered him to his family, and in the end, notwithstanding his present chagrin, will complete the harvest of his prosperity, by his becoming the husband of the affluent and fascinating Lady Julia Fiscoval. For all this, Soutrand, in the additional fortunes of your master, you are entitled to much reward. As for Calantha, though I never beheld her, any more

than you, I have heard of her beauty. She may for a time deplore the loss of her suitor; but women soon forget, and there are never wanting pitying hands to wipe the tears from beauty's eyes—ha! ha! ha! But we lose time; go, Soutrand, conduct this mysterious Rosellen to me; I am all impatience to know the cause of her sorrows, and, if possible, to remove it."

Soutrand at length presented himself at the cottage of Rosellen. The door was opened to him by the old woman, who, as she had seen him before, requested him, though not without hesitation, to enter. Rosellen was seated at the foot of an humble bed. Her eyes were so rivetted on a miniature which she held in her hand, that for an instant she did not observe the intrusion of Soutrand. At length, his voice startled her, and rising hastily from her seat, and hurrying the picture into her bosom, while a momentary blush suffused itself over her brow, she somewhat incoherently inquired his errand.

"The Colonel had heard of her misfortunes and of her distress; he wished, if possible, to render a retirement on his estate, more eligible to persons who had evidently seen better days."—"It will do as it is!" ejaculated Rosellen, glancing across the comfortless walls of the cabin, till her gaze rested on the aged features of her attendant, whose pale but patient looks contradicted her assertion. At an appeal so touching, Rosellen's tears fell rapidly. "In a few months," said she, "riches and poverty may be equally lost to me for ever; even now, heaven knows they are alike indifferent: I deserve all, all that I endure—but for this dear, honest, faithful servant—O, it would glad me to excite the breast of benevolence in her behalf—in youth, poverty is heavy; ah, how heavy! in age how insupportable."

Rosellen was prevailed on to accompany the Colonel's messenger. Soutrand now observed that the deep roses on the cheek of the unfortunate, were those which indicated consumption; and that the more than usual radiance of her eye proceeded from a latent fever.

The Colonel, surrounded by the costly appendages of opulence, was seated in a magnificent saloon, eagerly expecting the return of Soutrand. The clock struck nine; still he came not; Paul, too, who slept in an adjoining room, perhaps disturbed by the conviction of being in a strange place, unattended by Von, had suddenly quitted his bed, and with childish secrecy contrived to slip on his clothes, and came running into the apartment, to sit up with *papa Colonel*. The Colonel, however, who on any other occasion would have laughed at this baby frolic, was in no mood to be pleased; and in a voice of unusual sternness, desired Paul to return immediately to rest. The poor child, who expected a different reception, burst into tears, at the same time expressing such an affectionate reluctance to comply, that the Colonel, somewhat moved, was soothing him into obedience, at the very instant when the clock struck ten, and the sound of footsteps was heard approaching through the private walk of the garden beneath the verandah, which he knew could proceed only from Soutrand, and perhaps his companions.

"You have been a long time, Sir," said the Colonel, as Soutrand entered with caution. "I have had some difficulty in this affair," was the answer, "but she is in the antechamber." The Colonel's countenance lighted with sudden pleasure, as, making a sign for Soutrand to conduct in the unfortunate Rosellen, he took Paul by the hand and hurried him away. When they had retired, the monster of iniquity summoned his unconscious companions, and signified to Rosellen that she must wait in that chamber the arrival of her *benefactor*, while he conducted the *old* woman to the hall. "Must I consent to this interview *alone*?" tremulously and almost wildly, inquired Rosellen. "No, my child, no!" with energy ejaculated her attendant, who appeared suddenly to have found her voice. "And why not?" asked Soutrand, "since 'tis the Colonel's desire, and that from motives the most delicate." "But Margaret here, knows all my sad story—" "No matter for that; it is'nt for me to disobey orders; you must comply, or go at once." Margaret caught Rosellen's hand, and was involuntarily drawing her towards the door. Soutrand laughed; "My good mistress," cried he, "what harm do you suppose such an honourable gentleman as my master should do to a poor peasant like this: well may the breasts of the great and powerful become flinty, when thus their most generous actions are to be requited only by ignoble suspicions."—"He is right," sighed Rosellen; "I *will* remain here, and *alone*: yes, Margaret, HE is ever with me,

who has ever yet protected me, and who will protect me still." Margaret was not so readily assured, but at length the arguments of Soutrand prevailed.

The uneasy apprehensions of Margaret became tenfold when she had quitted her young companion; and, to prevail on Soutrand to permit her return to the apartment in which Rosellen remained, she communicated to him the secret of her mistress being sometimes, and abruptly, seized with temporary insanity, occasioned by reflecting too deeply on past miseries. "In one of these wild fits," continued she, weeping, "it was her misfortune to lose her infant in a forest, of whose fate we have yet to learn tidings; and being left without society, she immediately imagines herself the murderess of her boy, and searches for him with all the delirium of a maniac." Soutrand regarded this story as an invention to deceive him; and, instead of being affected by it, inquired calmly what was become of Rosellen's husband? "Ah! that's a sad tale," answered the attendant; "my mistress, though good as an angel, was poor, and he was rich and mighty. Her only fault was the confidence she placed in him: they were to have been married—the ring was purchased, she wears it still upon her finger, where he placed it in the sight of heaven—the wedding-day was fixed, when friends, cruel, wicked friends, persuaded her lover that my dear mistress was false, and he, the wretch, abandoned her to——" The agitated woman could proceed no further; sobs, almost convulsive, choaked her utterance as Soutrand marked her with a look of heartless indifference, exclaiming with a sarcastic sneer, "Ay, ay; I've heard that story before to-day."

In the mean time, Rosellen, more than usually agitated by the circumstance of the evening, had wandered from herself: the richness of the apartment, compared to that of the hut she had just quitted, conjured up a host of happier days in reflection; and she beheld again, in fancy, the peaceful home she had lost for the love of one who had wronged her. She beheld the form of him her broken heart still cherished as blameless; and saw, sporting in fantastic gambols at her feet, the laughing image of her lost infant.—After some little time spent in pacifying Paul, the Colonel hurried to an interview with Rosellen—cautiously he entered the room—she heard not his footsteps as he approached—she saw him not—she distinguished not the sound of his voice as he addressed her in language the most courteous and insinuating: her whole soul was now wrapped in illusion—she believed herself in the gloomy forest, where she had distractedly abandoned her boy, and was searching for him amongst ideal boughs and illusive underwood. At a loss to comprehend the meaning of a scene so singular, the Colonel gazed with astonishment on the now pale being before him, as her luxuriant tresses streamed down her lovely shoulders, and her deranged dress betrayed all the abstraction of a disordered mind, devoted but to a peculiar object. "You are suddenly indisposed, madam," said he, approaching the bell, "suffer me to call assistance." Rosellen fixed her eyes frantically upon him, and seizing his hand with an air of reproachful tenderness—"Ah! what you are come at last!" cried she, "I thought you lost for ever, my dear, dear Charles, but now we will be happy; ah, how happy!" with these words, she gazed so piteously upon him, and with such looks of beauty and reproachful affection, that the Colonel shrank almost in terror. "Ah!" continued she, more incoherently, "you avoid me, you abandon me even now; *you* have heard that I am a *murderess!* the murderess of our poor boy —but no, he lives! I saw him, but an instant since, I saw him; he was here, here, here—" and she renewed her strange employment of searching round the apartment. A chill pervaded the Colonel's breast as he beheld her—he was now persuaded of her insanity—and never, iniquitous as his conduct had proved towards women, had he been placed in a situation so awful, so soul-appalling; and he was preparing to seek Soutrand, as a piercing scream burst from Rosellen's lips, and again grasping his arm to detain him—"Stay!" shuddered she, "stay and bear witness of my guilt—there, there he lies famishing—when I sought him, they had destroyed him—I left him asleep beneath these branches, and now, see, on the grass—the flowers, the flowers are stained with his blood." At the word blood, a burst of insupportable agony escaped her breast, and she fell lifeless into the Colonel's arms. Nearly overwhelmed by a tide of agitation which rushed in upon him, he rested her head upon his knee, and continued to gaze almost bewildered on her death-like

features, as Von Walmer (who having invented a plausible excuse for sending his commissions to Captain Peldrine by another hand, had remained on purpose to watch the motions of that *deffil*, as he called Soultrand, "who was always ready to make his brave Colonel as rose as himself") entered on tiptoe by the door of the verandah, through which he had seen Rosellen conducted. Observing the situation of his master and Rosellen, and anxious, not more for the preservation of female innocence, than for his Colonel's honour, the good old man slipped unseen into Paul's bed-chamber, and fearing himself to invoke the anger of his superior officer, he dragged the child from his pillow, and pushed him into the presence of the Colonel, charging him, in an under-tone, to go and present his military respects to der pretty ladi. Paul immediately did as he was urged, while Von shrunk back behind the door to conceal himself. "You here again, Paul?" ejaculated the Colonel, "did I not desire—however, run; run and inform Soultrand that—"—Paul paid no attention to his protector, but having fixed his eyes on Rosellen, who was now recovering from her swoon, "It is, it is," he cried, "Paul's dear, dear mamma," and rushing towards her, threw himself on her bosom, and encircled her neck with his arms. "Just God!" exclaimed Rosellen, in an hysterical scream, "thou—my babe—do I clasp thee once again—is this life, or do I still dream? no, no, it is he—be still, be calm, my burning brain—he lives! I feel his little heart panting against mine—I embrace him as in times past—this is no shadow—I behold him, and my mind is not disordered—but, ah! this place—Margaret, Margaret, where art thou?—come and rejoice with me! for I have indeed found my boy." She now sank on her knees, and clasping Paul's hands, lifted them in her own towards heaven. Reason, at the sight of her child, seemed to have resumed its placid empire, and, as the Colonel continued to gaze on the child, clasped so fondly in the arms of its grateful mother, he felt as though he had lost the most potent charm of his own existence. "But, Paul," muttered he, going a step towards him, "were this lady really your mamma, could you go with her and abandon your Colonel? could you forego the name of Blanville, which you enjoy from me, and—" "Blanville! Colonel Blanville!" interrupted Rosellen, rising hastily, and taking Paul's arm, "O let us fly that cruel monster, who has made me eternally wretched, and you, my boy, for ever a nameless and despised outcast." "Stay, Madam!" cried the Colonel, detaining her, "whoever you are, whatever you are, I must not thus part with that child, with whom you appear as well acquainted as with my name—this instant I beheld you in a state of phrenzy; now, how altered is the scene.—Paul, my little General, you are mistaken; this cannot be the person you imagine:" and he extended his hand to the child, but Rosellen embraced him more closely, and Paul clung about her neck with more fervor. "No," said Paul, at length, sobbing, "we will not part again—you, too, shall live with us, papa Colonel;" and stretching out his hand, he gave it to the Colonel, who slightly endeavoured to draw him from the clasp of Rosellen. An involuntary impulse hurried Paul back to his mother's arms. At this effort, an articulation of horror trembled on her lips: "No," shuddered she, "we part not again—you have robbed me of my peace of mind, but you have restored to me my child, and I pardon you." "I, madam! I robbed you of happiness? I, who never beheld you till this day?" exclaimed the Colonel, in a tone of increased surprise.—"Yes, you Colonel Blanville, for O, I have too much cause to remember and execrate that fatal name!" She paused a moment almost breathless—her pale figure, as she rose majestically before him, seemed more than human; and there was a withering, but holy frown upon her brow, from which the Colonel drew back aghast. Rosellen continued—"you have been my most cruel enemy—yet I never, never injured you—contemplate in my wretchedness, the being you have so deeply wronged, and remember, if possible, with triumphant emotions, the name of the most unfortunate of women, Calantha." "Calantha! great God! you, you Calantha?" shuddered the Colonel, his cheek heightening to a deep crimson. "Yes!" answered she, with reproachful dignity, "I am *that* Calantha of whom *you* have so wantonly broken the heart, a wreck of what I once was, when Charles Peldrine, your friend, first saw and loved me. I was young, humble,

virtuous; I sought not him—he discovered me in the lowly solitude of my parental home; he had the address to secure my confidence and my heart—my fidelity, my attachment for him occupied all my thoughts; my ingenuousness did not go unrequited—he loved me with equal tenderness, and called solemnly on the eye of Omnipotence to witness our mutual vows. We were to have been immediately united, when you, you heard of our attachment, and by instilling into the mind of my lover suspicions the most odious, by associating me with those females who shrink not from dishonour, you basely detached him from the esteem of his Calantha, and persuaded him to meditate a union of *more brilliant* prospects. A solitary in nature, I was too sensible of my calamity to resist its influence—my mind became unsettled—ruin and shame were all you had left me to reflect on—I fled the reproachful eyes of my parents—in the far off retirement of an aged domestic's hospitable cabin, I became a mother—kind, good Margaret, but for her—still my destitute babe consoled me—I could weep over him. In a fit of madness I fled even from the abode of my sympathizing benefactress—for a few moments only, in the heart of a forest, I abandoned my infant to pursue a shadow—the shadow of Charles—for ah! it haunts me ever—when I returned, my child was gone; his blood only remained—dreadful, dreadful recollection—Oh! I have indeed been the most defenceless, the most pitiable amongst women. Regard me, Colonel: contemplate your work, and preserve, if possible, to yourself that tranquillity which you have robbed me and my poor innocent of for ever!"

A moment of death-like silence followed; the Colonel's knees trembled, and cold drops of perspiration chased each other down his pallid cheek. Paul noticed his emotions. "See," said the child, "my papa Colonel weeps: ah, mama, if he has offended you, he is so good always to Paul, that indeed, indeed you must forgive him." The Colonel sobbed with extreme emotion at these artless expressions, and snatching the child to his breast, he kissed him in hurried wildness. "And this boy," said he, "on whom I dote so fondly, he too will abhor, will curse me; what have I done? I have rendered him illegitimate—I—ah, it is impossible to repair such wrongs—but all that *is* possible *shall* be accomplished.—Great God! in a few hours—" and he looked hastily at his watch, "in a few hours Charles is to marry Lady Fiscoval—nay, Madam, do not despair, it may not be too late—for my little Paul—to atone for past crimes; you think not how desperate, how resolute I can become." Then addressing himself to Von, who had now ventured to approach—"Von!" cried he, "saddle my fleetest horse, I must at once take the road to Elham-place; you follow me immediately, with this lady and Paul in the carriage—nay, madam, no remonstrance: we have not a moment to lose—that you may recover your husband, and this boy his father. I go, and should I be too late, your grief will be nothing, nothing compared to the remorse of the repentant Blanville." He now rushed out of the room, and mounting his steed, left Calantha to mingle her tears with Margaret's and Paul's, till Von came to announce the carriage ready to proceed towards Elham-place.

* * * * *

The church doors were opening—the priest was approaching the sacred altar—when the Colonel, covered with dust, galloped furiously towards the nuptial procession, just as Captain Peldrine was handing Lady Julia into her carriage, and exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with agitation, "It cannot be!" "What cannot be?" asked Lady Fiscoval.—"We cannot be united till the Colonel, I presume, has attired himself in his wedding garments;" answered Charles, coldly smiling; "but allow me to observe, my friend, that we expected your arrival last night, and were you not our superior officer, we should certainly bring you to a court-martial, for absence without leave."—"This raillery, my dear Charles, is out of place at the present moment," continued the Colonel, gravely; "you do not understand me, and I repeat, there *are* reasons why this marriage *cannot* take place." "Reasons! what reasons?" inquired Charles, eagerly, rather than angrily; Lady Julia was so much disconcerted as to be near fainting; and retired, supported by her attendants, while the Captain withdrew with the Colonel, to demand an explanation of conduct so apparently inconsistent and unusual.

When they were alone, "Charles," said the Colonel, "to serve your interests I have

abused your friendship—your Calantha was innocent; her child, too—your child—is entitled to all your affection." "My Calantha innocent! is it possible?—but that letter which discovered her perfidy—" "Was forged by your own valet, Soutrand—" "And, with your knowledge?" "I do confess it; but it was done to insure your prosperity."—"Ah! *cruel friendship*, this!" groaned Charles; "you have destroyed my Calantha; her infamy is on your head. Lady Julia, I am her sworn husband—how shall I speak to her? this match, too, was chiefly of your own planning; Colonel Blanville, you have mistaken perfidy for friendship—you have betrayed me to despair—you have blighted for ever the repose of the ill-starred Calantha—you have—but now, Sir, it becomes your duty to give me the satisfaction of a man of honour—Calantha's miseries can only be effaced in your blood."—"True," answered the Colonel, after a pause, "very true, you are right; you shall have the satisfaction you demand."—"Meet me, then, an hour hence, in the lime avenue, with pistols; and this matter shall be settled as if *ought*."—"Enough!" replied the Colonel, and they parted.

While the Colonel was buried in gloomy ruminations, Von came to him with the intelligence that he had conducted Calantha, according to his commands, to a little portico in the adjoining garden. "'Tis well, my old friend," observed the Colonel, "but at present I require your services; prepare my pistols—I am going to fight." "Fight, mein Colonel! and with whom?"—"With Captain Peldrine; he has challenged me." Here the Colonel confided all the past to Von, and asked the brave old soldier how he would act were he placed in a similar situation. Von drew his finger across his eye to brush away a tear, and then answered: "Ich haf ever been mindful of mein Colonel's honour—Ich tink vot it is mein own—Ich should stand in der case like dis, der fire of mein adversary, and nevair return his shot." "Such is exactly my resolution—I will submit to the discharge of Charles's weapon: only so, by the laws of honour, as a soldier, can I stand acquitted."—Go, Von, prepare pistols in the lime walk—I'll follow." Von retired with a sigh, as the Colonel, turning up the garden, was suddenly accosted by Lady Julia, who had come unattended to speak with him. "Blanville!" said she, "I am not ignorant of your duplicity, you once had the assurance to address me on the subject of love; your profligate way of life induced me to refuse you, with that severity which every libertine merits at the hands of a virtuous woman. It was you first introduced me to Charles; you told me of his unhappy passion for one who was undeserving his regard—I perceived that he was amiable—I pitied his forlorn destiny—in the faithlessness of one woman, he had been taught to despise the whole sex, and I reserved for myself the satisfaction of redeeming both his happiness and good opinion in my own character—in the character of a woman of honour compared to that of infamy and disgrace. You saw and encouraged the nobleness of my design towards your almost disconsolate friend, and affected to delight in the concern I felt for one so estimable, however I might have disdained you; yet now you come to prevent the union you were the first to concert: and think you I can mistake your motive—is it not *revenge*?—is it not—" "Beseech you, Madam, no more," interrupted the Colonel hastily, "though *all other* women should reproach me, to your respect and compassion I am at least entitled. I confess that I did indeed honour you beyond your sex; and, though repulsed, was far, very far from not feeling my own want of merit. I own, I did sue for my friend Charles, for he was every way deserving of esteem and worth so exalted as your's; and I should have gratified a double desire in my heart to have seen you blessed with each other; but now, Lady Julia, it cannot be, for that Calantha whom he loved, and who loved him but too tenderly, is innocent; innocent as the babe which clings to her forlorn bosom and demands of her its father, and that father is Charles. My little Paul is this child, Julia; is he not every way deserving of a parent's love? Calantha, too, so young, so lovely, so heart-broken, so unfortunate, has no crime but her too implicit confidence in that breast of which she is wholly worthy. I have conducted her to this estate—she remains in the portico yonder, waiting the restoration of her husband—ah! you weep, Julia! angelic Julia! you no longer condemn me, and I am content." With those words, he devoutly kissed the hand of Lady Escoval, and hurried from the

spot towards the covered lime walk, where Von already awaited his arrival. After a few moments of silence, he took out his pocket-book, and writing something on one of the leaves with a pencil, desired the old German, in case of his death, to give it to Paul, as a last bequest. Charles now made his appearance, and with some little generous controversy, as to who was to have the first fire, it was settled by Von that they should both discharge their pistols at the same instant: they shook hands—the distance was taken, and Von was about to give the fatal signal, as Paul forced his way through the flowering shrubs, and with a cry of joy at the sight of the Colonel, ran and clasped his knees. "Take him away!" said Blanville, "for God's sake, Von, take him away; he unmans me; I cannot support his blameless caresses, they are curses; I cannot sustain them and my own dignity as a man."—In vain Von endeavoured to secure the child; he continued to cling still closer to his protector; and seeing the pistol in Charles's hand, pierced the air with screaming, beseeching him at the same time not to harm "poor papa Colonel." Attracted to the spot by the shrieks of the child, Lady Julia now approached the combatants—"Are ye men?" shuddered she, eyeing the deadly weapons, "and is it thus ye seek to redeem the virtue ye have forfeited? well may such false notions of honour call forth a blush even from the cheek of a simple woman; how much nobler is it, by a life of future atonement, to counteract the baneful effects of the past, than presume to extinguish its recollection in that life which heaven *alone has a right to dispose of*.—And you, Charles, I come from one who has a dearer claim to your affection than I have—she *is not culpable*—Calantha is innocent; receive her back to your heart, and in future think only of Lady Julia Fitzoval as the truest of your friends."—"My Calantha! where, where is she," ejaculated Charles, with vehemence—"Here! here! O Charles, beloved Charles! she is here with her son," was the reply of Calantha, as she now rushed forward and sank with Paul into his outstretched arms. After the first burst of feeling was ended, Charles fired his pistol in the air as a token of reconciliation to the Colonel; who, with an involuntary movement, imitated his example by pulling the trigger of his own weapon, but it missed fire.—A light burst upon the mind of Charles; and, snatching up the pistol, which Blanville had thrown to the ground, he discovered that it was *not loaded!* "Good heaven! Blanville," cried he, "was it your intention to make a murderer of me—was this due to honour?" "And this," continued Lady Julia, reading the leaf of the Colonel's pocket-book, which Von had judiciously slipped into Paul's hand—"To my "best friend Charles. When I have received "death as I deserve, let this speak as from "the grave of a soldier who has redeemed "his honour: *Calantha is innocent.* The "child that I adopt as my *heir* is Paul—that "child is Calantha's."

At the conclusion of this note, "We have *both* been mistaken," exclaimed Charles, "you, in your notions of friendship, I, in my unjust suspicions of the truest of her sex; but it is ended—and from this moment let us live only to enjoy the felicity which remains." They now embraced each other as brothers, and the nuptial benediction which awaited Julia and her intended husband, was, at her own suggestion, bestowed on Charles and Calantha. Paul was munificently provided for by the Colonel, whose conduct became so changed, so reformed, from his affecting interview with Calantha, that in the course of a year Lady Julia was induced to relinquish her former objections, and to render him the happiest of men and of husbands; and that Colonel who was once the most lawless, the most volatile of his sex amongst women, is now the first to renounce his former mistaken notions of their sincerity; and to declare that there is no earthly happiness for man equal to that which arises from an honourable and a virtuous union.

ROSALIE SOMERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.*

"SURELY, surely, you will not be so cruel as to remove my mother in this situation?" exclaimed Emmeline Bolton, as she was endeavouring to recover her parent from a fainting fit, into which the sudden entrance, and ruffian-like behaviour, of a couple of bailiffs had thrown her; "Death must be the result. A few hours can make no difference to your employer; delay her removal but for *one* hour, but for half-an-hour, and on my knees I'll bless you."

"We must obey orders," cried one of the ruffians—a man who was as unlike a minister of justice, as a fallen spirit is opposite to an angel of light: "we must obey orders; and so, Ma'am, none of these airs, but come along."

Suiting his "action to the word," he seized hold of Mrs. Bolton, and roughly raised her, still insensible, from the supporting arms of her daughter, who gave a piercing shriek, and fell motionless on the floor. Her shriek, however, had penetrated beyond the walls of the cottage; and the door opening, a gentleman, in the dress of a sea-officer, entered, and, casting his eyes around, he exclaimed—

"A vast, my hearties! what are you about here?—women, too—come, lay this old lady on the couch, and assist me to recover the young one, or I shall take the liberty of treating you to a taste of the gunner's daughter;" shaking his rattan at them as he spoke.

The men, awed by his look and manner, which were those of one who was accustomed to command and be obeyed, immediately began to exert themselves to recover the two ladies from their death-like swoon. Aided by the young officer, this was soon effected. When their deliverer found them capable of comprehending and answering his questions, he inquired if they would entrust a stranger with the reasons which had caused the scene he had witnessed on his entrance? His manner inspired confidence; and Mrs. Bolton replied—

"A nobleman, who resides at a neighbouring seat, has, since the residence of myself and daughter in this secluded abode, profered the greatest friendship, and been most assiduous in his attentions. A severe illness exhausted my little means: he advanced from time to time small sums to defray the physician's and apothecary's bills; for which, when I recovered, I gave him an acknowledgment, with an understanding that the debt should be defrayed by quarterly instalments. Under the guise of friendship, however, he aimed at the destruction of my child; and, thwarted in his schemes, he has sent his myrmidons to arrest me. I am now ready to go with you," she added, turning to the bailiffs, "lead me whither you please."

"I'll be d—d if they do, though!" exclaimed the stranger, with more feeling than politeness; "if they lay a finger upon you, I will make them run the gauntlet on the deck of the Hesperus, and that will be a lesson they will never forget. Hark ye, you land-lubbers! What is the amount of the debt for which you are empowered to arrest this lady?"

"Fifty pounds," muttered one of them, from between his teeth, in reply.

Then here's your trash," he exclaimed, giving them a note from his pocket-book; "and now begone instantly, or I'll break every bone in your ugly skins."

The men waited not for a second order; but darted out of the cottage with a precipitation, that evinced their dread lest the stranger should put his threats into execution.

And now, Madam," said the gallant youth, "will you pardon my unauthorised intrusion? A rough sailor, I never stand on etiquette; and the sound of that lady's voice in distress, was a signal I could not resist. I trust I have not offended; and that you will permit me, on a future day, to call and inquire after you and your lovely daughter; at present I will take my leave."

"Not till we know who is our benefactor, and where we may find him, to repay the obligation he has conferred," said Mrs. Bolton.

"Faith, Madam, I am a rough sailor, but lately come on shore, after a cruise of some

* *Vide* page 20.

years against the enemies of my country. My name is Somers, and I am on a visit at Sir Henry Ingleby's, whose seat of Belvoir you doubtless are acquainted with. I came out this morning on a rambling expedition, but parted company with my companions, by accident, about half-an-hour ago; and in endeavouring to regain the road which leads to Sir Henry's demesne, I was fortunate enough to arrive here in time to be of some slight service to you. Now, Madam, allow me to wish you good morning; I shall shortly do myself the pleasure of seeing you again."

With these words, Captain Somers left the cottage, and hastened to rejoin his companions; whilst Mrs. Bolton and the fair Emmeline remained in speechless admiration of his conduct and bearing. After a few minutes of silent reflection, they sought to calm their agitated minds by returning thanks to HIM who watches with unseeing eye, over the humblest of created beings—for raising them up a friend in their hour of need.

"Ingleby, what angel is it that inhabits the cottage which stands on the east side of your park, embosomed in shrubs, and surrounded with roses and lilies, and every thing that can charm and gratify the senses?"

"What! poaching on the Baronet's preserves? Was this what you quitted us for this morning?" asked young Herbert Montcalm, a gay youth, one of the party who were partaking of the hospitalities of Belvoir.

"I fell in with the cottage, which I should term the 'Mansion of Innocence,' by mere accident, when in chase of you and your wild companions, after you had so slyly given me the slip, willing, I suppose, that I should dine in the woods with Duke Humphrey; as you afforded no clue to set me right on the road to our worthy host's."

"I believe the cottage you allude to is the residence of the widow of a clergyman, who was some years ago the incumbent of the neighbouring parish of R——; he died about two years since, and I have understood the necessary repairs to the glebe-house nearly exhausted the little property he left behind him. From the excellent society supported by the clergy, for affording assistance to the widows and orphans of their deceased brethren, she receives an annuity that can only barely support her in decent independence. Often have I wished that I had a mother or a sister residing with me to authorise the interchange of civilities. But I am too well aware of the imputations which the world would cast upon the objects of my attentions, were they extended to a lady so situated, and who has a beautiful daughter residing with her."

"O! hang your scruples!" exclaimed Somers, "so, because you were afraid of the construction the world would put on your actions, this lovely girl is to be left to pine in obscurity; and charms, that would grace a palace, are to be condemned to the privacy and retirement of a cottage? O! if she would but wed a sailor-lad, and share my cabin, I should be the happiest dog alive."

"You are always in heroics," said Montcalm. "Pray, how came you to discover this lass?—have you spoken to her?"

"I discovered her by accident, as I told you; and I have spoken to *her*, though she has not spoken to *me*, except with her eyes, and they looked unutterable things."

"Bravo! my young sailor! But it is the privilege of you blue jackets to fall in love with every woman you meet, and to have a wife in every port. So I can excuse your ecstacies! But what do you mean to do with the girl?"

"Do with her? Why marry her, if she'll have me: and I'll know to-morrow, for I hate suspense."

On the morning, at an early hour, Captain Somers was seated at the breakfast table of Mrs. Bolton; and, with the frank ingenuousness of a seaman, he "told his love," and pleaded his cause so well, that he gained permission to visit the ladies occasionally, and to consider himself—not as the accepted lover—but as the friend of Emmeline: "she knew nothing of love," she said; "gratitude she felt;—warm and fervent gratitude, for his conduct to her dear Mamma; and if on further acquaintance, she could love him as she ought to love a husband, she would frankly acknowledge it."

It was not possible that two such hearts should become intimately acquainted and not love. Emmeline soon became as much attached to Somers as he was to her; and in two months from the day when they first became acquainted, they were united.

Rosalie Somers was the daughter of this accomplished pair; and her story may be told in a few words.

Captain Somers was killed at the battle of Trafalgar, when Rosalie was an infant in her mother's arms; and Emmeline could not bear up against the shock. She soon followed him to "another and a better world;" leaving her orphan to the care of her grandmother, whose little income, augmented by the prize-money of Captain Somers, was sufficient to keep them in respectability. Too young to feel the loss of her parents, as Rosalie advanced in years, all her love was centered in her dear grandmamma, to please whom was the object of all her solicitude. She grew up with a happy buoyancy of spirits, which reflected happiness on all around. She knew no care—felt no sorrow: a laughing Hebe, she dispensed pleasure wherever she trod; and whilst her numerous good qualities secured her many friends, her unassuming and benevolent disposition rendered it almost impossible for her to have enemies. Amongst her other accomplishments, she possessed a complete knowledge of music, as far as the theory and the practice of the piano-forte was concerned; and often with her dulcet wild notes did she charm the ears of her listening admirers, as she warbled forth some of the beautifully simple ballads of the English school, or wafted a prayer to heaven, in the devotional strains of Handel or of Haydn. Mrs. Bolton had taken up her residence in the village of R—, and amongst the friends of her late husband, found a society eager to do justice to the claims of Rosalie. At the age of seventeen she lost this dear relative: and this was her first sorrow. Loss of property followed the loss of her grandmother. The man to whose care it was entrusted proved a villain—and absconded; and as her grandmother's annuity expired with her, Rosalie was left almost a beggar, her sole means of support arising from the interest of £500, which her father had invested in the funds in her name, then an infant, before he went on that expedition which ended so fatally. She was not, however, without friends; and during a severe attack of illness, she experienced from them both kindness and affection. Change of air was recommended as necessary for the complete re-establishment of her health; and the good Vicar of H—, who had succeeded Mr. Bolton in the vicarage, insisted on her going to Mrs. Smith's, at Norton, whom he had long known, and with whom she had resided about three months, when her introduction to the Villarses took place. Thus then, reader, you have the history of Miss Somers: it is short and simple, but calculated to interest the feelings, and awaken the sympathy of those who can feel for one thus early bereft of every earthly tie.

At Rosemount Castle, however, her destiny seemed changed. The owners were charmed with their guest; and she had not been many times a visitor, before they insisted upon her leaving Mrs. Smith's entirely, and taking up her abode with them. There she became a universal favourite: she was not less beloved by the Colonel and his lady, than by Charles and Emily—and the days of her youth seemed returned again.

"What are you thinking of, Charles?" was Emily's question to young Villars, as she descended to the breakfast room one morning, and found him its solitary occupant.

"Your fair friend, Emily," was the reply.

"Well, and what of her, my gay Sir? Dare I say what I suspect?"

"Say on."

"You are in love."

"You are a witch."

"No, only a woman, brother; and I have for some time seen in you all the marks and symptoms of love; but lud-a-mercy, what will papa and mamma say?"

"I know not, Emily; but you must stand my friend. Unless I marry Rosalie Somers I am wretched for ever."

"And you have told her so?"

"I have."

"And her answer?"

"That she knew my father would never consent to so unequal an alliance—and therefore would not listen to my suit. Moreover, she has declared her intention to leave Rosemount to-day."

"Noble-minded girl: but she must be my sister, Charles; I'll hear what papa says."

"You may soon do that, my dear children," said the Colonel, advancing, he having followed Emily into the room, and overheard the conversation; "Go, Emily, go and tell Rosalie from me, she shall not leave Rosemount." Swifter than ever Atalanta bounded o'er the plain, did Emily fly to convey this glad message to her friend; whilst the Colonel, turning to his son, said—"Charles,

I did hope you would have formed a more splendid alliance: I had, indeed, a lady in view, whom I thought fully qualified to make you happy: but Rosalie is a good, a deserving girl: if she loves you, marry her, and my blessing be on you both."

In a month after Rosalie Somers became the wife of Charles Villars; and there is not a happier couple in the whole range of his Majesty's dominions.

York. W. C. S.

DISAPPOINTED MEN; OR, THE HISTORIES OF WILL BLIGHT AND VANDYKE SONNE.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

There are few objects more distressing to the feelings of benevolence, than that of a deeply disappointed man. When we say disappointed, we do not mean the foolish wight, who at first looked on the world as a large confectioner's shop, and has therefore folded up his brow, and pined on the pavement ever since destiny handed him assafœtida when he asked for a cheesecake. Such are to be shaken out of their taste rather than to be reasoned with. We have met with two disappointed men: Will Blight and Vandyke Sonne. The first was the meek hero of the wretched—the second the real victim of fleeting hopes. Will died respectably of apoplexy—Sonne, like a second autumn leaf, long fluttered on the bough of life, ere he fell from it.

Will Blight was the son of a sturdy yeoman; and it so happened that when scarcely higher than the elder-branch he was cutting into pop-gun barrels before his father's door, Mr. ——, the canvassing Member for the county, visited old Ralph Blight, and with hat in hand, solicited his vote. Nay, so great was Mr. ——'s courtesy, that even though his gloves were off, he passed his hand under Will's chin, did him the honour of rumpling his white wiry locks, and called him a fine, intelligent, handsome boy.—Will stood, or rather crouched like a distorted S at the would-be pillar of St. Stephen's; and staring and grinning, like a young ape in the act of leaping at an orange, seemed as if he would snatch from the future M. P. the slowly-uttered commendation. Moreover the candidate finished his praise by promising, that when the dirty-faced urchin should call himself man, he had only to seek him in London, and a place should be opened for young Mr. Blight. Having said thus much, he slipped a guinea into the boy's hand, as an earnest of a great man's good intentions, the candidate departed. Old Ralph Blight, like a provident father, exchanged with his stubborn son six large penny pieces for the modicum of gold; instantly bought and decorated his hat with seven yards of purple ribbon, and when his turn came, gave his vote for Mr.—— like an honest yeoman and a good Christian. Let us not either pass over another good work of Ralph's: on the evening of the election day he knocked down Giles Chalk, landlord of the Wisp of Straw, for merely giving it as his opinion—whilst he blew the froth from a mantling tankard—that bribery was not a deadly sin. A meritorious blow, by the shade of Magna Charta!

We might here attempt a very subtle disquisition on sound, in order to prove what instrument produces the more lasting tone. We shall, however, waive such discussion, at once boldly asserting it to be the larynx of a member of Parliament. During fourteen years did the voice of Mr. —— haunt the cottage of Ralph Blight. Nay, we are almost inclined to think there are such things as torpid echoes—words that being once spoken by a great man become, as it were, instinct with some mysterious intelligence; and although they may at intervals be hushed, still, at certain periods, like bats, come forth and exert their original strength. We could almost swear that the words—"place"—"young Mr. Blight"—had no sooner escaped the member's lips than they lodged themselves in the rafters of Ralph's cottage, for, like the timber of Dodona, they thenceforth became appallingly loquacious. Early in the morning the first sounds that followed the crowing of the cock, were "place"—"young Mr. Blight;" did the kettle sing, or the mastiff howl, it was an-

swered by "place"—"young Mr. Blight;" did the clock run down, it only awakened the same response; was there a short dinner, hope whispered in "place"—"young Mr. Blight;" were measles at the next door, there was the same comment expressed with unusual concern—did a donkey bray from a neighbouring common, he was answered—"place"—"young Mr. Blight!"

We have merely stated the eternal reiteration of these words, in order to prepare my readers for the appearance of our first hero; for it cannot be supposed that he grew up untouched by their influence. The words had been his poison; but, as the king in history, he had been so long inured to it, that it became his sustenance, and, like a thriving young adder, he was absolutely fat with venom. Let us, however, blame poor human nature; and not gnash our teeth solely at William Blight. "Place" had been so continually sounded in his ears—presented with his bread-and-butter, with his peg-top, and holiday-boots, that it became part of himself: he was the cub of "young Ambition;" she had licked him into form; the Destinies had hovered over his marbles—Fame had gathered blackberries with him. The boy was, indeed, wholly made up of conceit and waywardness. Nature had certainly formed him a bit of a thistle, but his parents had magnified him into a very hedgehog.

Perhaps our readers will conclude that both Mr. and Mrs. Blight imagined their son would be appointed page to the king—or at the least a courier to the most polite of foreign courts. Indeed, not they. They would as soon have endeavoured to know why the sun rose or set, as to inquire into the profound mysteries which they felt were implied in the word—"place." It is true they looked on the little carcass of their eldest born as a lump of virgin gold, and they anxiously prayed for the time when they might send it to London, to be coined in the mint of "Place." Gold! Master William Blight was more! He was a statue of diamond, a real household brilliant—albeit in the rough.

Ever and anon the boy would play some trick, which the old couple received as an augury of his future greatness. He would make up a bundle of nettles, and give it as a nosegay to Alice Lorn, the blind widow; or roll a huge stone at the wooden leg of Nat, the pedlar; but the great feat which astonished his parents and their circle, was practised on a hog—a huge patriarchal boar, whose grunt was almost coeval with the village chimes. Master Blight, one day, felt mightily disposed to enthrone himself on the back of this venerable yet sour-tempered animal. The means adopted by the boy were worthy of an Arkwright. He procured a long willow bough, to which he affixed a yard of worsted, baiting the end with a fine, ruddy-cheeked apple. Added to this preparation, he had armed his heels with two of the largest pins from his mother's cushion; and thus appointed, in a lucky moment, he vaulted on the back of Jacob (we grieve to say that was the hog's cognomen) at the same time adroitly bobbing the apple at the creature's nose, and spurring the brute in his flanks. Jacob set off at a hard gallop—the fruit still mocked his snout—the pins were plied—and now, behold Master Blight, an infant Alexander taming a bristled Bucephalus, whilst Jacob, like a second Tantalus stretched and yearned towards the apple, but tasted not. The whole village was astounded at the mingled art and daring of Will Blight. Nay, the schoolmaster, who had just tasted Mrs. Blight's ale, as the news of her son's achievements reached the cottage, remarked that Will was a surprising lad, and observing the arrangement of the willow bough, the worsted, and the apple, added, giving a significant smack of the lip, "that boy has a head;" and ended his remark with something about the "perpetual motion," and the "longitude."

We have been thus particular in enumerating the practices of this our first hero, in order to prepare our readers to attend him in the grand scene of life—a scene in which he was shortly to take any part that an M.P. in his beneficence, would award him. Will had ever manifested a kind of cunning, which had so much malice in it, that what was called sharpness, truth would denominate absolute iniquity. It was painful to a lover of the ingenuousness of infancy to meet the small, prying eye of the urchin: he seemed to be among children what a full-grown lurcher is among Spaniel pups; when he appeared pleased, the beholder felt it to be rather a puzzling point whether he should be greeted with a smile or a bite. No one like Will could detect a squirrel's hoard or a bird's nest. The very sparrows leered at,

him suspiciously. One peculiar circumstance, acting with another, gave a decided bias to Will's infant mind, which, as it matured, retained incontrolably, the darling bent.

A neighbouring farmer had lost a gander, on which he set an unusual price, inasmuch as, when the bird was a mere gosling, it had been the favourite of the farmer's youngest son, then quite a child, who had since, however, run away from home, entered on board a man of war, and found a grave in the wide sea. It was a likely touch of nature that the old man should set a store by the bird—that he should sometimes feed it from his hand and sometimes turn away from it with a tear. A guinea was offered by the owner as the splendid reward of him who should discover the gander. Will Blight had not so often pelted the lost bird with stones, without pretty well knowing its appearance; no sooner, therefore, was the reward offered, than, without either hat or jacket, he set off to the market town, ten miles distant, and there discovered the thief actually chaffering with a customer for the sale of the stolen gander. The indefatigable imp directly set up the hue and cry—the thief was arrested the bird restored to its owner—and Will Blight duly received the reward. Will's consequence was moreover heightened by his having stood in the witness'-box at the Sessions against the robber. No achievement ever made so great an impression on Will as did this affair of the gander. He hugged himself in his triumph night and day—he chuckled over the guinea—for it was put by as the first-fruits of his wit—and did nothing but ponder on the means whereby to increase the sum. Whilst his thoughts and feelings were in this state, he paid another visit to the market-town, when he saw pasted up in different places, several bills offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of ———, an absconded bankrupt. A blind man suddenly awakened to the glories of creation, when the rising sun is flinging his rays abroad, the dew-wet earth beaming like joy in tears, and the throats of birds revelling in the struggle of song—a man waking from darkness to such a scene could not feel a more luxurious confusion—a more overwhelming and incomprehensible delight, than did Will when he had read the above advice. In his ecstacy he almost fancied himself possessed of the sum; nay, the hundred pounds became so many agents of wealth, and seemed to gibber and dance, and whirl around him, making his senses reel at their wild evolutions. There was no more brooding over plans—the road for Will was marked out: if he had discovered the carrier-off of a gander, could not the same wit apprehend the bankrupt? Will was determined.

Young Mr. Blight, when arrived within a few months of man's estate, resolving to lose no time, prepared, with his parents' ready acquiescence, to journey to London, to ask of the M. P. the promised place. And what was the ambition of Will? What important post did he require from one of the senators of the land. Will was modest in his demand, although sanguine of success; All he asked was to be enrolled as an officer —Of the royal household? No: of the metropolitan police. Will yearned for a place of thief-catching. Will started from his home; and, never did a more iron-nerved, coarse-hearted clown, clash his hobnails against a London pavement.

Our story now begins to darken. We pray you, benevolent reader, let us for a time leave our hero boggling in the many perplexities which, truth compels us to say, assailed him; and let us abstractedly consider the many assaults and back-handed buffets, and fillips o' th' nose, and sneers, and wry faces encountered by the youthful aspirant after worldly good; how many elbowings and crushings of toes, and crucifyings of the heart, and piercings of the spirit, the poor tyro encounters! How, like a fleet Arabian, he prances out on the course, how his neck curves—his nostrils dilate—what defiance in his snorting, what music in his hoof. We lose him for a space, and when next we meet with him, his head is palsied, his eye flickers—his ribs may be counted—he is a miserable, jaded hack, drinking puddle water, and eating thistles. Are we not to feel at the change?

Now, reader, if we have made you ready for sorrow—if we have prepared you, ere we put aside the fleshy coverlet, and show you the hopes of man lying dead and coffined in his heart—if the tear is driven where it hangs trembling over your lid, like pity on a cliff, —let us return to the home of Will Blight.

Many months had passed since the departure of Will from his village, when one day, whilst the old couple were at dinner,

the door was dashed open, and the adventurer re-entered his home. He said no word of greeting, but fell, like an image of lead, upon a chair, stretched forth his legs, and uttered a sound partaking of both a grunt and a groan. To the inquiries of the old people, he remained for a long time dumb. Being at length further persecuted for his tidings, he raised his lip, like a bull dog on the first sight of its opponent, and snarled forth—"I ha'nt a got it." No further explanation did Mr. William Blight deign to give. However, from the landlord of the Blue Stag, where Will, during his town-stay sojourned, we learned that the member, a senator of England, had actually treated Mr. Blight with the most studied indifference. Will was cut to the quick. He meditated great revenge. He had resolved, on his return home, to starve himself to death! Fortunately there happened to be his favourite dinner smoking on the table.

An unexpected sum of money was left to the old pair, who, shortly after, died, bequeathing a handsome property to their son. Will was, however, a disappointed man. His first hopes had been mildewed, and he could have no second crop. He shunned all exercise and took to gluttony: he became a monster among men—his cheeks swung loosely as the ears of an elephant—his forehead weighed over his eyes—a huge oaken stick bent beneath his weight—gout took up its lodging in his hands and legs; and, one day whilst hobbling after a school boy who had purloined an apple from Will's garden, apoplexy took him by the neck, and threw him head-foremost to the earth.—Five of the stoutest villagers raised from the earth a motionless lump of clay. Will was buried without any village honours—no flower was strewed upon his tomb: it was well; flowers would have been unfitting. Perhaps it would not have been amiss to have roasted a bullock at the grave. That could not have been ungrateful to the *manes* of the departed.

Having disposed of the disappointed clown, our second history shall be that of the more refined victim.

J.

Original Poetry.

THE DYING YEAR.

When we plucked each withered flower—
The wreck of the summer's wealth,
In that lone and blessed bower,*
That eyrie of peace and health—
When we gazed, with pensive eye,
On the pale and drooping crest
Of blossoms whose fragrant sigh
On our souls shall ever rest—

O, then, did a proud proud thought
Prompt the warm and silent tear,
As I gazed on the ruin wrought
By Time, on the dying year.—
Ye may fade—I softly cried—
Ye beautiful gems of earth!—
But affection, fond and tried,
Is of higher—nobler birth!

For Time, in his onward flight,
Shall not scathe the treasured store
That my heart, with deep delight,
In its shrine counts o'er and o'er.

He may sweep, in his stern rage,
Spring's roses to their cold tomb;
But love, as it grows in age,
Increases in strength and bloom.

Nov. 1820. L. S. S.

* *Vide* La Belle Assemblee, vol. ii. page 256.

POESY.

By H. Brandreth, Jun. Esq.

For thou to me art ever wed, as I am wed to thee.

They whisper, gentle Poësy, that thou art not for me,
That it is time I burst thy bonds and set my spirit free;
They say thy power is but at best a visionary dream,
Which wiser age with coldness treats, though youth's enthusiast theme.

Apart, like the recluse, they sit, and every art employ
To dim those sparkling gems of life themselves no more enjoy;
However bright the landscape be, no brightness there they find,
Nought now seems beauty to the eye, nor music to the mind.

And why? because the joys, the hopes that cradled them in youth,
Have lost gay Fancy's sunny tints, are clouded o'er by Truth?
Haply it may be so, yet who, when lours the darkling storm,
Turns not with pleasure to survey the rainbow's fleeting form?

Ask the fond maiden, as she weeps beneath some moon-lit grove,
What power thus sways her soul's full tide? she'll answer—"it is love!"
Ask once again that weeping fair from him she loves to part,
Ask her—but hold—forbear, forbear! or bursts her swelling heart!

Once loving, once beloved again, where's he can tearless speak
The sad, the long, the last farewell—what language is not weak!
In health who was it twined around his brow the flowery wreath?
Pillowed whose breast his aching head, and led him forth from death?

Oh! who but she, that priceless pearl to man in pity given,
The sharer, soother of his woes, "the last, best gift of heaven!"
For whether weal or woe betide, what joy can equal this,—
To feel, amid life's desart waste, Affection's kindred kiss!

And thus, fair Poësy, the charms encircling thee and thine,—
As Beauty's win the lover's soul—have won for ever mine.
And do they ask me to forego those thrice as hallowed charms,
Ask to forego them, and for what? Ambition's wild alarms.

Ambition! No, she's not for me, I know the wanton well,
I've gaz'd on her Circean cup, I've own'd her magic spell;
And when I deem'd the spell had worked, sought the cup's bacchant ray—
Oh! then 'twas her's that spell to break, and dash that cup away!

But thou, my first, my boyish love, bright Fancy's fairy child,
With eyes of heaven's unclouded blue, and accents soft and mild;
Hast thou with smiles my smiles return'd, nor felt Affection's glow,
E'en when I played the truant most? maid of *my* bosom, no!

My firmest as my earliest friend from infancy thou'st been—
That Phœnix often prattled of, but yet how seldom seen!
For e'en as weeds sweet honey yield when courted by the bee,
So all I see, or hear, or feel, all turn to Poësy.

Whate'er I sought, whate'er I seem'd to seek, 'twas thine to bring,
Pleasure a sunnier aspect wore, Affliction lost her sting;
O'er all the darker hours of life her pall Oblivion threw,
While Memory bade each brighter scene assume its brightest hue.

'Mid winter's snow thou still art mine, as when the leafy bowers
Stand forth in vernal beauty clad, or gay with summer flowers:
Whether I court thee with a tear, or young Hope's laughing eye,
Or echo back thy shout of mirth, or answer sigh for sigh.

To whatsoever land I go, where'er I chance to roam,
I've in thy mirror but to look, and lo! my native home!
Friends, country, all I hold most dear, before mine eyes upspring,
And though a mental vision, still are real whilst I sing.

And is it thou they'd have me quit, child of a heavenly birth,
For forms that fade, like mist, away—frail denizens of earth?
And shall I quit, for such as they, the fount whence haply flow,
All that the young enthusiast loves? maid of *my* bosom, no!

Temple, Nov. 28, 1826.

STANZAS.

What though mine eyes have lost their fire,
And time has touch'd my brow—
Is it for this with scornful looks
Thou gazest on me now?

Proud man! my heart is yet as warm
As in my youthful prime;
My love for thee, alas! still true,
As in a happier time.

Long years have fled since first we met
Beneath the old beech tree,
And thou didst promise then to be
Mine own unchangingly.

Dost thou remember, then, my face
Wore not this pallid hue?
But hope's bright tint was o'er it spread,
For I believed thee true.

Although the lot in life was low,
Which thou didst offer me,
I heeded not the loss of wealth
I could not share with thee.

And never, in the darkest hour
That fate has o'er thee thrown,
Have I left thy beloved form
To bear the storm alone.

Oh! what care I that time has mix'd
Thy once dark locks with grey!
My love is far too deep to heed
The outward form's decay.

But this is ever Woman's lot,
To be look'd coldly on,
And little noted when her youth
And loveliness are gone.

While *she*, through years of joy and pain,
Of mingled peace and strife,
Loves on—still true and faithful found,
Midst all the ills of life.

Mrs. H——.

TO MY TWIN BOYS*.

Gay morning pilgrims! no dark cloud of care
Shall cross your early path—your eyes shall meet
A charm in every scene—for all things greet
The dawn of life with hues divinely fair!
How brightly now your rosy features wear
The trace of guiltless joy. Your bosoms beat
With no forboding dreams—your cup is sweet
The manna of delight is melting there!
Twin buds of life and love! My hope and pride!
Fair priceless jewels of a father's heart.
Stars of my home! nor sin nor sorrow hide
Your beauty yet;—your stainless years depart
Like glittering streams that softly murmur by,
Or white-winged birds that pierce the sunny sky!

THE EVENING HOUR.

Oh! if there is a time, above
All other times, my heart to move,
It is the silent star-lit hour,
When clos'd is every dewy flower;
When the Moon shines forth, pale but bright,
In one vast stream of cloudless light;
When not a voice or sound is heard,
Save the low tones of the night-bird;
Or the cool breeze, that whispers by,
Like the fond Lover's pleading sigh;—
'Tis then I love, in silent mood,
To wander forth alone, to brood
On days of happiness gone by—
Days that I think of with a sigh—
Muse on the future and the past,
Hopes half extinct, fears gathering fast;
Dwell on departed dreams of joy,
Trifles that pleas'd me when a boy;
Weep o'er the lov'd, the lost, the dead;
(Sweet are such tears by memory shed)
Woo Fancy with her magic dower,
And feel her soul-encircling power;
Communion hold with viewless things,
Shadowy, unreal imaginings.—
And when the bounding pulse beats high
With hope, fear, rapture, ecstacy,
Dissolve at once the airy chain,
And seek the heartless world again. B. N.

THE LOVER AND THE BRIDE.

How sweet it was that summer evening
When we first met—how the young moon
Pour'd forth her beams upon our path,
And lighted the pale flowers with beauty.
And thou wert standing by the cool clear brook,
Beneath the blossoms of the orange trees;
And thy dark hair was waving o'er thy brow,
Hiding, yet adding to thy loveliness!
Time has passed onward, yet I see thee still
As on that summer evening—with thy smile
So mournful, and so gentle—and thy fair young cheek
So pale and yet so lovely—I look'd upon thee and I lov'd.
I lov'd—alas!—alas!—it was a dream—
A dream; and yet how sweet the fantasy!—
But soon the charm dispell'd, and then,
My heart—why were its chords not broken?—
When next I saw thee, 'twas beside the altar,
And thou wert then most beautiful—thy hair
Was wreath'd with flowers—it was a bridal wreath—
And thy mild eyes in starry brightness,
Shone through the veil which maiden modesty
Had thrown around thee; and he, the bridegroom—
How he smiled to see thy bashful and yet loving glances!
I heard him call thee *his*, and then I fled—
I knew not whence—I knew not why.
Yet swifter than the winds I fled,
For I had lov'd thee!—Had I lov'd thee less,
I might have envied him; but guilty thought
Could never be inspir'd by thee, and I bless'd him—
Ay, even him, thy husband!—I felt
Death in my heart, and yet I blessed him!
Then misery and madness came—and life
Was as a blank before me.

B. B. B.

* From a new edition, in the press, of "Sonnets and other Poems." By D. L. Richardson.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1827.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Dinner Party Dress.

A dress of black bombazin, bordered with a double *bouillon* trimming of crape, *en limaçon;* each scalop of which is confined by a ring-ornament of fluted crape. The body is made plain, and is ornamented round the tucker part with a Vandyke trimming of crape, at each point of which are rosettes. The sleeves are short and full, of the same material as the dress. A *fichu pelerine* of white crape, with a double trimming of the same round the edge, is worn over the shoulders. The head dress consists of a Turkish turban of white crape, ornamented with beads of jet. Necklace and ear-pendants of beautifully cut jet.

No. 2.—Evening Costume.

A dress of black *crêpe-lisse* over black satin, ornamented at the hem next the shoe, with a *ruche* of crape, pinked at the edges: over this *ruche* is a Vandyke ornament of braided crape, surmounted by a trimming of a lighter kind, pinked. The *corsage* is *à la Sevigné;* with a belt of black satin, and a large rosette, formed of jet beads, in front. The sleeves are short, and are ornamented in a corresponding manner with the skirt. The hair is arranged in large curls and bows, with black flowers: the necklace and ear-pendants of jet; the former set *à l'antique.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Although towards the latter end of January the general mourning began to shew a more fanciful feature, solemn black among the higher classes prevailed, and every one, we may venture to affirm, felt for the national loss, that "within, which passeth shew."—Thus a sombre cloud was cast over every place of fashionable amusement. The style of dress, however, seems improved; and the tresses of the young are arranged in a more becoming and graceful manner. The classical form of the white crape Turkish turbans suits well the dignified features of our matronly *belles;* with the addition of black jet ornaments, they constituted an elegant head-dress; and now that feathers have partially again made their appearance, they form a very beautiful evening head-dress for middle-aged ladies.

We have not seen any new mantles since the commencement of the mourning; and those of coloured velvet or *gros de Naples* have been laid by for the present. Those of black, with coloured linings, begin to appear; but the black velvet or silk pelisse is more decidedly in favour for out-door costume, particularly for the promenade; and we have seen some young ladies with black velvet and silk spencers over cloth dresses. These spencers are made plain, with very full sleeves without *mancherons.* Fur tippets, of the grey squirrel, or black lynx, are often the only addition to a cloth dress, made high. Amongst the slight innovations beginning to take place, we witnessed a lady coming from a splendid party in a mantle of grey velvet, chequered with black, and lined throughout with black. This mantle had a triple cape of black velvet.

The hats and bonnets are of black crape, or *gros de Naples,* trimmed with crape. Many ladies continue to wear their black velvet bonnets; but crape on these gives an appearance very *lugubre;* and the lighter love-ribbon, while it renders them quite mourning sufficient, now seems more universally adopted, and looks infinitely better. These bonnets, for the promenade, continue very large, but they are cut shallow behind. Some carriage hats, of crape, or satin, are beautifully trimmed *en rûches,* with *crêpe-lisse,* and black flowers; the *ruches* intermingled with the flowers in a serpentine wave. The feathers that have appeared in hats are of the weeping-willow kind, which are truly appropriate; to these, according to the manner in which the plumage is drest,



DINNER PARTY DRESS.

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the fashion-mongers give the name of Cypress feathers. Hats without feathers are trimmed with large bows of love, or crape, without ends: two of these bows are placed at the bottom of the crown, one on each side, the other in front. We have seen one carriage hat of white crape, trimmed with black, and ornamented with a long black Cypress feather.

Evening dresses of black crape, or Cypress gauze, are sometimes trimmed with black bugles. Bugles constitute an elegant ornament in mourning, but of late years they have declined in favour. The most fashionable mode now is in *bouillons* of crape for trimming, or in *bouffont* ornaments of gauze, or *crêpe-lisse*, which, when well disposed, produce a very chaste and elegant effect. *Ruches* of crape, or gauze, form also a favourite trimming, light and tasteful. One evening dress we much admired; it was a beautiful black tabinet; which is quite deep enough for any mourning, and is far preferable to bombazin, both from its jet-like colour, and the glossy richness of its texture. This dress had a broad border formed of *bouffonts* of black gauze, placed on chequer-wise, and relieved by being crossed over by separate leaves of satin: the *corsage* was *à la Sevigné*, with long sleeves of transparent crape, *en gigot*; ornamented at the wrists with antique points. Next the hand a broad bracelet of jet, clasped by a black cameo head on gold. There were *manicherons* over the sleeves, of scalloped tabinet, edged round with narrow crape, *en ruche*.

A few black or white crape flowers, constitute the head ornaments of young persons, for evening parties. *Toques*, of satin and crape, in elegant divisions, are much in favour: they are confined by jet ornaments, with plumes of feathers. An ornament depends over the left shoulder, entwined with small jet beads, with a rich tassel of jet at the end. Dress hats of white crape, ornamented with feathers, have part of them falling over the crown, the others beyond the edge of the brim. *Berets* of black velvet, unornamented, are worn in home costume, when the weather is chill; but small white crape caps, with black love-ribbon and flowers, and broad strings, floating loose, are more in favour for this style of dress. These caps are placed backward, and are very becoming: many are made of bias gauze, which is preferable to crape.

Before the conclusion of the short month of February, the outward cloud of mourning will have passed away: however, we can only speak by conjecture on what articles of attire will be most prevalent. The bias folds of gauze are found more becoming than either lace or blond, to the complexion; and it is expected that the caps we have mentioned in our observations will be still in favour, with the addition of puffs of satin or sarcenet, of two different colours; these colours will be spring-like. Fur, or pelisses, will yet prevail; but only if the weather is cold; and a mild February is by no means unusual in our climate; then,

"The fair
Is dipt in rainbow, and trick'd out in air."

Lengthened days bring with them cheering hope, and we forget the blustering, cold winds of March, which again bring all the winter fashions from their temporary recesses. Levantines and satins of delicate and unobtrusive colours, with Vandyke collars of fine lace, we are assured by an eminent *marchande de modes*, will be much worn in half dress, with superb jewellery, armlets, lockets, and bracelets; the Cashmire shawl will often supply the place of the warm mantle; and flowers of various hue, the dark Cypress plumage.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

So many English ladies of wealth and fashion being here, you may well imagine they paid the outward tribute of regret indicative of their real feelings, for the demise of your late amiable and lamented Prince, the Duke of York. Our ladies of the first class also testified their respect for his memory: but the *Bourgeoise*, however modish they are become, and how much soever they love to copy their betters, prefer their varied colours. Indeed, the solemn hue of black is fast departing, much as it was in favour at the commencement of winter. February, that early harbinger of spring, generally brings with it a kind of budding gaiety, with the young opening flowers in female costume.

An elegant carriage pelisse appeared lately in a visit to a lady recently married; it was of white crape lined with satin, and fastened down the front of the skirt with rosettes of tartan ribbon; the colours black and rose colour: these ribbons formed fancy mourning for Talma.—The body of the pelisse was plain, with a pelerine cape, bound round with tartan ribbon, the same as that which formed the bows: no collar, but a triple frill of blond encircled the throat. When the weather is mild enough, ladies who are fond of walking, seldom wear any other out-door dress, than a high gown of *gros de Naples*, with a large pelerine, that entirely covers the *corsage*. It is rounded behind, as are the points in front: these are confined under the sash, which they pass through, and descend nearly to the knee. This pelerine is bordered by two *rouleaux* of satin; at the border of the skirt are three bias folds, separated by *rouleaux*. These dresses are generally of tea colour.

The most tasteful and becoming bonnet I have yet seen, is of white satin, lined wit rose-colour, with Talma-ribbons, as they ar still called, of rose-colour and black. double row of *blond* falls over the edge the brim. Hats, of plush silk, made enormously large, and turned up behind, ar much in request: they are of the colour o the bird-of-Paradise, and are ornamente with satin rosettes, half white, half yellow In front are two tails of the bird, one placed at the bottom, the other near the summit o the crown. Another carriage hat is of violet-coloured velvet, without either bows o strings: this hat is shaped like a man's, and is ornamented with a superb bird-of-Paradise; the head of which is fastened on one side of the brim, and the tail, turning over the brim, gives the effect of a long, drooping feather. A satin bonnet, the colour of a *fly's eye*, is lined with bird-of-Paradise yellow satin: a tuft of small flat feathers, of two different colours, is placed in front. Several bird-of-Paradise satin hats are lined with black velvet: the *aigrettes*, binding, and ribbons, all black.

Hats of white satin are trimmed with broad *blond*, and have one long, drooping feather, in the weeping-willow style. Hats of every different colour, in velvet or satin, prevail much; and hats of white plush silk are lined with various colours, according to the fancy of the wearer: they are ornamented on the summit of the crown with rosettes and two feathers, half white, the other half *pongeau*.

The winter balls having now taken place, I send you a description of one of the newest ball dresses. It is of *tulle*, over white satin: at the border is a very full *bouillon*, over which are placed large bows of five long loops, in white satin. Across the front of the skirt, in bias, are scrolls of white satin, terminated at each end by a small bow, with a *bouquet* of yellow thistles. The body is *en gerbe*, with a quilling of *blond* down each side of the bust, forming a stomacher. The sleeves short, plain, and full, with an ornament on each shoulder, of a five-looped bow, answering to those placed on the *bouillon* of the skirt. The hair with this dress is elegantly arranged in curls and bows, interspersed with yellow thistles. The last mourning I saw (which was last week, and I believe the lady was English, therefore there is reason to imagine it was court mourning) was a dress of French grey *gros de Naples*, with two flounces, cut in sharp points, which were bordered with black satin. A white satin body, with long sleeves of transparent white crape, finished the dress; and the *coiffeure* was a *beret* of grey crape, with two black *aigrettes*; the caul open, and formed of treillage work, in narrow *rouleaux* of satin. For balls that do not require much dress, or for private dances, coloured crape frocks form a very favourite costume: their trimmings consist chiefly of narrow *rouleaux* of satin. Some have *ruches* of crape, with rosettes of satin, placed at equal distances from each other: the *mancherons* are very simple; in the form of either a horse-shoe, or a *chevron*.

The most elegant dress for a bride to wear on her first appearance in public, is a gown of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented at the border with three rows of embroidery, in white floize silk. All the white dresses are made and trimmed with a simplicity that borders somewhat on affectation, especially as they are seen only at evening parties, where some degree of ornament should always prevail. Some of the new evening dresses display the shoulders rather too much. Tartan silk dresses, of every clan, prevail in half dress, and their lively and varied colours have a good effect by candle light; for which reason they are much worn at the theatres. The sleeves are very short, but to these are

generally added long transparent sleeves of white *tulle*, made very wide at the upper part of the arm. A dress has been prepared at Paris for the queen of Prussia: the pattern is called *Filets de Vulcain*. The ground is pink, and this net, which seems spread over it, is like that on a balloon; the threads are composed of yellow and black silk: these two colours commence at the sash, and are lost under two rose-coloured trimmings, ornamented with *bouquets*, two and two, crossing each other. The *bouquets* are composed of ripe ears of corn, and the flowers called *scabious*: the border next the feet is finished by a rose-coloured braid or plat. It is impossible to imagine the beautiful effect of the black and yellow net on the rose-coloured ground.

The hair at balls is dressed very wide, out on each side of the face, in full curls, but not large. The extent is increased by flowers or foliage stuck round at the extremity of these curls: a bow of hair is placed on the summit of the head, in front, which is surmounted by flowers and foliage; but it is most fashionable to have the leaves of the same colour as the flowers; both often out of nature. Celestial blue ribbons, figured with silver, or *ponçeau* with gold, are often placed among the tresses of young persons. Several *toques*, formed of coloured crape and satin, have, on the right, seven *marabout* feathers, four at the summit, three below, and at the left side five. *Bérets* of plain *tulle* have a braided ornament, placed obliquely across. The *bérets* are not so large as they were last month, and are infinitely more becoming. Some have two *bouquets*, over the left ear; composed of lilies of the valley, clematis, roses, and jessamine. The real *Basque bérets* are of coloured crape, and are quite flat: they are bordered with *rouleaux* of satin of the same colour, or with one strikingly different. A new *beret* has appeared, forming a double *béret*, and of two different colours. The prettiest I have seen of this kind, were of rose-colour and black satin: they were ornamented with bands of black jet, and a black *aigrette* was placed beneath the upper part of the *béret*. Turkish turbans are made of striped velvet; white and brown on every other colour. They are more rich and novel than pretty. Sometimes they are mixed with gold gauze. The dress caps, which are worn very backward, have often the addition of a *bandeau* of pearls placed across the hair in front; or an antique gem placed in front of a braid of hair. The dress hats are, as they ought to be, very small, and are often of white satin, ornamented with feathers, of shaded yellow: at the base of these plumes is a spiral *marabout*, which produces a charming effect; and bows of gauze, of shaded yellow, tastefully disposed under the brim, render this a truly elegant head-dress for the evening party. For full dress nothing is so much admired as a *coiffeure* formed of seven or eight flat feathers; the feathers fixed on the summit of the head by a bow of hair, from each side of which they fall drooping over each shoulder. Though these feathers add height to the figure, they ought never to be worn but by a tall woman.

The favourite colours are tea-green, Neptune, (or as we call it) *English*-blue, rose-colour, auricula-brown, violet-yellow, *ponçeau*, and celestial blue.

Monthly View

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Some interesting volumes of the class of voyages and travels have recently appeared; and others are, we learn, in a state of such forwardness, as to ensure their early publication. Amongst the former, we particularly notice in 4to. the "*Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Basrah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Curdistan, the Court of Persia, the Western Shore of the Caspian Sea, Astrakhan, &c., in the Year* 1824: *by Captain the Hon. George Keppel.*" Opportunity, as yet, has allowed us only to glance at the contents of this volume; but, merely in

turning over its leaves, we perceive that it contains much amusing, much curious, and much valuable matter. Captain Keppel, its author (a son of the Earl of Albemarle's having terminated his brief period of service in India, formed the determination of returning home by the overland route indicated above. His companions were Captain Hart, Mr. Lamb, and Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton As we have not yet had time actually to read the whole of Captain Keppel's production, and as we must of necessity find occasion to return to its examination at a future period, we shall not here dwell upon its contents. With one passage, however, we shall venture to present our readers: it is descriptive of the funeral procession of Mohumud Ali, governor of Kermanshah, and one of the sons of the Shah of Persia. We have recently, to our deep sorrow, witnessed in this country, the funeral procession, on the interment of one of the most distinguished members of the Royal Family; and, by many, it may not be deemed incurious to observe the difference between our customs and those of a great oriental nation, upon events of a similarly melancholy character.

For the last two days, guns had been fired at intervals, preparatory to the removal of the late prince's corpse for interment at Meshed Ali. This morning being appointed for the setting out of the *cortége*, we put crape on our left arms and sword-hilts, and mounting our horses, set off at an early hour, anxious to witness the novel ceremony of a prince's funeral procession two years after his decease. As our eagerness to be in time brought us out much sooner than was necessary, we dismounted in a garden near the road-side, and whiled away a couple of hours in observing the various chatting parties around us, all dressed in black, their merry faces being somewhat curiously contrasted with their mournful garb. Our attention to these groups was diverted by the appearance of a blind horseman of about sixty years of age; he was attended by a train of servants, one of whom led the rein of his bridle: upon inquiry, we learned that he was a counsellor of the prince's, by name Hassan Khan, to which was added the epithet of Khoord (the Blind) to distinguish him from the numerous courtiers of the same name. In the brief interval of anarchy that, according to custom, followed the death of the late king,—Hassan Khan, at the head of what forces he could collect, became a competitor for the crown; but being conquered, was deprived of sight by order of his more successful rival. A sudden discharge of cannon, followed by loud shrieks and lamentations, announced to us that the prince had left the palace with the body of his father. We took our station near the gates of the town, ready to fall in with the procession. Near this place, riding a handsome charger, was Nasir Ali Meerza, the youngest son of the late prince, a pretty boy of about five years old. His little highness was attended by a pigmy train of courtiers of his own age and size, who seemed as well versed in the art of rendering homage, as their little lord and master was in receiving it; as for himself, he appeared to be quite indifferent either to the noise of the crowd or the occasion of it, all the time preserving a serious and dignified demeanour; and, as we approached him, he returned our salute with the easy air of one long accustomed to this sort of attention. But—little highnesses are always great people. The Duc de Bourdeaux, a boy of the same age as the young Persian, when he reviewed his troops, was graciously pleased to compliment them on their skill in military evolutions; and the King of Rome, just escaped from the go-cart, reviewed the marshals of France with that precocious dignity so inherent in royal progenies. In the meanwhile, the procession issued slowly out of the town, led by the artisans: each craft had with it a black banner, and a horse equipped in the same mournful trappings. Next came two men renowned for their strength, carrying a large brass ornament representing a palm-tree. After them two hundred Coordish soldiers, who were to escort the corpse to Meshed Ali: they wore blue jackets, cut in the European fashion, and the rest of their dress was according to the costume of the country. The escort was preceded by a corps of drums and fifes, playing a variety of tunes, principally English: "Rule Britannia" was one; and there were several country dances. After the military, came the representatives of the church—a large body of mounted Moolahs, (priests), headed by their Bashee (chief), a jolly, drunken-looking fellow, who, with a voice amounting to a scream, recited verses from a Koran, in which he was joined by his followers, who made the air resound with their vociferous lamentations. Behind them was the corpse of Mohumud Ali Meerza, borne by two mules, in that sort of covered litter called in Persian a *takhte ruwaun*. Immediately behind the corpse were Mohumud Hosein, the ruling prince, and two of his brothers; the principal officers of the court closed the procession. At intervals, the cavalcade stopped, when every one, baring his breast, struck it so violently with his hand, that the flesh bore visible marks of the severity of the discipline: at these times the shouts were redoubled, and tears flowed copiously from every eye. Large groups of women, veiled from head to foot, and huddled together almost into shapeless heaps, were seated

on each side of the road, and were by no mean the least silent mourners of the party. We fell in with the French officers in rear of the troops; two or three chiefs were in the same line with us. Immediately on my right was a handsome young man, whose eyes were red with weeping. He had been a favourite follower of the late prince, for whom he had entertained a most sincere attachment, and I was beginning to sympathize with him in his sorrows, when it was insinuated that it was just possible, wine, and not grief, had caused his tears to flow—a surmise that his subsequent behaviour in some degree warranted. After proceeding about a mile, we quitted the procession, and, halting on one side of the road, waited till the prince had given us the *muru khus*, or permission to depart. His eyes were much inflamed, and tears chased each other down his cheeks. Thus far the ceremonial of grief had been conducted with the greatest propriety; and any one witnessing the mournful demeanour of the prince this morning, would have been impressed with a high opinion of his filial piety. The day closed on a scene of a very different description. The funeral procession arrived at Mahidesht near sunset, when his highness ordered the caravanserai to be cleared of its inmates; and, taking with him several boon companions, this sorrowing son passed the night in drinking and singing, determined to keep his father's *wake* in the true Irish fashion, and, if any grief or care remained, to drown it in the bowl. The following morning, these merry mourners re-mounted their horses, and reached Kermanshah without accident; though the prince was so intoxicated, that on arriving at the palace-gate he fell off his horse into the arms of his attendants, and was by them conveyed to his own apartment in a state of drunken insensibility. Foremost on the list of persons selected by his highness to assist him in the celebration of these funeral orgies, was the Moolah Bashee, once his tutor, and now his associate in every species of debauchery. He who as chief of the religion had, in the day, with weeping eyes and melancholy howl, sung the requiem to the soul of the father, was, in the night, administering *spiritual* consolation to that of the son. He who, in the morning, chaunted verses from that book which inculcates wine as an abomination, was in the evening so overcome by its influence as to be scarcely able to hiccup out the licentious songs of his country.

A valuable acquisition to our military history presents itself in a "*Narrative of the Burmese War, detailing the Operations of Major-General Campbell's Army, from its landing at Rangoon in May* 1824, *to the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace at Yandaboo in February* 1826; *by Major Snodgrass, Military Secretary to the Commander of the Expedition, and Assistant Political Agent in Ava.*" This modest 8vo. is, indeed, singularly lucid, circumstantial, and compact in its details. It not only furnishes us with a full and satisfactory view of the war with the Burmese, but it as fully and as accurately paints their national, moral, and political character; their habits, customs, and ceremonies, under all circumstances, and upon all occasions. No person can obtain a thorough knowledge of the late war in India, and of the government and people with whom we have had to contend, without an attentive perusal of Major Snodgrass's Narrative. Just for the purpose of shewing the writer's manner, we shall offer two brief passages from his volume. The first relates to a grand conference which was held by Sir Archibald Campbell with some of the Burmese Chiefs, with the pretended view, on the part of the latter, of terminating the war, during a season of rest and inactivity in the field.

It was agreed that the Kee Wongee and another chief, named Lamain Woon, should meet the British general half-way between the two armies, at a place named Neoun-ben-zeik; each party to be escorted by six hundred men, the rank of the Kee Wongee not permitting him to move with a smaller escort. These preliminaries being settled, the officers returned to Prome; and on the day appointed, the commissioners, with their respective guards, were encamped upon the plain of Neoun-ben-zeik, at the distance of nearly a mile asunder; and in the intermediate space, equidistant from both camps, a house had been prepared as a place of conference. The necessary arrangements and formalities of the meeting were then stipulated for, by subordinate officers, with the most scrupulous exactness, tenaciously adhering to the most trivial points of form, and carefully guarding against any thing that might be construed into an acknowledgment of the slightest inferiority. At length, all points being satisfactorily adjusted, both parties, leaving camp at the same moment, met in front of the conference house, where shaking of hands and every demonstration of amicable feeling having passed, the parties entered the house, and sat down on two rows of chairs fronting each other: the Wongees, and their suite, in all fifteen chiefs, each bearing the chain of nobility, and dressed in their splendid court-dresses, evidently doing grievous penance in seats they had never been accustomed to, that no difference might appear, even in the most trifling particular between the parties; and

so observing and tenacious were they on this point, that scarcely a movement could be made without a corresponding one on their side; and their great aim seemed to be to show the most perfect knowledge of our customs and manners.

* * * * *

Nothing was more striking during the conference than the anxiety of the chiefs to show themselves well acquainted with the manners and customs of European nations, and of their own claim to rank in every respect as high as any of them in the scale of society—taking every opportunity of repeating the words in allusion to their own country, and England, "The two great and civilized nations," reprobating the putting to death of prisoners, and many other barbarous acts they are in the constant practice of. Upon the whole, however, they conducted themselves with much discretion and good humour, and we parted on the most friendly terms: they dined with Sir Archibald Campbell, previous to their departure, comporting themselves at table with ease and propriety, narrowly observing every motion of their entertainers, and showing amazing quickness in following their example. They freely partook of every thing on the table; a ham in particular seemed to be much relished, and at the Kee Wonghee's request, was made over to him in a present; but either from taste, or respect to the orders of the King, which forbid the use of wine and spirituous liquors, they drank sparingly, once or twice only filling their glasses to the toasts that were proposed. It may be questioned, whether or not their lordships would have been so abstemious in private, as the lower orders are so excessively fond of liquor of every description, that they never hesitate, when in their power, to disobey an order, the penalty of which is death.

The other passage refers to the death and character of Maha Bandoola, a famous Burmese general who had thrown himself into the strongly fortified position of Donoobew. After various successful operations against the fortress—

At day-light the breaching batteries opened; and almost immediately afterwards two lascars, who had been prisoners in the fort, came running out, and informed us that Bandoola had been killed the day before by a rocket; and that no entreaty of the other chiefs could prevail upon the garrison to remain, the whole having fled or dispersed during the preceding night. The British line was, in consequence, immediately under arms, and the place taken possession of. Sufficient proof remained in the interior of the hurry and confusion of the flight; not a gun was removed, and even the large dépôt of grain which had been formed, remained uninjured—the dread of detection having prevented the enemy from putting the torch to what they well knew would a most valuable acquisition to the British army. In the fort we found a number of wounded men, who all concurred in saying their general had been killed; and one poor fellow, with both his feet shot off, related the story so circumstantially as to leave no doubt whatever of the fact. It was as follows: "I belonged to the household of Menghi Maha Bandoola, and my business was to beat the great drums that are hanging in the viranda of the Wongee's house. Yesterday morning, between the hours of nine and ten, while the chief's dinner was preparing, he went out to take his usual morning walk round the works, and arrived at his observatory (that tower with a red ball upon it), where, as there was no firing, he sat down upon a couch that was kept there for his use. While he was giving orders to some of his chiefs, the English began throwing bombs, and one of them falling close to the Wongee, burst, and killed him on the spot: his body was immediately carried away and burned to ashes; his death was soon known to every body in the stockade, and the soldiers refused to stay and fight under any other commander. The chiefs lost all influence and command over their men, every individual thinking only of providing for his own personal safety." But even in a desultory and disorderly flight of this nature, the characteristic cunning and caution of the nation was conspicuous; effecting their retreat with such silence and circumspection, as would have been a lesson to the best disciplined army in Europe.

The character of Maha Bandoola seems to have been a strange mixture of cruelty and generosity, talent with want of judgment, and a strong regard to personal safety, combined with great courage and resolution, which never failed him till death. The acts of barbarous cruelty he committed are too numerous to be related; stern and inflexible in all his decrees, he appears to have experienced a savage pleasure in witnessing the execution of his bloody mandates; even his own hand was ever ready to punish with death the slightest mark of want of zeal in those he had intrusted with commands, or the defence of any post. Still his immediate adherents are said to have been sincerely attached to him: uncontrolled licence to plunder and extort from all who were unfortunate enough to meet Bandoola's men, may no doubt have reconciled them to their situation, and confirmed them much in their attachment to their leader.

A 4to. volume entitled "*Memoirs of Zehir-ud-din Muhammed Baber, Emperor of Hindustan; Written by Himself, in the Jaghatâi Türki; and translated, partly by the late Dr. Leyden, partly by W. Erskine, Esq.; with Notes, &c.*" will be found ex-

ceedingly curious in its contents. The narrative itself is of a very amusing character, and the notes relating to Asiatic history, literature, manners, customs, &c., from three to four hundred years ago, are full of information. The work, however, is little suited for extract in the pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE; and, consequently, we shall confine ourselves to one brief passage, which cannot fail, we apprehend, of exciting a smile at the credulity of the Imperial author. He describes his surgeon as wonderfully skilful; much more skilful, assuredly, than any of our European surgeons—without excepting even Sir Astley Cooper himself.

If a man's brains had come out, he could cure him by medicine; and even where the arteries were cut, he healed them with the utmost facility. To some wounds he applied a kind of plaster; and to some wounded persons he gave a medicine to be swallowed. To the wound in my thigh he applied the skin of some fruits which he had prepared and dried, and did not insert a seton. He also gave me something like a vein to eat, and said, "A man had once the bone of his leg broken in such a manner, that a part of the bone, of the size of the hand, was completely shattered to pieces. I cut open the integuments, extracted the whole of the shattered bones, and inserted in their place a pulverized preparation. The preparation grew in the place of the bone, and became bone itself, and the leg was perfectly cured."

From her sex and from other extraordinary facilities which she possessed, Lady Mary Wortley Montague was enabled to give a clearer view of the character of oriental ladies, of the style of their living, their costume, manners, amusements, &c., than any other writer before or since. We have been reminded of her Ladyship's lively and clever, amusing and instructive letters, by a volume that has just come before the English public, under the title of "*Recollections of Egypt, by the Baroness von Minutoli, with a Portrait of Mahomet Ali Pacha.*" We are tempted to offer two or three excerpts from this pleasant little work though our limits by no means permit us to indulge to the extent that we could wish. Baron Von Minutoli, the husband of the Baroness, lately published in France a scientific and antiquarian work relating to his travels in Egypt, which he undertook in the year 1820. His lady accompanied him on the greater part of his route; and possessing in many respects, advantages similar to those of Lady Montague, she has submitted the result of her observations to the world. Of the general state of the women in the East, the Baroness thus speaks:—

All that I have been able to learn by personal observation, and what I was told by several Levantine ladies, concurs to prove that the situation of the women in the East is not so unhappy as we generally fancy it to be. The different races and sects, of which the present population of Egypt is composed, have, it is true, this in common, that they shut up their women: and the Cophts, though Christians, observe this custom with much more rigour than even the Arabs themselves; but this privation of liberty is only imaginary, and extends no farther than to prohibit them from appearing in public without a veil, which is a kind of cloak of black silk, which hides their form and their face in a frightful manner, and to exclude them from the society of the men. They are, notwithstanding, perfect mistresses at home, and exclusively command the slaves in their own service, who, in spite of the favours of their master, are no less dependent on the wife than on the latter. As their dwelling is always separated from that of their husband, they have a right to prevent him from entering it, by placing before the door a pair of slippers, which is a sign that they have company. The husband, who dares not appear in the presence of another person's wife, is obliged to respect this indication; and the German proverb, which says, "that a man is under his wife's slipper," may be perfectly applicable in the East. When they wish to visit any of their friends or relations, the husband has not the right of opposing them; and, attended by a faithful slave, they sometimes absent themselves from home for several weeks together.

Under the pretext of these visits, I was assured that they allow themselves incredible liberty; in spite of their veils, and the locks under which they are shut up, they find means to indemnify themselves for this constraint; and it is here that we most see the truth of that maxim, which says: "That virtue protects itself, and that good principles are the best dowry of a female."

At Damietta, the Baroness and her husband were some time entertained in the house of M. Basil Faker, who officiates as consular agent for six European powers. This gentleman is a native of the Levant, and professes the Greek religion; yet he dresses splendidly in the oriental fashion, and lives in a style of almost princely magnificence. The Baroness presents us with the following animated description of his wife:—

Shortly after my arrival, Madame Faker sent to request permission to visit me. I expressed a

wish first to call upon her, but was given to understand that it would be a breach of etiquette not to await her in my apartment. When Madame Faker was assured that I was alone (for she did not appear before my husband till some days after), she came followed by five or six other women. When all were seated I hazarded a few words; but unfortunately none of the ladies knew a word of Italian, and my knowledge of Arabic went no farther than *sabatcher* and *salamat*, the most usual terms of salutation. We were thus reduced to carrying on the conversation by signs. We began by looking at each other with reciprocal curiosity, and analyzing, like true women, the minutest details of each other's dress. That of my hostess was the most rich and magnificent I had ever seen. Her petticoat was a rich gold striped tissue of India; her long robe of green velvet embroidered with gold, and which she gave me to understand was made at Stamboul, opened in front and disclosed her muslin pantaloons spangled with gold; the only covering on her small pretty feet was a ring of gold round the ankle; she wore no *chemise*; her bosom was covered, but with so transparent a gauze, that it was not necessary to call in the aid of the imagination to picture forth its beauties. All was well so far; but when I considered the weight of her grotesque head-dress, I could not help pitying her. She had wound her turban round with muslins of various colours, over which rose an enormous quantity of flowers, precious stones, and gewgaws of all kinds, which gave her the look of a moving *magasin des modes*. A long Indian muslin veil, spangled with gold, hung over all these riches, and concealed an incredible number of tresses of hair and silk which descended to her waist, and to the ends of which were attached small gold coins, that at the slightest motion of her head made a jingling like the bells of a mule. Her figure was under the middle size, and possessed that *embonpoint* so much prized by the Orientals. Her complexion, though still fresh, she heightened by the addition of rouge. Her eyebrows and eyelids were stained black; the nails and palms of her hands, as also her toe-nails and soles of her feet, were tinged with tawney or orange. Madame Faker was a native of Syria. Her features, which might be called regular, expressed goodness of heart, and that calm content that springs from the non-development of the intellectual faculties. When she wished to throw expression into her countenance, she turned the pupils of her eyes from one side to the other with inconceivable rapidity. This is one of the accomplishments young girls are taught to acquire, and I have been assured that the men find a most peculiar charm in it.

The Baroness also describes the harem of an Aga, or governor of a province, and that of an Ulema; but these descriptions, though lively and agreeable, are less novel and less striking than the above. Want of room, we find, compels us to close our extracts with the following, illustrative of the honesty and benevolence of the people of Cairo, and of some peculiarities relating to the dogs which abound in that city:—

I have frequently seen the owner of a shop, on absenting himself from it, merely draw a cord across the entrance, or cover with a linen cloth the baskets full of fruits and viands which it contained, certain that during his absence, no one would enter the shop or touch any of its contents. As to their beneficence, it extends even to brutes. I have seen Arabs, who though poor themselves, feed whole troops of famishing dogs, though at the same time they dare not, from a certain superstitious prejudice, touch one of that species, dogs being, according to the law of Mahomet, of an unclean nature, and not treated as domestic animals. They live at large, and infest in great numbers the environs and streets of Cairo. They are sometimes very ferocious, and will attack the passers by; but there is no instance of any of them ever having become mad—a singular circumstance, in a country where the heat is so excessive, and where there is frequently a scarcity of water. It is curious to observe how these dogs have divided the city into quarters, like officers of police, and will not permit a dog belonging to one quarter to appear in another. Any infraction of this regulation is immediately punished in the most sanguinary manner. I have seen more than one unfortunate refugee suffering under the fangs of his four-footed brethren, for having overstepped the boundaries.

Two volumes of "*Transalpine Memoirs; or, Anecdotes and Observations, showing the Actual State of Italy and the Italians, by an English Catholic,*" abound with twaddle, and slip-slop, and old stories, and old descriptions, hashed up for the thousandth time. Some few grains of wheat, however, may be collected from the bushel of chaff.

"*The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year* 1827," is at least equal in interest and merit to the ten volumes by which it has been preceded. Lord Chichester, the Bishop of Durham, Lord Gifford, Sir Stamford Raffles, the Bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Milner (the Roman Catholic Bishop), Weber, Sir David Ochterlony, Dr. Bogue, Michael Kelly, Dr J. Gray, Mrs. Watts, &c. form the principal subjects of the volume.

The long looked for "*Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, interspersed with Anecdotes of Authors and Actors, by James Boaden, Esq.,*" are at length before the public in two octavo volumes. We recollect that when, about two years ago, Mr. Boaden's valuable life of Kemble was published, we were under the necessity of confining ourselves to a simple announcement of the fact; and that afterwards, with infinite satisfaction to ourselves, and, we have reason to believe, not less so to our readers, we devoted several pages of the Supplementary Number of the volume,* to an analysis of its contents. Placed under a similar difficulty at the present moment, with respect to the Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, we hope to enjoy and to confer similar satisfaction at the close of this volume of our labours. The work is too important, too interesting, too amusing, to every lover of the drama and of the stage, to be passed over with a slight notice. In the interim, we shall submit to our readers Mr. Boaden's singularly felicitous dedication of his work to the King:—

SIRE,

Your Majesty's attention to the Drama conferred upon me the greatest honour of my life. It allowed me to dedicate to my Sovereign the memoirs of a great actor, whose public and private merits had secured the esteem of your Majesty. The talents of the late Mr. Kemble were first called to the metropolis by the applauded excellence of Mrs. Siddons. For a series of years, the kindred rivalry illustrated the powers of both. I was invited to execute a portrait of the sister, as a suitable companion to that which I had already drawn of the brother. I obeyed the suggestion without delay; the theatrical career of Mrs. Siddons had long been closed; no reserve was necessary on account of her still continuing the ornament of private life; the exact truth formed her best panegyric; and the ardour of admiration was all that could seem alarming, even to her own eye. Such unquestionably was the view taken of this subject by your Majesty. That I was presumed to be deficient neither in candour nor delicacy, must have been the leading inducement to that gracious condescension, by which I, a second time, enjoy as an author, the favour and protection of the King. But, however honoured, this is not a proper place for the display of your Majesty's virtues; they are read in the glories of your empire, and they stoop even to the decoration of your capital. The vigilance of your Majesty's observation is every where; and, in the attention to the condition of your subjects, your government is patriarchal. In the midst of duties so important, and cares that sit so near the heart, the following display of the exalted talents of one of your subjects, may afford a temporary aid not a trivial relaxation. Your Majesty well remembers of what sovereign it was delightfully and truly said, "that even in his amusements he was a patriot." In bringing under your Majesty's consideration the true interests of the Drama, I know that I shall render a grateful service to my country.

I have the honour to be, with profound veneration, Sire, your Majesty's most devoted subject, and most grateful servant,

JAMES BOADEN.

Last month we had occasion to mention, in terms of praise, three volumes, in translation, of German Stories, by Mr. Gillies; and, this month, we have four more volumes before us, under the title of "*German Romance: Specimens of its chief Authors; with Biographical and Critical Notices; by the Translator of Wilhelm Meister, and Author of the Life of Schiller.*" These volumes are devoted respectively to Musæus and La Motte Fouqué—Teick and Hoffman — Jean Paul Frederick Richter—and Goethe; and they derive much of their value from the biographical and critical sketches, which are very ably executed. If we recollect, we expressed a wish, upon the appearance of this gentleman's (Mr. Carlisle's) translation of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," that he would undertake the task of presenting English readers with as correct a version of another of Goëthe's most popular works—"Werter"—which has hitherto been very imperfectly known in this country. A moment's consideration, indeed, must convince any one that a work from the powerful mind, and written in the powerful language of Goëthe, must suffer dreadfully in its passage through the filtrating medium of a French translation, previously to its appearance in English. We still wish that Mr. Carlisle would execute this task; not because we admire the morality or the philosophy of "Werter," but because the author of that work has been grossly misrepresented and misunderstood, and because we wish to see justice done to his merit. He has rendered, in the present occasion, an important service to German, as well as to English, literature.

Considerable amusement will be found in

* *Vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, New Series, page 285.

a slight sketchy volume of miscellaneous stories, &c., called "*Head-Pieces and Tail-Pieces, by a Travelling Artist.*" It would have been improved by a closer attention to nature.

A little volume, called "*Confessions of an Old Bachelor,*" is the production of a sensible, well-informed mind; yet, in many parts, it is deficient in truth and feeling. We fear the writer ought to remain an old bachelor; for, certainly, fate never designed him for a *happy* wooer: with the passion of love he appears to be wholly unacquainted. From the title of his book, we did expect something very lively, very *piquant:* in this we have been disappointed; the work is, as we have intimated, rather sensible than amusing.

We really think that the editor of "*Anecdotes of Impudence; being a Collection of Entertaining Facts relating to Extraordinary Men,*" must be a very *impudent* editor, to collect and publish the said anecdotes, with, as he says, the *countenance* of Mr. Joseph Hume, M. P.;—that is, with the portrait of that gentleman prefixed. In the performance of his task, he reminds us of the mock illustrative line of Dr. Johnson, that the man—

"Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat."

However, in a neat form, resembling that of the "Percy Anecdotes," he has "shewn up" several of the worthies of the day in a very amusing style. His *brochure* would not be less acceptable, were it more select: *we*, indeed, in these critical times, should be almost afraid of transcribing his list of *names*, lest an action for libel might ensue.

The lovers of ancient Scottish romance, will be much gratified in the perusal of "*Early Metrical Tales, including The History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray-Steill.*" This little volume, elegant in its typography as curious in its poetic lore, ought to be in the cabinet of every worshipper of the olden time.

We have been exceedingly gratified in the examination of "*A Compendious Introduction to the Study of the Bible, by Thomas Hartwell Horne, M.A.; Illustrated with Maps and other Engravings; being an Analysis of 'An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures,' in Four Vols. by the same Author.*" This valuable little manual contains—

I. A Summary of the Evidences of the Genuineness, Inspiration, &c. of the Holy Scriptures, refuting the most modern objections of Infidels.

II. An Outline of the Literary History, and Interpretation of the Bible.

III. A Compendium of Biblical Geography and Antiquities; and,

IV. Introductory Prefaces to the several Books of Scripture.

Further:—

"In lieu of the copious lists of books on every department of Sacred Literature, which are dispersed through his larger work, the Author has subjoined, in an Appendix, a Catalogue of the *most valuable* books on the study of the Scriptures, principally those which are most easily to be procured, with their current prices, and accompanied with bibliographical notices, particularly of such Expository and Philological Treatises as have appeared since the publication of the fifth edition of the Author's larger Introduction. And he has also given a list of Select Chapters of the Bible, forming an Epitome of the Old and New Testaments, adapted to perusal in the family or in private, together with Chronological and other Tables."

This work is entitled to very cordial recommendation, from its comprehensive utility, and for the talent which is displayed in its execution.

In his "*Discourses on the Duties and Consolations of the Aged, by Henry Belfrage, D. D., Minister of the Gospel, Falkirk, Author of 'A Monitor to Families,' &c.,*" the author tells us that "he has tried to combine encouragement with duty, to warn against the evils by which old age is embittered, and to excite to those exercises by which it is adorned and blessed." In this very laudable endeavour, we think, Dr. Belfrage has been eminently successful.

"*A View of the World, from the Creation to the present Time: with an Art of Memory, on an entirely new System, of which the Learner is enabled to fix the Dates in his Mind, by means of Words, and to overcome the Difficulty of committing Figures to Memory: being a Foundation for the Study of History, Chronology, and Geography: with an Appendix, containing numerous Examples of the Manner in which the Art of Memory will greatly facilitate the Study of Astronomy, and fix indelibly on the Mind, Longitudes and Latitudes, Weights, Measures, Distances, Specific Gravities, Financial Statements, &c. &c., by the Author of 'The French Genders*

Taught in Six Fables.'" This is a tremendously long title-page for a volume of little more than 300 pages; yet, to convey an idea of its contents, it seems requisite. We were much pleased with Mr. Goodluck's mode of teaching the French Genders in six fables; and, therefore, we took up the volume before us, under very favourable impressions. We have not been disappointed. It has always been matter of regret with us, that the German Professor Feinagle's "Art of Memory" was not more extensively patronized: for a time, a great fuss was made about it; and then, because all the languages, and all the arts and sciences, could not be acquired through its medium, in the course of a few weeks, it was allowed to sink into unmerited oblivion. It was, notwithstanding, exceedingly ingenious and exceedingly meritorious. Mr. Goodluck's plan is more simple, but less comprehensive. It is, however, greatly superior to Dr. Grey's "Memoria Technica." It was Dr. Grey's plan to substitute for figures syllables of no meaning: Mr. Goodluck, on the contrary, constructs regular sentences, applicable to the event, &c. which it is intended to fix upon the memory. To each of the ten Arabic numerals, he attaches two letters, either of which may be employed at pleasure. Thus:—

To 1, A and I.

The learner will easily remember that A stands for ONE, as it has the *first* place in every alphabet; it is also the first letter in the name of *Adam*, the *first* man; and of *Apollo*, whom the Pythagoreans call *unity* —. I is a designation of the *first* person, and in shape exactly resembles the figure 1.

Now for the mode of application:—

The date of the Exodus, or the escape of Moses and the Israelites from Egypt in the year 2513, is fixed by the words, "Safety For All Jews," which is certainly very appropriate to their deliverance from the tyranny of Pharoah. The reader must remember that the initials of each word give the figures composing the date; S stands for 2, F for 5, A for 1, and J for 3.

The great difficulty seems to be, that a musical sentence—one that will fall drippingly from the tongue—can rarely be thus formed. The plan would be perfect if rhyme could be pressed into its service; but that is impracticable. The book, however, is ingenious and clever in all its parts.

A very pretty present for the rising generation offers itself in "*The Young Emigrants; or Pictures of Canada, calculated to amuse and instruct the Minds of Youth: by the Author of Prejudice Reproved, The Tell-Tale, &c.*" This is an interesting narrative of the emigration of an English Family to the shores of Lake Ontario, given chiefly in the form of letters, from a brother to his sister, who has been left in her native country. A rapid sketch is presented of the scenery, with descriptions of Quebec, Montreal, the Falls of Montmorenci and of Niagara; and a useful moral is pleasingly conveyed. The fair author's wish, that her young friends "may derive as much pleasure in perusing this little volume, as she found in arranging it for their amusement," will, we have not a doubt, be realized.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

ACCIDENT prevented us last month from noticing the opening of this theatre, which occurred much earlier in the season than usual; about, we believe, the 2nd of December. Spontini's Opera, *La Vestale*, a highly finished composition in its music, was ushered in as the commencing piece, with its full quantum of puffing. Certainly, the dresses and scenery were very fine—some of the marching and counter-marching was extremely effective—but the grand effort with the horses from the amphitheatre, was a complete failure, and those beautiful quadrupeds have since been withdrawn from the spectacle. On what account much of the finest music, and some of the best choruses, were omitted on this occasion, the managers, we presume, can best inform us. It was the more remarkable, however, as, since the reign of Velluti, the female choruses have been considerably improved. Madame Biagioli, *prima donna* from Naples, was the heroine for the night; but, unfortunately, she laboured under a severe cold, which demanded, and of course received, indulgence. A noble duke was observed to be loud and unremitting in his encouragement of her efforts. Madame Curadori sang most delightfully, and with exquisite delicacy of expression, a sweet air, *Si vedro fra momenti*. Perhaps her style of performance had too much of calm and quiet grace for the character she performed. A creature so chaste, so pure in every look and step, we thought could never suffer the vestal flame to expire. Her entire performance was sweet, but it was not equal to the power required by Spontini's music. With the exception of Curioni, too, she was very badly supported. We were pleased to observe our old favourites, Lindley, Dragonetti, Spagnioletti, &c. in their accus-

tomed seats in the orchestra. There was no *ballet*, and the dancing in the Opera never rose above mediocrity.

On the repetition of *La Vestale*, a week afterwards, the whole went off with improved effect, notwithstanding the absence of the horses. Madame Biagioli had lost her cold, Caradori threw a spirit and power into her part which we had not thought her to possess, Curioni was in fine tune, and even the dancing was respectable.

The lamented decease of His Royal Highness the Duke of York occasioned the temporary close of this theatre. Pacini's favourite serio comic opera *La Schiava in Bagdad* has, however, been brought forward with unusual splendour, chiefly we believe, for the purpose of introducing Zuchelli, Primo Bassa Cantate, from Paris. The four principal characters in this piece are sustained by Madame Caradori, and Signors Zuchelli, Curioni, and De Begnis. Madame Caradori's first *scena* possesses great beauty as a composition, and the singer gave full effect to the fine genius of the composer. Throughout her performance, Caradori's execution was distinguished by pathos and delicacy of sentiment, a tenderness of force and passion, not to be surpassed by any actress or singer at present in this country. Zuchelli, who performed the Caliph, sang with great power; and it may be remarked that his force harmonized finely with Madame Caradori's feeling. *Ah si la tenere*, the closing duet, was an admirable exhibition of taste and skill. Curioni, as Nadir, the lover of Zora, personated by Caradori, played and sang with great animation. His articulation was perfect, and the ornaments which he introduced were in the happiest accordance with his theme. De Begnis, in Mustapha, as a droll laughter-loving vender of shoes, contributed his full share to the effect of the piece.

On the repetition of *La Schiava in Bagdad*, when the house had re-opened after the Duke of York's funeral, the audience—probably from the severity of the weather—was rather thin, but the opera was very spiritedly performed, and appeared to give the liveliest satisfaction. Notwithstanding the character of the performance, the aspect of the house was, from the general mourning, gloomy in the extreme.

DRURY-LANE.

Among the multifarious pleasures of Christmas, a Pantomime is not the least—and like those pleasures it gradually dawns upon us, until we revel in the full blaze of its glories. We remember a time when the approach of Christmas, used to be marked by us by external and tangible objects. We turned from *Moore* and his *Almanack*, and disdaining to count hours and days as Christmas came, we noted its approach by visible signs; the grocer and the confectioner were our almanacks. We noted the great display of figs and candied lemons—we fixed a shrewd eye upon the blooming raisins—the huge piles of sable currants escaped us not—the Twelfth Day packets just beginning to peep from the window of the pastry-cook failed not to excite within us glowing thoughts—even the well larded sirloins had their share of reverence—the green holly-boughs, yea, and the mistletoe, kept us alive to the coming time—and the play-bill, with its mysterious announcement—"a New Pantomime"—all these kept our hopes and feelings in continual action; and we lived a hundred Christmases in anticipating one. However, the important day has passed by: we are seated, trimmed in our best jackets, in the theatre, awaiting with breathless expectation—an expectation in which are mingled hope and fear—the coming Pantomime.

Gravity may say, but we are not *now* in childhood. We smartly reply, then, Sir, we are unfit to relish a Pantomime. Unless we retrograde—unless we divest ourselves of the sober thoughts of maturity, we can have no opinion on the matter. We are not to sit here lifeless while Harlequin is whirling before us—we must be spiritually capering with him, attending him through his fearful leaps from attic windows and through granite walls; if we become too saturnine to permit our spirits to take this holiday, then, we repeat, we are not proper censors. Who would take his report of cricket who during the whole game leant upon his crutches and shivered with the ague. We have witnessed the Pantomimes—as children looked upon them, and in such juvenility shall report them.

The Man in the Moon; or, Harlequin Dog Star, may be very briefly, as far as the opening is concerned, unravelled. The Director of a Joint Stock Travelling Company arrives in Hudson's Bay, where he holds a mysterious correspondence with the Man in the Moon, who most condescendingly visits the earth, and from thence carries away the Director to visit the Lunar world. Here are assembled all manner of antic shapes—all the phantoms and sprites of nightmare have "a local habitation and a name." The Director falls in love with *Lunaria*, the Princess of the Moon, who is already betrothed to *Sirius*; and for this audacity is transformed by *the Man* into *Pantaloon*. *Lunaria* and her lover assume the shapes of *Columbine* and *Harlequin*, and the *King* and *Queen* of the Moon become two *Clowns*. The mystery and bustle of Pantomime then commence, in the course of which we have some excellent scenery and tricks from the painter and mechanist, and some very clever feats from Messrs. Usher, Southby, and Blanchard. On the whole, there is more real

whim in this Pantomime—more hunting after practical jokes—and withal a greater connection of scenes throughout, than we have witnessed in many of the latter Harlequinades of this theatre. We may instance the Washing Company scene as being full of boisterous humour: and there is a sly touch of satire mingled in the extravagance of the boarding-school adventure, which is far superior to the general end of Pantomime. The only scene in which we find anything objectionable, is one of Vauxhall, which we think too protracted, and, if possible, too full of characters—they rather bewilder than amuse. The *Clowns*, Southby and Usher, as jumpers and posture masters, are wonderfully clever, but they are wholly deficient in that broad humour which we have been accustomed to meet with in the hero of Pantomime. Blanchard's *Pantaloon* is astonishing; notwithstanding it is too agile and mischievous for the desired contrast between the character and its boisterous companions. Miss Barnett is somewhat too heavy for a *Columbine*. The scenery is beyond all praise; the magical effects of Stanfield's pencil are, if possible, more than generally evident. One view, *a Shooting Manor in the Moon*, unites all that is imaginative in conception, with every possible delicacy of execution in the art. The pantomime has met with the highest and the most deserved success.

A Melo Drama entitled *The Murdered Guest*, in which Mr. Edwin performed with very tolerable skill, has been produced, but without effect: it was withdrawn after the second night.

The re-engagement of Kean at this theatre has rendered the production of any other novelty wholly unnecessary. *Shylock* was the part selected by the great tragedian for his re-appearance; a part in which he never displayed to greater effect those manifold energies and beauties which have rendered him the first actor of his time. He has played *Othello*, *Richard*, with several other characters, and it should seem that the public anxiety to witness the present efforts of Kean is almost equal to the interest excited by him on his first appearance in the metropolis.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Harlequin and Mother Shipton is wholly a different production to that at the rival establishment; the *Man in the Moon* is light, imaginative, and displaying a kind of ethereal quaintness in its introduction; *Mother Shipton* treats more of the solid matters of the pantry and the kitchen. The opening is briefly thus: *Mother Shipton* is discovered with her owl, cock, and cat, and is about to be maltreated for a witch by the incensed villagers; when, by her desire, *Riquet with the Tuft*, *a protegé* and friend of the dame's, puts the assailants to flight; and in reward for his service, is promised the hand of *Ellen Star*, the pretty and persecuted daughter of the *Dowager Macthistledown*. *Riquet* saves *Ellen* from the fangs of a snake, the girl having been driven, by the cruelty of her mother and sister, to seek refuge in a neighbouring forest. At this crisis the change commences. *Riquet* and *Ellen* become *Harlequin* and *Columbine*; the *Dowager* and *Culmakitchenerpan* (*Riquet's* head cook) *Pantaloon* and *Clown*, and the *Cat* of *Mother Shipton*, a grotesque and impartial attendant of the crew. There are not in the Pantomime so many beautiful scenes as we have generally been treated with at this theatre; and the tricks are, on the whole, far from being either very humorous or very new. The opening of the Pantomime is certainly excellent; there is a fine boisterous practical humour throughout; but from the birth of *Harlequin* and his followers, much of the extravagance ceases, and we have little else but a succession of leaps, back-springs, and summersets. Ellar is admirably graceful and agile as *Harlequin*, and has a most worthy and animated partner in the *Columbine* of Miss Romer; the *Clown* of young Grimaldi, though deficient in humorous grimace, is full of spirit and ability. The *Pantaloon* of Barnes has long been considered the best on the stage, and its present efforts justify the opinion. Mr Parsloe as the *Cat* was second only to Mazurier; still we fear his exertions in some manner neutralized the characters of *Pantaloon* and *Clown*. On the whole the Pantomime has been most successful, and we doubt not will amply repay the expences which have been lavished in its production.

The White Lady, after much prefatory puff, has been produced, though not with the greatest effect; to be sure the part destined for Miss Paton was given to a very inferior vocalist; and, although Boildieu's music was thought a sufficient attraction, still, wanting first-rate practitioners, it made but little impression. As to the literary part of the Opera, it is a hash of the *Waverley* novels, without point or connection.

When we heard that Mr. Morton had a forthcoming Comedy, we were gladdened at the tidings, inasmuch as we counted on a respite from the insipidity which has been offered us in so many late productions. *The School for Grown Children* has appeared; and, with a great many of Mr. Morton's faults, possesses also many of his beauties. There is, as usual, too much of his old sentimentality; but the construction and general disposition of the characters are ably effected. The cast is strong. We have Farren, Jones, C. Kemble, Mrs. Glover, Miss Chester, &c. who are all so ingeniously disposed, that we have, in several scenes, the highest treat of acting. We fear that we have already exceeded our usual dramatic limits; and must therefore conclude our notice of this comedy with register.

ing its well merited success. The language is in many parts good.

A Miss Hargrave, from the Exeter theatre, has appeared as *Constance* in *King John*. Although the lady can never hope to sustain principal tragedy, she is possessed of serviceable talent. Where is Miss Lacey?

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The Gallery of this Institution, with its annual assemblage of the productions of modern native artists, for exhibition and sale, did not open till the 24th of January, consequently, we have neither time nor space, to enter into a lengthened notice of its contents. The walls of the respective rooms, we think, appear more crowded than usual; and we find it stated as a prefix to the catalogue, that the Directors have been compelled, in consequence of the greater number of pictures sent to the Gallery this year, as compared with former years, to decline the acceptance of several works of considerable merit. The general aspect of the rooms is eminently gratifying to the lovers of art. Amongst several favourite pictures which have been before exhibited, at Somerset House, we observe Pickersgill's Medora, Howard's Sabrina, Westall's Entombing of Christ, Briggs's First Interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians, Bigg's Spectacles Forgotten, Daniell's Scene from the Antiquary, and his Wild Elephants in the Animalee Woods, Briggs's Othello relating his Adventures, Corbett's Dame Quickly's Latin, M'Call's Christ Raising Jairus's Daughter, Etty's Judgment of Paris, Bone's Cardinal Wolsey at the Court of Francis I., Derby's Queen Catherine Parr, after her Reconciliation with Henry VIII., &c. Additional attraction will be found in the prize pictures——Arnald's Battle of the Nile, at the moment of the Blowing up of l'Orient, and Drummond's Admiral De Winter delivering his Sword to Lord Duncan after the Battle of Camperdown.--Our earliest leisure, n the present month, shall be devoted to a fuller view of this Gallery.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

His late Royal Highness the Duke of York.—Amongst the numerous tributes to the memory of our deceased Prince, we observe a spirited engraving, by Hodgetts, from a picture by A. Geddes. Also a Profile Medallion likeness, in coloured wax, on a blue ground. It appears to be a fine resemblance of what His Royal Highness might have been about the age of thirty-five or forty.

Prince George and Princess Augusta.—Their Royal Highnesses, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, have been very charmingly drawn by Wivell, and well engraved by A. Cochran. The young prince, in particular, will be found to possess a strong family likeness.

Lord Amherst.—Sir Thomas Lawrence's charming whole length portrait of his Lordship, in his robes of office, as Governor General of India--painted, we believe, for the Factory at Canton—has been most ably scraped in mezzotint, by C. Turner.

Lord Combermere.—Mr. Turner has presented us with another spirited plate, in a portrait of Lord Combermere, from a painting by Heaphy. The subject is equestrian.

Lodge's Portraits.—The Twenty-third Part of Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages, &c. a publication now rapidly advancing towards its close, presents us with finished engravings in their accustomed style of excellence, by T. A. Deane, E. Scriven, J. Parker, and W. Holl, of Lady Arabella Stuart, from Von Somer--Montague Bertie, second Earl of Lindsey, from Vandyke—James Scott, Duke of Monmouth, from Riley—and George Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, and James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault, from Ketel. It is high praise to say, that the latter are superior to the earlier portions of this admirable national work.

Lord Byron.--Another and another still succeeds; for here we have before us a third engraving from West's portrait of Lord Byron. The present, by C. Turner, dedicated to J. Cam Hobhouse, Esq. M. P. is, in general character and effect, decidedly the best of the three. It is, altogether, a fine specimen of art.

Campbell, the Poet.—S. W. Reynolds has here given us an engraving from Lonsdale's strong and characteristic, but somewhat hard resemblance of the Bard of Hope. It affords us great pleasure to see so many publications of this description brought forward.

Mathews.—From the same faithful painter we have here an equally strong likeness of our old friend, Mathews, whom we have so often had the pleasure of seeing "*at Home.*" Here, however, he is privately, not publicly, "*at Home.*"

Sir J. P. Beresford.—We should have liked Mr. Hodgetts's engraving of Rear Admiral Sir John Poo Beresford, Bart. M. P. much better had it been less dark in its general appearance.

Views in Greece.—Another Number—the VIIth—of this very ably executed work, has appeared. Its subjects are:—1. Chæronea; 2. The Athenian Temple of Theseus; 3. Eleusis; 4. The Gulf of Corinth; 5. Sopra Cavina, with the Gulf of Avlona. We are glad to see this desirable performance go on so successfully.

Voyage Pittoresque.—The Third and terminating Number of *La Voyage Pittoresque et Militaire en Espagne*, from Engelmann's lithographic press, is out; and, in point of execution

and effect, it is superior to either of its predecessors. It contains four very animated views in Catalonia: 1. March upon Vich; 2. Vue de la Vallée de la Fluvia à Castelfollit, with Guerilla Prisoners; 3. Vue de Bezalu; 4. Combat de San Privat de Malol.

View of Edinburgh.—A very elaborately executed view of Edinburgh from Arthur's Seat, engraved by W. Miller, from a drawing by H. W. Williams, has just been published; and will, we doubt not, prove highly acceptable to every admirer of the modern Athens.

Varieties.

Lying in State of Ferdinand I. King of Naples.—On the night of the 3rd instant, [1825] I was at a ball given by the Academia de' Nobili. This establishment is the same as that known in the rest of Italy by the name of Casino. This, like all other Neapolitan societies, had greatly fallen off since the Constitution; but this winter it was beginning to reflourish, and gave balls every week. That of the 3rd was attended by the Prince of Salerno, the second son of the king, who was in high spirits. At six o'clock on the next morning Ferdinand I. was found dead in his bed. On the evening before he had been perfectly well, and had determined to go a hunting on the next morning; he died of an apoplectic fit. On the 11th I went to the palace to see the body lying in state. It was placed on a bed raised on a lofty flight of steps; the crown, sceptre, and other attributes of royalty, were displayed beside it: it was dressed in the robes of the knights of St. Gennor, the first order of the state until the creation, by the late king, of that of St. Ferdinando, which, it is now expected, will rank after the former. Two statues representing Religion and Justice, stood one on each side of the bed; at the foot of the steps were priests reciting prayers for the repose of the deceased. The size of the room, hung with black, gave an imposing appearance to the whole. The body was embalmed; that is to say, the flesh was every where taken off the bones, which were then covered with stuffing, over which the skin was again drawn. The eyes and tongue were cut out of the head; the rest of the flesh of the *face* was left; but as the features did not well withstand the operation, a waxen mask, moulded into an exact likeness, was placed over them!—*Transalpine Memoirs.*

Catherine of Medicis.—This Princess, now fifty years of age, is one of the most seductive women in the kingdom. She still throws into the shade, by the noble expression of her features, and the grace spread over her whole person, the troop of youthful beauties that attend upon her. It may be said, that in her character there is a happy mixture of whatever there is most imposing in power, joined to French levity. You may, however, sometimes see her fix her eyes with a bewildered look upon vacancy, as if on a sudden she became unconscious of the objects around, and was occupied solely with reflecting upon the strangeness of her own destiny. Probably this temporary melancholy is produced by certain visions with which she is haunted. She has been known to point, with a trembling finger, to some particular spot, and cry out, "*I see the shade of the late Cardinal de Lorraine passing by me!*" Alas! who knows how many hideous spectres, that she dare not name, present themselves to her frightened imagination, as she traverses in silence the vast apartments of her palace? However, her soul soon resumes its calmness—her melancholy passes away like a light cloud, and she is, in the next moment, the centre of gaiety and amusement. Her maids of honour, whom she has taught to exercise the most tyrannic of arts (seduction) wait but the signal of their Queen to break in amongst the groups of courtiers, and spread about reckless mirth, and the sweet intoxication of pleasure; but in the midst of this amiable disorder, their blandishments, calculated beforehand, are more particularly employed in vanquishing some one, whom it is the Queen's interest to secure. The King himself is not always shielded from their seductions. I have seen Catherine watch with an anxious eye the wavering fancy of her son. And yet, in the midst of these festivities, the beads are told, and the poison poured out.—*Histoire de Don Juan d'Autriche, par M. Alexis Dusmenil.*

Letter from Selim II. Emperor of the Turks, to Don John of Austria, when sending him presents.—Selim, thirteenth son of the most high and most glorious Sultan Soliman II. Emperor of the Turks, King of Kings, tamer of provinces, expugnator of armies, terrible by sea and land, does not disdain to give place and space amongst his high thoughts to thee, John of Austria, captain of singular valour; nor to visit thee with his seal of incomparable gold, which makes blessed whoever beholds it; to visit thee, young boy of little experience, but great generosity, who hast merited it, inasmuch as thou alone hast occasioned more loss and damage to the most high and always fortunate and admirable house of the Ottomans, than it ever before felt and received from the Christians. This it is that induces me, although I am offended, to give thee by these gifts and pre-

sents that I send thee, ample and illustrious testimony of thy virtue; and which gifts and presents, if thou considerest them as thou oughtest, thou shouldest esteem much more than thy high and goodly fortune; inasmuch as they have been sent thee by him, who being amongst all men the greatest, makes himself a little less unequal to thee by this his donation and liberality, which has been a thing much more easy to desire than to obtain. Pray to God to preserve you from my anger.

The Reply of Don John of Austria, General of the Christian army, to Selim II. Emperor of the Turks.—By the hands of Acomatz of Natolia, a eunuch, I have received from thee, under good auspices, thy letter and thy present; one worthy on account of its liberality, and the other as being a testimony of the virtue which God has pleased to give me for the defence of his faithful, and the *offence* of the house of Ottoman, to which this boy of little experience (as thou callest me) has been the first to cause the loss which your armies have sustained. You may consider what further result there will be, now that you confess me to be a captain of singular valour. For all I return you thanks; and as a recompence, I send you back along with Acomatz, the Greek Scoldt Scelte, lately come hither by thy command, to take cognizance of the preparations of the Christians, and whose life, though I might put him to death, I not only spare, but I have made him see at his leisure all my preparations, and made known to him my designs; which are to make continual war upon thee, so much so that thou wilt not disdain to reckon in the most sovereign degree amongst thy greatest grandeurs, that John of Austria, a Christian, had accepted the presents and replied to the letters of Selim, a Turkish Emperor.

Portrait of Henry III. of France.—I have been this morning to the Louvre, under the auspices of Gonzagues. The King had just quitted the Council, at which he presided. We found him in his closet with half-a-dozen little dogs, his two most favourite minions, Quelus and Saint-Maigrin, a number of parrots that uttered the most frightful screams, and a little monkey, which was continually jumping upon his Majesty's head and shoulders. The dogs and the minions were sent out of the room, and we remained with the parrots. Henry is small, but well-made; he has a very mild look, and his manners are noble and graceful. He wears earrings, and paints his face like a woman; his hair is curled with great care, and he has a long chaplet hanging from his girdle. In this guise appeared before us the conqueror of Moncontour. In vain Gonzagues endeavoured to direct the conversation upon some important subject: we were obliged to listen to a long account of the masquerades and devotions, between which this prince passes his life, to admire the pious organization of his processions, and the Oriental luxury of the fêtes given at his Court. Why cannot I make myself known? It would no doubt be a fine occasion for Henry to give ballets and carousals. On dismissing us, the King got into his carriage with his minions, and went to the holy chapel, to adore the true cross. Gonzagues speaks of another audience; but we must await the orders of Majesty.—*Histoire de Don Juan d'Autriche, par M. Alexis Dumesnil.*

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Mr. Kendall, author of Letters on the State of Ireland and the Roman Catholic Question, has suggested to the British public, the propriety of erecting *two* several Monuments to the Memory of His late Royal Highness the Duke of York; the one Military, and the other Civil. Mr. K.'s idea of the appropriate design for the latter, has in view the special commemoration of His Royal Highness's resistance of the Roman Catholic Claims, and the delivery of His Royal Highness's celebrated, and no less magnanimous and powerful Speech in the House of Lords, in which was displayed so faithful and so enlightened an attachment to the rights and liberties of the people, and so just a sense and observance of "the principles which seated His Royal Highness's family upon the throne!"

A lithographic print of the grand ceremony of the remains of His late Royal Highness the Duke of York Lying in State at St. James's Palace is just published.

The sons of the late Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, have petitioned the American House of Representatives, praying that Congress will purchase the works of their late father. It would be matter of great regret should these fine pictures be allowed, through a paltry spirit of parsimony, to leave the country in which they were painted. Why should they not be purchased by Government, and made to form part of our National Gallery?

A plan is in contemplation for the establishment of an Academy to promote the Fine Arts in Scotland, similar to the Royal Academy in London.

Six pictures of the Apostles, lately purchased for a small sum at an auction in Greek Street, are now to be seen, by private cards, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. They are the genuine and able productions of an ancient but unknown master, possibly Spagnoletto.

A process termed lithochromy has been in-

vented at Paris, by which, *it is said*, the paintings of our great masters may be multiplied to infinity upon cloth, in oil, by the agency of printing, retaining all the excellence of the originals. *It is said*, too, that experienced artists and connoisseurs actually mistake the copies for the originals!!!

A view of Edinburgh, painted by M. Daguerre, is one of the present subjects of the Diorama at Paris, whence, we presume, it will be transferred to the Regent's Park, London.

Twelve nights of the present season, at Drury-Lane Theatre, are to be appropriated to the performance of German operas. The selection will be from the unpublished works of the most popular German composers, and in the German language.

The Count de Noé, a peer of France, is said to have discovered a new mode of painting on glass, equal to that which was formerly in use. He has, in conjunction with the Count de Chabrol, the Prefect of the Seine, established, at Paris, a special school for painting on glass, under the direction of some of the most skilful French painters.

Mr. J. P. Bisset, of Leamington, has struck a medal, rather larger than a crown piece, which contains, in alphabetical order, the names of nearly all the principal towns, &c. in England, with their distances from the capital.

A medal of the celebrated M. Denon, has lately been struck at Paris.

In the course of the season, we understand, the libraries of the late Lord Gifford, the Rev. H. Drury (of Harrow) the Rev. T. Williams (of Hendon) the late Mr. Dent, Mr. Combe, Dr. Noehden, Dr. Parr, George Chalmers, &c. the theatrical works belonging to Mr. John Field and Mr. Thorpe, a large portion of Messrs. Rivington's miscellaneous stock, &c. are to be brought to the hammer.

A Royal Institution for Religious Music has been established at Paris.

The late William Gifford, Esq. bequeathed his valuable library to Dr. Ireland and Mr. Heber.

The Academy of Medicine at Paris, has recently established a permanent committee for the investigation of animal magnetism!

The brig Medusa, Captain Aspelt, of Jersey, in her passage from La Guyra to Liverpool, encountered a thunder-storm in latitude 33° 38', longitude 58° 12', during which the electric fluid destroyed the magnetic power of the compasses on board.

M. Ricard, during his residence in America, discovered what he considers a sure mode of preventing mischief from the bites of venomous reptiles. It is sufficient (he says) to pour a few drops of tincture of cantharides on the wound to cause a redness and vesication; not only is the poison rendered harmless, but the stings of the reptiles are removed with the epidermis that the blister raises.

An Institute of Science, Arts, and Literature has been established in Mexico.

Since the year 1824, no fewer than 21,421,98 acres of land have been ceded by the North American Indians to the United States, without reckoning the immense tracts purchased from the natives in Georgia, Tennesee, and South and North Carolina.

Works in the Press, &c.

A collection of the Comic Songs for the Stage, written and sung by the late Mr. Edward Knight, with the music, chiefly composed and wholly arranged by his eldest son (lately married to Miss Povey, and at present in New York) will appear within a few days. They who have been in the habit of frequenting the theatres will be pleased to find themselves reminded by these compositions, of the light-hearted impression of joy or ludicrous display of rustic woe, of which the amiable and gifted actor and author was wont to make them the vehicles. The real inducement for their present appearance is the esteem and request in which they are held by provincial audiences and performers. The songs will be preceded by an authentic biographical memoir of Mr. Knight.

The first number of a new quarterly publication, entitled the Military and Naval Magazine, will appear on the 1st of March. In addition to original communications on all subjects connected with the efficiency and welfare of the two services, it will contain copies of all orders, regulations, and a registry of occurrences, &c. &c. for purposes of reference.

Keeper at Home, by the author of Keeper's Travels in search of his Master, is preparing for publication.

Allen's History of Lambeth, nearly finished, will form one volume of nearly 500 pages, closely printed, with upwards of 100 engravings of curious objects connected with the parish.

Systematic Morality; or, a Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Human Duty, on the grounds of Natural Religion; by W. Jevons, jun.

A volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled Moods and Tenses, by One of Us.

A second series of Whims and Oddities; by Mr. Hood; and a second edition of his first series.

Dr. Hooker and Dr. Greville are preparing a new Botanical Work, of which the first fasciculus, in folio, with twenty plates, is nearly ready.

The second edition of Mr. Dagley's Death's Doings, is in a state of great forwardness.

Part I. of a History and Description of the Parish of Clerkenwell, in two small volumes, illustrated with about 60 engravings.

A series of Twenty-five Views of Pompeii, drawn on Stone, after Drawings by William Light, Esq.

Memoirs of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, with Original and Authentic Documents, &c.

A series of Tales, illustrative of the Manners and traditional Customs of the Modern Welch. They are entitled "Tales of Welch Society and Scenery."

The Principles of Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Education; by W. Newnham, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

The author of "London in the Olden Time" is engaged on a second volume, consisting of Tales illustrative of the Manners, Habits, and Superstitions of its Inhabitants, from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century; in which the state of Minstrelsy, and the Superstitions relating to Talismans, &c. will be exhibited.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.— The lady of Lieut. Elliott Morres, R. N.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Dawkins, M. P. —The lady of Dr. R. Carruthers, R. N.—Lady Charlotte Sturt.—The lady of Major Somerville. —The lady of T. B. Lennard, Esq. M. P.—The lady of the Rev. Dr. Batten.—Lady Ann Coke. —The lady of Captain G. M. Greville.—Lady Grey.—The lady of Capt. Hughes D'Aeth.—Her Grace, the Duchess of Richmond.—Lady Cawdor.

Of Daughters.—The lady of the Hon. W. R. Barrington.— The lady of Lieut. Col. Parker, C. B.—The lady of Captain J. C. Whiteman.— The lady of Lieut. Col. F. Philips.- The Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Marylebone Church, Captain Henry Montagu, to Magdalen, widow of Frederick Croft, Esq. and eldest daughter of Lieut. Col Huxley.

At Bath, Captain Gordon, R. N. to Mrs. John Helyar, daughter of the late Sir John Wrottesley, Bart.

Major St. John Blacker, to Ann Hammond, daughter of Sir Charles Morgan, M.D. of Dublin.

William Henry, only son of Lieut. General Williams, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late James Dormer, Esq.

Sir Charles Wetherell, his Majesty's Attorney General, to Jane Sarah Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Alexander Croke.

Joseph Chichester, Esq. to Henrietta Caroline, daughter of the Hon. Newton Fellowes.

Joshua Grigby, Esq. of Drinkstone Hall, Suffolk, to Anna, second daughter of William Crawford, Esq. of Hawleigh Park, Suffolk.

Lieut. H. H. Johnstone, R. N. to Maria Grace, third daughter of the late R. Castleman, Esq.

S. J. Skinner, Esq. to Charlotte Sophia, eldest daughter of J. Elton, Esq. and niece of the late Admiral Sir. W. Young.

The Rev. W. R. Bewsher, of Richmond, to Margaret, second daughter of the late E. Hawthorn, Esq.

Major Arthur Hill Trevor, to Helen Wyse, daughter of the late Joseph Jekyll, Esq.

The Rev. Edward Paske, Rector of Creeting, St. Peter, and Battisford, Suffolk, to Helen Amelia, youngest daughter of Peter Gurley, Esq. of the Island of St. Vincent.

At Paris, James Dawes, Esq. to Mary Harcourt, eldest daughter of Rear Admiral Manby.

W. S. Sewell, Esq. son of the Hon. John Sewell, Chief Justice of Lower Canada, to Mary Isabella, eldest daughter of T. Smith, Esq. of Seymour Street West, Connaught Square.

The Rev. Charles Rankin, M. A. to Isabella, daughter of Edward Long Fox, M.D. of Brislington House,

John Goodwin Welch, Esq. M. D. of Maidstone, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. John Risley, Rector of Thornton.

The Rev. John Balfour Mugenis, Rector of Sharnbrook and Harold, nephew of the Earl of Enniskillen, to Frances Margaretta Ede, second daughter of the Hon. Justice Moore.

Thomas, eldest son of the Hon. E. Mullins, to Jemima, daughter of the late Captain W. Broughton, R. N. C. B.

A. Wright, Esq. of Walton's Hall, Essex, to Catherine, eldest daughter of S. Scroop, Esq. of Danby Hall, Yorkshire.

DEATHS.

January 5, aged 64, His Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Duke of York and Albany, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces, &c. &c.

At Henbury Hall, Cheshire, aged 66, Margaret, relict of T. Brooke, Esq. and daughter of the late Sir Robert Cunchiffe, Bart.

Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir Sanford Graham, Bart.

The Rev. John Hallward, M. A. Vicar of Assington, and Rector of Milden, Suffolk, aged 77.

At Hereford, aged 79, Ariana Leigh, daughter of the late Rev. Egerton Leigh, LL. D. Archdeacon of Salop, and Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral of Hereford.

At Barrackpore, East Indies, aged 23, the Hon. Jeffery Amherst, eldest son of Lord Amherst.

At Tooting, aged 81, Lady Welch, relict of Sir Richard Welch, of Eltham, Kent.

Lucretia Grace, wife of Dr. Turner, and eldest daughter of the late Sir Charles Blois, Bart. of Cuckfield Hall, Suffolk.

The Rev. Bertie Broughton Robinson, Rector of Waterstock, Oxfordshire, and of Emmington, Buckinghamshire.

Aged 86, the Rev. James Stillingfleet, M. A. Rector of Hotham, great grandson of the celebrated Bishop Stillingfleet.

At York, aged 70, Mrs. Wilkinson, relict of Tate Wilkinson, Esq. patentee of the York and Hull theatres.

At Clifton, aged 79, Robert Nicholas, Esq. F. S. A.

At Shepperton, Dr. J. M. Good, M. D. F. R. S. F. R. S. L.

Anne Cecil, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. R. Carleton.

At Cheshunt, Jane Frances, youngest daughter of the late Sir Richard Bickerton, Bart.

At Devonport, aged 77, Major General Sir Charles Holloway.

At Bath, aged 74, Dame Henrietta Champneys, of Exton, relict of Sir T. Champneys, Bart.

In Warren Street, aged 49, Miss Benger, author of Memoirs of Anne Boleyn; Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, &c.

Aged 71, William Gifford, Esq. late Editor of the Quarterly Review, &c.

Aged 70, the Rev. T. Lloyd, Rector of Albrighton, Shropshire.

Aged 72, the Rev. Thomas Nelson, Vicar of Owersby and Kirkby-cum-Osgodby, Lincolnshire.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXVII., FOR MARCH, 1827.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of LADY JOHNSTONE, engraved by I. COCHRAN, from a Miniature by COLLEN.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Opera Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in Walking Costume.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The case of "*The Royal Captive*" shall be taken into consideration as early as possible.

We are sorry that the arrangements of the press compel us to defer the appearance of "*Disappointed Men, or the History of Will Blight and Vandyke Sonne, Part II.*" till our next.

We shall have much pleasure in complying with the request of "B. N."

"*Marriage*" is a very delightful subject—we have always said and thought so; but, although it is a matter of most *serious* import, we doubt whether the fair readers of La Belle Assemblee, would be desirous of seeing it treated in so *very grave* a manner, as that which has been adopted by our valued friend in the North. Sincerely, however, do we thank him for his effort.

Some further trial shall shortly be made respecting the papers alluded to by "W. C. S." We have not yet had the pleasure of seeing his friend.

We sincerely congratulate "J. B." on his recent acquisition. He might have sent us an Ode, or a Sonnet—any thing but an Elegy, or an Epithalamium—on the subject.

The article sent by our friend "S. A." of Bungay, was quite a treat. It reminded us of *auld lang syne*.

"*My First Play*" is a delightful theme, but its interest, we regret to observe, is of a character too local.

On St. Valentine's Eve we despatched a little packet, by sea, to our friend "Bridget." We hope that, ere this, it has reached her.

The communication of "B. C. L." arrived at too late a period of the month.

On more accounts than one, we rejoice at the return of "E. R." to "Merrie England."

"L. L. L." may have his papers again by applying at the publisher's.

"*The Way of the World*," by "A Modern Timon," will be inserted at our earliest convenience.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

FOR MARCH, 1827.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF LADY JOHNSTONE.

Louisa, the lady of Sir John Vanden Bempdé Johnstone, of Hackness, in the county of York, Bart., to whom she was united in the month of June, 1825, is the second surviving daughter of His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England, &c., by the Lady Anne Leveson Gower, third daughter of the Most Noble Granville, first Marquess of Stafford, K.G., &c.

The ancient and noble family of Vernon, of which Lady Johnstone is paternally a member, is descended from the Lords of Vernon, in the Duchy of Normandy. William de Vernon, the earliest of their ancestors whom we are enabled to trace, derived his surname from the town and district of Vernon, of which he was sole proprietor in the year 1052. He founded and richly endowed the collegiate and parochial church of St. Mary, in Vernon, for a dean and secular canons; and his remains were interred in that edifice, beneath an altar-monument bearing his effigies.—His two sons, Richard and Walter, came into England with the Conqueror. The latter obtained the lordships of Winfleton, Nesse, Ledsam, and Preston, in the county of Chester; and Hirtwell, Adestock, and Plaet-Merton, in the county of Buckingham: he also had a share in his father's possessions in Normandy; but, dying without issue, his estates descended to his elder brother, Richard de Vernon, Lord of Vernon, who was one of the Barons created by Hugh Lupus, to whom William I., his uncle, in the 20th year of his reign (A.D. 1085) made a grant of the County Palatine of Chester. This Richard de Vernon, first Baron of Shipbroke, held many extensive lands and manors; he was a benefactor, with Hugh Lupus, to the abbey of St. Werburgh, in Chester; and, in the reign of William II., he gave tithes of Easton and Picton to that abbey.

Hugh de Vernon, his grandson, living in 1119, was also Lord of Northwyk; and, with Richard Earl of Chester, he was another great benefactor of the abbey of St. Werburgh. He married the daughter and heir of Reginald de Baillot (or Badgiolt), Lord of Erdewick and Helgrave.

Warine de Vernon, the eldest of his four great-grandsons, married Auda, one of the co-heirs of William Malbank, Baron of Wick-Malbank, now Namptwich, in Cheshire, with whom he obtained numerous manors in that county. His elder son, Warine de Vernon, fifth Baron of Shipbroke, left three daughters, co-heirs. Ralph, the younger son, succeeded to the barony; but, after a long suit with the co-heirs, his nieces, it was agreed that the barony should be divided: they and their husbands to have one-half, with the salt-works at Namptwich, called the Juggar-house; and Ralph to have the other half, including the manor of Minshul Vernon, and the capital manor of Shipbroke. Sir Ralph, his son, lived to the age of 150, and was, in consequence, styled "the old liver." Amongst his descendants was Sir Richard de Vernon, who was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury.

Sir William de Vernon, Knt., of Harlaston, in the county of Stafford (third of the great-grandsons of Hugh de Vernon, Lord of Northwyk) was Chief Justice of Chester in the reign of Henry III. Sir Richard, the fifth in descent from Sir William, was sometimes called Sir Richard Pembruge, as heir to his maternal uncle, Sir Fulk Pembruge, of Tonge Castle, in the county of Salop., Knt. He was Speaker of the Parliament held at Leicester in the 4th of Henry VI. (1425); and, in the same year, he was, by royal patent, constituted Treasurer of Calais, which office he resigned in 1451, and died in 1452. His eldest son, Sir William Vernon, was Treasurer of Calais, and Constable of England for life. He was the last who thus enjoyed that great dignity; for, as it was deemed too important for a subject, it was ever afterwards held *pro hâc vice*. He

and his wife were buried at Tonge, where a monument, erected to their memory, still remains. His eldest son,

Sir Henry Vernon, became Lord of Haddon, Harleston, Haselbeach, Netherseale, and Spernore. He had the honour of being Governor and Treasurer to Prince Arthur, eldest son and heir apparent of Henry VII. (at whose creation he was made a Knight of the Bath). He was also the Prince's counsellor for the management of Wales; and, in 1499, he signed the marriage articles between Prince Arthur and the Princess Catherine of Spain. Tradition states, that the Prince frequently lived with Sir Henry, at Haddon, in the county of Derby, where was an apartment called the Prince's Chamber, the wainscot of which bore, in several places, carvings of his arms.

Sir Henry Vernon married Lady Anne Talbot, daughter of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury. He gave to the church of Tonge, the great bell, eighteen feet in circumference, and weighing forty-eight hundred weight; with a rent out of his manor of Norton, in that parish, "for the tolling of it, when any Vernon comes to town." Sir Henry and his lady were both buried at Tonge, where a fine monument was erected to their memory, and that of their youngest son, Arthur. Opposite the monument, on the eastern side of the wall of the chapel, is the following inscription:—

"Pray for the soul of Sir Henry Vernon, Knt., and Dame Anne, his wife, which said Henry, in the year of our Lord 1515, made and founded this chapel and chauntry, and the said Sir Henry departed this life the 3d day of April, in the year ——. Of your charity, pray for the soul of Sir Arthur Vernon, priest, son of the said Sir Henry, on whose souls Jesus have mercy."

Sir Henry Vernon had six sons and five daughters; of whom the eldest son, Sir Richard, married Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Dymoke, Knt. His only son, Sir George Vernon, died in 1565. By his first wife, Margaret, daughter of George Lord Talboys, he had two daughters, his co-heirs Dorothy, wife of Sir John Manners, second son of Thomas, Earl of Rutland, ancestor, in a direct line, by his said wife, Dorothy, of the present Duke; and Margaret, wife of Thomas Stanley, second son of Edward, Earl of Derby. He is thus mentioned by Camden:—

"This Sir George Vernon, of Haddon, was the last male of that branch; whose chief seat was at Haddon, by the river Wye, in Derbyshire, the seat for many years of the Vernons, who as they were ancient, so they were no less renowned in these parts; insomuch as this Sir George Vernon, who lived in our time, for his magnificent port, and hospitality, was called by the multitude, *petty King of the Peak*. He died seised of thirty manors, and left two daughters, one married to Manners, of the Duke of Rutland's family, by which Haddon came to them; in honourable remembrance of which, there is wrote over the entrance into the house, *God save the Vernons;* and the Vernons' crest, being a boar's head, used to be served up, with a song, every Christmas. The other daughter married to Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, by which he had Tonge, in Shropshire, where he lieth interred, and where there are many fine monuments of the Vernons and Stanleys, and a chapel founded by Sir Henry Vernon, who married Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, curiously painted, gilt, and adorned with the matches of the Vernons."

Humphrey, third son of Sir Henry Vernon, was seated at Hodnet, in the county of Salop; an estate which he obtained by marriage with Alice, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Ludlow, of Hodnet, Knt. His second son, by that lady, was

Thomas Vernon, ancestor of the present peer, of His Grace the Archbishop of York, and, consequently, of Lady Johnstone. By his wife, Helena, daughter of Ralph Shirley, he had an only son,

Walter Vernon, of Houndshill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Littleton, of Pillaton, in the county of Stafford. His eldest surviving son,

Sir Edward Vernon, married Margaret, daughter and sole heir of Henry Vernon (grandson of Sir John Vernon, of Sudbury, fourth son of Sir Henry Vernon, of Tonge), by whom he had four sons: Henry, the eldest, great grandfather to the first Lord Vernon, married Muriel, daughter and heir of Sir George Vernon, Knt., of Hastington, Judge of the Common Pleas. His eldest son,

George Vernon, Esq., of Sudbury, left, by his third wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Vernon, of London, an only surviving son,

Henry Vernon, of Sudbury, Esq. He was born in 1686, and he was one of the representatives of the county of Stafford in the fourth Parliament of Great Britain. He

married Anne, only daughter and heir of Thomas Pigot, Esq., by Mary, his wife, sister of Peter Venables, Baron of Kinderton, who was living in the year 1505.* His only son, born in 1709, was,

George Venables Vernon, first Lord Vernon. Previously to his advancement to the Peerage, he represented the city of Lichfield in the 7th, 8th, and 9th, and the borough of Derby in the 10th and 11th Parliaments of Great Britain. On the 1st of May, 1762, his late Majesty, in consideration of his ancient and illustrious descent, was graciously pleased to raise him to the dignity of a peer of Great Britain, by the style and title of Lord Vernon, Baron of Kinderton, in the county of Chester. His Lordship married, *first*, in 1734, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Thomas, Lord Howard, of Effingham; by whom (who died in 1740) he had issue—

1. George Venables, second Lord Vernon;†

—2. 3. and 4. Henry, Howard, and Mary, all died young;—5. Mary, married George Adams, of Orgrave, in Staffordshire, Esq., who afterwards took the name of Anson, and was father of the first Viscount Anson.

His Lordship married, *secondly*, Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Lee, of Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire, Bart., by whom (who died in 1742) he had no issue. Lord Vernon's *third* lady, to whom he was married on the 10th of April, 1744, was Martha, sister of Simon, first Earl of Harcourt, by whom (who died on the 8th of April, 1794) he had issue—

6. Elizabeth, born 1746, married, 1765, George Simon, second Earl of Harcourt;—7. Henry, the present Lord;—8. William, died young; 9. Catherine, born 1749, died unmarried, 1775;—10. Martha, born 1751, died unmarried, 1808;—11. Anne, born 1754;—12. The Most Rev. Edward Venables Vernon, Archbishop of York, &c.

This prelate was born on the 10th of October, 1757. He was educated at Westminster, and removed from thence to Christ-Church College, Oxford. In 1786, he obtained the degree of D. C. L. He was many years a canon of Christ-Church, and for a short time a prebendary of Gloucester cathedral. In 1791, he was elected and consecrated Bishop of Carlisle; and, on the death of Dr. Markham, in 1807, he was advanced to the archiepiscopal see of York. His Grace is also Lord High Almoner to his Majesty, Visitor of Queen's College, Oxford, &c. In Parliament, he is a steady opponent of the Roman Catholic claims.

On the 5th of February, 1784, his Grace married the Lady Anne Leveson Gower, (born February 22, 1761) third daughter of the Most Noble Granville, first Marquess of Stafford, K.G., &c., by whom he has had issue—

* "Peter, the last Baron, his great great grandson, had two daughters, his co-heirs; viz. Katherine, wife of Robert Shirley, son and heir of Sir Robert Shirley, Bart., and first Earl Ferrers of that family; and Anne, married September 22d, 1687, to Montague Bertie, Lord Norreys, afterwards Earl of Abingdon; but no issue remaining from his said daughters, according to his will, his estate would have devolved on Anne, daughter of his sister, Mary Pigot, and wife of Henry Vernon, of Sudbury, Esq., all before mentioned; but Lady Abingdon surviving her, upon her decease the estate came to the son of the said Mary, George Venables Vernon, Esq., the late Lord Vernon, of Kinderton."

† His Lordship was born in 1735. In 1757, he married, *first*, Louisa Barbarina, daughter and sole heir of Bussey Mansel, Lord Mansel; by whom (who died in 1786) he had issue—

1. Louisa, born 1765, died 1786;—2. and 3. Charlotte, and George, both died young.

His Lordship married, *secondly*, in 1787, Georgiana, daughter of William Fanquier, Esq.; by whom (who died in 1823) he had issue—

4. Georgiana, born in 1788, married, in 1809, the Hon. Edward Harbord, brother of Lord Suffield, and died in 1824;—5. Charlotte Catherine, died an infant.

His Lordship died in 1813, without male issue, and was succeeded by his half-brother,

Henry Venables Vernon, third and present Lord Vernon, Baron of Kinderton, &c. His Lordship was born in 1747. He married, *first*, in 1779, Elizabeth Rebecca Anne, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, of Nuthall, in the county of Nottingham; by whom (who died in 1793) he had issue, George Charles, heir apparent to the title, born in 1779, married, in 1802, Frances Maria, only daughter of the Right Hon. Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, of Stapleford, in the county of Nottingham, Bart., G.C.B. and K.G., and has issue, one son.

His Lordship married, *secondly*, in 1795, Alice Lucy, daughter of Sir John Whiteford, Bart., by whom he has issue two sons:—Henry, married, in 1822, to Eliza Grace, daughter of Edward Coke, Esq., of Longford Court, in the county of Derby; and John, in holy orders.

1. George Granville Venables, M.P. for the city of Lichfield, married, March 27, 1815, Elizabeth Bingham, eldest daughter of Richard, Earl of Lucan;—2. Edward, deceased;—3. Leveson Venables, in holy orders, married, August 19, 1815, the Hon. Caroline Mary Peachey, only daughter of John, second Lord Selsey;—4. William, in holy orders, married, 1825, Matilda, daughter of Colonel Good;—5. Frederick, Captain in the Royal Navy;—6. Henry, Lieut. Colonel in the Grenadier Guards;—7. Granville, chancellor and commissary of the diocese of York, married, 1814, Frances Julia, daughter of H. H. Eyre, of Grove, in the county of Nottingham, Esq.;—8. Octavius, Captain in the Royal Navy;—9. Caroline, died, 1815, unmarried;—10. Anne;—11. Charles, in holy orders;—12. Francis, Captain 2d Grenadier Guards;—13. Louisa, died an infant;—14. Egerton;—15. Louisa, wife of Sir John Vanden Bempdé Johnstone, of Hackness, in the county of York, Bart., the lady whose portrait, from the pencil of Mr. Collen, we have the honour of introducing in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;—16. Georgiana, whose portrait, from a painting by Miss Beaumont, exhibited last year at Somerset House, we hope shortly to be enabled to present to our subscribers.

The great grandfather of Sir John Vanden Bempdé Johnstone, Bart. (John Vanden Bempdé, of Pall Mall, Esq.) married Temperance, daughter of John Packer, Esq. By that lady he had a daughter, Charlotte Van Lore, who was married, *first*, Nov. 20, 1718, to William, third Earl and first Marquess of Annandale;* and, *secondly*, to Colonel John Johnstone, of the Westerhall family; by whom she had two sons, and two daughters; of whom the eldest son,†

Richard Vanden Bempdé Johnstone, born in 1732, was an officer in the 3d Regiment of Foot-guards, M.P. for the borough of Weymouth, 1790-1796. He was created a Baronet on the 6th of July, 1795. He married, *first*, Catherine, daughter of James Agnew, of Bishop's Auckland, in the county of Durham, Esq., who died without issue. He married, *secondly*, Margaret, daughter of John Scott, of Charter-House Square, London, Esq., and niece of the Rev. Dr. Scott, rector of Simonburn; by whom he had issue—

1. John Vanden Bempdé;—2. Charles Vanden Bempdé;—3. Margaret, married to George Johnstone, Esq., and died June 26, 1819;—4. Charlotte, married to William Lister Fenton Scott, of Woodhall, in the county of York, Esq.;—5. Louisa.

Sir Richard died on the 14th of July, 1807, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir John Vanden Bempdé, the present Baronet, who married, as has been stated, in June, 1825, Louisa, the second surviving daughter of His Grace the Archbishop of York.

* By the Marquess (who died at Bath, January the 14th, 1721) she had two sons:—1. George, third Marquess of Annandale;—2. John, M.P. for Dumfries. By an Act of Parliament passed in 1745, this George, Marquess of Annandale, was authorised to assume "the surname and arms of Vanden Bempdé, pursuant to the will of John Vanden Bempdé, deceased." The Marquess, in consequence of the loss of his brother, Lord John, suffered a depression of spirits, which terminated in mental derangement. An inquest from the Court of Chancery (March 5, 1748) found him lunatic, and that he had been so from the 12th of December, 1744. About the year 1745, he was, for twelve months, under the immediate care of Hume, the historian. He died in 1792, in the 72d year of his age.—"His English estates, which he derived from his mother, went to his uterine brother, Sir Richard Vanden Bempdé Johnstone; his Scottish estates to his grand nephew of the half blood, James, third Earl of Hopetoun; and his personal property became the subject of litigation before the Court of Chancery in England, and Court of Session in Scotland. It was finally determined that he was domiciled in England, and that his personal estate, wherever situated, was distributable according to the law of England. In consequence, that property, extending to £415,000, fell to be divided in their equal portions, between Sir Richard Vanden Bempdé Johnstone, Charles Johnstone, his uterine brothers, and Lady Christian Hope, widow of Thomas Graham, of Balgowan (mother of the gallant Major General Graham, of Balgowan) his niece of the half blood. It is understood that the titles of Earl of Annandale and Hartfell devolved upon James, third Earl of Hopetoun, who, however, did not assume them, but took the name of Johnstone in addition to that of Hope. It has not been determined whether the title of the Marquess of Annandale has become extinct, or devolves on the heir-male general of the family, or who is such heir-male general."—*Vide* DOUGLASS's *Peerage of Scotland*, vol. i. page 77. Wood's edition. 1813.

† The other issue were:—a son, Charles, married Margaret, daughter of John Baddoe, of Haverfordwest, Esq. (by whom he had issue) died May 8, 1805;—and two daughters, Charlotte and Henrietta, who both died unmarried.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XVI.—Miss Hutton.

On the subject of portrait painting, Godwin, in his Life of Chaucer, makes the following remarks:—"Of the paintings of the best of our living artists, nine out of ten may be affirmed to be 'similitudes unlike.' To this purpose I may quote two sentiments which I have frequently heard from artists of considerable endowments: first, that no painter can put into the visages he draws more profoundness of thought, flexibility of fancy, or animation of soul, than exists in his own mind; and, secondly, that the portraits made by any artist exhibit as strikingly, and as much beyond question, certain qualities of his own mind, as of the persons they pretend to represent: the countenances painted by a man of affected manners, will look affected; by a man of a hard mind, will appear rugged and stern; of a dull character, dull, and of a remiss and versatile temper, remiss and versatile." If this be true—and we suppose it is—the analogy which exists between painting and writing will warrant its application to the latter, equally as to the former. The idea, that we are best enabled to study the character of a writer, by an attentive perusal of his works, has occasionally been carried too far; but of this we feel confident, that no person can read Miss Hutton's works, without pronouncing their author to be a woman in the possession of a strong mind, a clear understanding, a sound judgment; and, more than that, of a good heart, and of most correct moral feeling. She is one who, if we mistake not, loves truth for its own sake.

Of this lady, we, towards the close of the former series of La Belle Assemblee,* presented a portrait, accompanied by a concise biographical memoir. As the *greatest* man of this or any other age, past or future, is allowed to repeat himself a thousand times, without the slightest objection from any of his admirers—and as one of the most fashionable painters of the day has presented the public with about twenty variations of the same female face, as though it were his hard lot to have seen only one woman in the course of his life—we suppose we shall not be deemed guilty of any very heinous or unpardonable offence, if we venture to *repeat*, though in other words, and in more brevity, a few of the points in the memoir alluded to. Thus, we learn that Miss Hutton's earliest propensity was to letters—that she cannot remember the time when she could not read fluently—that she was then much less attentive to her needle, in acquiring the dexterous management of which she experienced considerable difficulty, than to her books—that, subsequently, she was as industrious and as successful as she had formerly been negligent in all sorts of needlework—that at one period, she was the happy mistress of nineteen dolls, all of them clothed, and some of them fabricated by her own hands—that, before she had attained the age of fourteen, she was the contriver and cutter out, and maker of a considerable part of the linen of the family—that she read and worked, and danced, and rode on horseback—that the most talented men and most accomplished women of Birmingham (her birth-place) became her friends—that for four years and a half she was the devoted nurse of her suffering and helpless mother, and the skilful manager of her father's household—that after her mother's death her evenings were passed in singing and playing, or in reading to her father, and her days in ornamental needlework, and in the cultivation of flowers—that she became, and, we believe, still continues, a collector of prints and drawings of English and foreign costume. To this string of repetitions we may take leave to add, as a scrap of original information, not altogether without interest, that Miss Hutton has long been as industrious in collecting the autographs of eminent persons, as in searching for and arranging her curious and multitudinous specimens of costume; the latter of which probably form, as was stated in the memoir, the most complete history of dress extant.

Miss Hutton is the daughter of the late William Hutton, of Birmingham; a man whose character has always forcibly reminded us of that of Dr. Franklin. Hutton's character, however, was better than Franklin's: Hutton had the good points of the

* Vol. xxix, page 235.

American philosopher without his bad ones. He was by nature a greater man than Franklin: he was more generous, more benevolent, more warm-hearted: had be been placed in situations of equal importance, he would have made a greater, nobler figure, than Franklin.*

* Mr. Hutton was, in many respects, a remarkable man. "Such," observes his daughter, in her additions to his autobiography, "was the happy disposition of his mind, and such the firm texture of his body, that ninety-two years had scarcely the power to alter his features, or make a wrinkle in his face." He was born on the 30th of December, 1723; he commenced the writing of his life at the age of seventy-five; he continued it, year by year, till he had attained the age of ninety; and he died on the 20th of September, 1815. His life affords an instructive example of the advantages of temperance, of economy, of patient persevering industry, and of inflexible integrity, unalloyed by the narrow-mindedness of avarice.

William Hutton was born in Derby. His mother observed that he was the largest child she ever had, but so very ordinary (a softer word for ugly) she was afraid she should never love him; and, at the age of four years, one of his aunts is recorded to have thus addressed him:—"You are an ugly lad: you are like your father. Your brother is a pretty lad: he is like your mother." When between four and five years old, his schoolmaster used to beat his head against the wall, holding it by the hair; "but," says Hutton, "he never could beat any learning into it; I hated all books, but those of pictures." At the age of seven he was placed in a silk-mill, where, amongst three hundred children, he was the smallest. As he was too short for the employment, a pair of high pattens was fixed upon his feet, during the first twelve months of his painful servitude. He was also subjected to much brutal treatment. When fourteen years old, he was apprenticed to his uncle, a stocking weaver, at Nottingham; but, in consequence of cruel usage, he ran away. He set out on a Sunday morning, with the whole of his wardrobe, in which was a new suit of clothes, a shirt, a hat, and a pair of stockings; a new bible; two shillings in his pocket; a sixpenny loaf of coarse bread; a piece of butter, &c. He reached Derby the same night; and, passing the door of his father, from whom he had always experienced great unkindness, he slept in a field, upon the cold grass, with his bags by his side, and the sky for his covering. His intention was to go to Ireland. Rising at four the next morning, hungry, sore, and stiff, he proceeded to Burton, where he arrived before noon, having travelled twenty-eight miles, without spending a farthing. At Burton he spent one penny. Reaching the environs of Lichfield, in the evening, he was disappointed in his expectation of sleeping in a barn. He changed his dress, hid his bags under a hedge, and then took a view of the city for about three hours. On his return, he made the discovery that all his worldly goods had been stolen! He never heard of them more. Mr. Hutton, in recording this distressing incident, says, "an eye may roll over these lines, when the hand which writes them shall be still. May that eye move without a tear! I sought repose in the street, upon a butcher's block." On the following evening, having failed in all his applications for employment, he sat down upon the old cross, near Philip Street, Birmingham; the poorest of all the poor in that large parish, of which, twenty-seven years after, he was to become overseer. Two workmen kindly gave him some bread and cheese and beer, and procured him a night's lodging, for which he paid three half-pence. At Hinckley, the youth met with a townsman, who advised him to return to his uncle. He did so, and served out the term of his apprenticeship without anything very remarkable occurring, except that the love of music and reading began to acquire an ascendancy over his mind. Having purchased a worthless bell-harp, he, for six months, indefatigably endeavoured to bring a tune out of an instrument which was utterly untuneable. He next borrowed a dulcimer, made one by it, and then learned to play upon it. He sold his dulcimer for sixteen shillings, bought a coat with the money, and constructed a better instrument. Accidentally, as it were, he obtained an insight of the book-binding business, which, on the decay of the stocking trade, proved a great advantage to him. After he had become a journeyman, he bought a silver watch for thirty-five shillings. It went badly; but he kept it four years, and then gave that and a guinea for another, which went no better. He exchanged the latter for a metal one, which, as it was equally bad, he sold for five shillings, gave the five shillings away, and went without a watch for

Of "Oakwood Hall," Miss Hutton's first literary production, it is not our intention to speak. It originally appeared in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE; but, as "ladies of a certain age" are accustomed to say, "that was be-

fore our time:" in fact, to be very candid, we have not seen it. However, when republished in a detached form, the success which it experienced was such as to encourage its author to proceed; and, afterwards, Miss Hutton produced, in succession, "The Miser Married," and "The Welsh Mountaineer," each in three volumes.

Works of fiction are scarcely less under the influence of fashion than are the ever-

thirty years. At the age of twenty-four he began to write verses. Fully to occupy his time, he followed the two trades of stocking weaving and book-binding. By degrees he abandoned the former, and found it necessary to make a journey to London for tools, &c., to enable him to carry on the latter. For this purpose, his sister raised the sum of three guineas, which she sewed in his shirt collar, that it might be safe from robbers. She also furnished him with eleven shillings for travelling expences. He was absent from home nearly nine days, and, at his return, he had fourpence left out of the eleven shillings. "I was never," says Mr. Hutton, "more than twice in London on my own concerns. The first was April 8, 1749, to make a purchase of materials for trade, to the amount of *three pounds!*—the last, April 14, 1806, fifty-seven years after, to ratify the purchase of an estate which cost £11,590; *one* laid a foundation for the other, and *both* answered expectation."

At Southwell, fourteen miles from Nottingham, Mr. Hutton engaged a shop at the rate of twenty shillings a year; which, having fitted up with his own hands, he opened with a stock of books worth about a year's rent. The undertaking did not answer. In 1750, he engaged the smaller half of a shop in Bull Street, Birmingham, at one shilling a week. A dissenting minister sold him about two hundred weight of books, the refuse of his library, for twenty-seven shillings, on the easy terms of paying him *when he should be able!* His rent, board, washing, and lodging, now cost him only five shillings a-week. At the end of the year he had saved about twenty pounds. He took a house at the annual rate of £8, and went on well. In 1755, he married Miss Cock, the niece of his next-door neighbour, receiving with her a portion of £100. His marriage was in every respect happy.

In 1756, Mr. Hutton opened a paper warehouse, the first that had been known in Birmingham. By this trade, which he followed forty years, he acquired an ample fortune In 1768, he was chosen one of the overseers of the parish in which he lived; and, in 1772, he was appointed a commissioner of the Court of Requests. For nineteen years, he devoted nearly two days in the week to the duties of that court; and though, during that time, more than one hundred thousand cases passed through his hands, he never had a quarrel with a suitor, nor the slightest difference with a brother commissioner.

About the year 1780, Mr. Hutton wrote the History of Birmingham, which is allowed to be one of the best topographical works ever produced. The Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, elected him, in consequence, a member of that institution.

In the memorable riots at Birmingham, in 1791, Mr. Hutton's premises and stock in trade in the town, and his country house, about two miles distant, were entirely destroyed. His total loss amounted to £8,243. 3*s.* 2*d.* He sued the Hundred Court for £6,736. 3*s.* 8*d.*; of which he recovered only £5,390. 17*s.*; the cost of his suit amounting to £884. 15*s.* 9*d.* Two years afterwards he resigned his trade to his son, and gave up all his public employments.

In the month of September, 1798, Mr. Hutton walked forty-six miles one day, ten the next, and forty-two the third; a remarkable performance for a man seventy-five years of age. Three years afterwards, however, in his journey to examine the Roman wall, he walked 635 miles in thirty-five days; in which time he expended forty guineas, and lost in perspiration fourteen pounds weight. The remainder of Mr. Hutton's life was passed in peaceful retirement, with occasional excursions, accompanied by his daughter, into different parts of the country. His appetite, almost to the close of his existence, was excellent. Strong liquors he regarded with abhorrence; porter he frequently drank; but ale and spirits never. He generally mixed his wine with water, but considered water alone as the most refreshing beverage. In his ninetieth year, his strength and activity gradually diminished; yet, until within a few days of his death, he was accustomed to perform, daily, four walks round a circle of a quarter of a mile each. He terminated his earthly career, without a struggle or a groan, and almost unacquainted with disease.

We have deemed this extended note due to the memory of an extraordinary man—an excellent husband, father, and friend—an eminently useful member of society. We subjoin a list of his works:—

The History of Birmingham, 1781;—Journey to London, 1784; The Court of Requests, 1787;—The Hundred Court, 1788;—History

changing dresses and decorations of the fair. Who is there now that could read the old French romance, or any of its numerous imitations and modifications? Who is there now that could read such works as "The Modern Atalantis," or the *nouvellettes* of Mrs. Behn, which were once all the rage? These works have all passed irremeably into the gulf of oblivion. We still read—some of us old-fashioned people, at least—the productions of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Burney, &c.; but the respective schools of these authors have gone by, and we regard their existing specimens as curious relics of the past. They were succeeded by the historical romance, of the credit and fame of which the Scotchman has unjustly deprived its originators; but that also is, in its turn, rapidly giving way; and in a few, a very few years, the Scotch novels will be nearly as obsolete as the French romances, with their knights and damsels, shepherds and shepherdesses. A new school—the school of nature, in her wild and thrilling moods—has been some time forming and establishing itself amongst us. To whom, and to what, are we indebted for this? To Byron and to his deep-toned verse. Byron, the "wizard" of the *South*, if he have not actually changed the character of human feelings, passions, and emotions, has developed them in a manner truly wonderful—has placed them in many new and extraordinary lights. The spirit of Byron may be traced in such productions as "Adam Blair," "Matthew Wald," "Gilbert Earle," "The Foresters," &c. In some of these there is occasionally much false taste, much violence, much exaggeration; but they never fail to excite a powerful interest, an intenseness of thought, an overwhelming depth of emotion.

Miss Hutton is a writer of more practical utility: she moves in the common walks of life; her characters are such persons as we daily and hourly meet with: the portraits which she paints are soberly coloured, but they are very true to nature. Her manner is so far formed upon that of Richardson, that the two novels which we have mentioned, are altogether in the epistolary form. We confess that we are not very fond of this form. To keep the story moving, some persons must be writing upon all occasions, and frequently under circumstances, which, in common life, would repress rather than stimulate epistolary effort. The greatest actors are not always the greatest or the best writers; consequently, we meet important personages only in description, when we would infinitely rather see them move and act before us, that we might ourselves be the censors of their conduct. Too often, also, the epistolary form insensibly leads the author into unnecessary amplification. This, however, is not one of Miss Hutton's faults: we must do her the justice to say that her letters are terse, close, compact. Miss Penrose, the heroine of "The Welsh Mountaineer," invariably tells all her good things to a Miss Tregarnog; a very amiable young lady we dare say; but, as the reader has not the honour of her acquaintance, he of course does not care a straw about her. Miss Penrose, it is true, writes to her fair friend for the common benefit of 'Squire Owen, her lover, and her grandfather and grandmother. Now, we strongly suspect, that a young lady of Miss Penrose's character, understanding, and acquirements, might, under many of the circumstances in which she was placed, have told some of her good things to her lover, in a very different manner, and with infinitely greater effect, than she has told them to her friend. Nor do we perceive that, as the affianced bride of Owen, she would, in so deporting herself, have been guilty of the slightest violation of maidenly decorum or etiquette.

These defects—for such we really consider them—are rather the defects of the system than of the author. Let "The Welsh Mountaineer" be read with this allowance, and, to every intelligent reader, it will afford great satisfaction. It is a plain, simple, substantial dish—less highly seasoned than is usual in the present day, but in no respect insipid. On the contrary, it evinces the soundest sense and the most correct judgment, interspersed and mingled with an insinuating, quiet, and inoffensive, yet keen satire. Colonel Shannon, though only a sketch, possesses wonderful spirit and truth. We know the gentleman well.

In illustration of the good sense displayed by Miss Hutton, in this novel, we transcribe

of Blackpool, 1788;—Battle of Bosworth Field, 1789;—History of Derby, 1790;—The Barbers, a Poem, 1793;—Edgar and Elfrida, a Poem, 1793;—The Roman Wall, 1801;—Remarks upon North Wales, 1801;—Tour to Scarborough, 1803;—Poems, chiefly Tales, 1804;—Trip to Chotham, 1808.

the following lines in answer to the question—"Do not you think there is something salutary in the custom that confines a young lady at home, or sends her out under a safe conductor?"

"The universal prevalence of this custom has rendered conformity to it indispensable," replied I; "and I perceive that my system is so opposite to general manners, so liable to be taken for what it is not, that it is unsafe to practise it. I feel that I am right; but, unless my countrymen and contemporaries had the same ideas of right, my single opinion must, and ought to give way before theirs. That a woman who is capable of managing a horse might ride to Greenwich alone, I cannot doubt; but when mankind have agreed that she shall not do so, she must submit to the regulation. What no modest and respectable woman does, no one should dare to do."

The succeeding is not less entitled to praise, for its correct moral feeling:—

"The heart that could ever devote itself to interest, or that could hesitate between interest and affection, is not the heart for me. In a union which is intended to subsist for life, solid love should be the first foundation, a personal attachment with mental approbation. Fortune should not be overlooked, as it regards the decencies and comforts of our existence; but whoever begins with fortune, plants thorns and thistles, and expects to gather grapes and figs. I could not love, nor could I esteem that man"

As first in chronological order, perhaps we ought first to have noticed "The Miser Married;" a work which Miss Hutton thus dedicated to her father, who, at the time of its publication (1813) was living:—

"To you, from whom I inherit the Faculties which have enabled me to compose a book; to whose Industry I am indebted for the Means of Leisure; and by whose kindness I am permitted to enjoy it; do I dedicate that Book, as I have dedicated my life.

"Of your Talents, which have broken through the Fetters of Ignorance, I will say nothing. They are before the World; and the World has judged favourably of them. Of your Conduct, I may be allowed to say, that its Tenor is—Independence, for yourself, and unlimited Indulgence to all around you. I trust mine has proved that I am not insensible of the Blessing."

We like this dedication: it abounds with good feeling.

"The Miser Married" is, in our estimation, a work of a higher order than "The Welsh Mountaineer." The story is beautifully and very effectively elaborated; each succeeding incident rising, swelling, and naturally tending to the production of a full and happy climax. We dare not indulge in extract; but, that readers who may not happen to have read the work may be enabled to form an idea of the difficulties with which the author had to contend, we must insert one passage, illustrating the character of Mr. Winterdale, the Miser. A widower, with a fine estate of seven or eight thousand a-year, and an immense hoard of guineas, he restricts his only son and heir to an expenditure of only £60 per annum. Hating and fearing woman, he has the misfortune to break his leg opposite to the window of a lodge adjoining his park. The lodge has been some time occupied by Lady Montgomery, a widow, under the assumed name of Mereval—her daughter, whose fortune is in Chancery—and her niece. Lady M., a woman in the prime of life, is in *retirement*, to avoid her creditors. Mr. Winterdale, at the time of his accident, is taken into the lodge, whence he cannot for some time be removed. Lady M., by the most unremitting attention, finds her way to the miser's iron-bound heart: Winterdale, not aware of the embarrassment of her circumstances, meditates a marriage with the widow himself, and also the union of his son and her daughter. The cunning *Calculator* thus writes to his son:—

"You know I am under no obligation to justify my conduct to you, who are my son; or even to give any reason for it; but I will take upon me to say, that independent of the person of Lady Montgomery, and my regard for her, this is one of the best bargains I ever made in my life. She requires no carriage, not even another servant in the house, except those she will bring with her from the lodge, which are indispensable. She will add a thousand pounds a-year to my income; and, upon the exactest calculation I can make, she and her three women servants will not cost me three hundred pounds. There is seven hundred pounds actual gain. Her daughter will pay me two hundred pounds a-year for her board, and will not even have a maid to wait upon her. She cannot eat and drink more than thirty shillings a-week, which will amount to seventy-eight pounds a-year; say eighty, for the sake of even numbers. That increases the profit to eight hundred and twenty

pounds. Miss Mowbray will also pay two hundred pounds, which, at the same rate, makes nine hundred and forty. She will pay one hundred pounds for her two servants; and I would willingly take sixty pounds out of this, to make up my thousand; which I ought to do, as they will chiefly consume what is left at our own table; but servants are such a set of confounded wasters, that I dare not. I shall not lose by them, however; and we can make Miss Mowbray's man assist Meadall.

"Thus, you will see, at a fair calculation, I cannot gain less than nine hundred pounds per annum by my marriage with Lady Montgomery; and prudence would have decided for it, had inclination been out of the question.'

The widow, without the slightest apparent effort, makes every point, and her marriage with Mr. Winterdale is speedily completed. Lady Winterdale is a most extraordinary woman. Her character is admirably conceived, and as admirably sustained. She is not intellectual; yet her manœuvring and management appear to result from the profoundest knowledge, the deepest insight of human nature. She has few mental resources; yet she is at all times cool, collected, firm, and capable of judging with the utmost precision, how far she may venture to proceed. Her pleadings are forcible, logical, unanswerable. Even her morality is, in theory, perfectly correct. Her manners are kind, affectionate, and respectful; yet, led away by a love of show and extravagance, and no less so by a love of power and control, she hazards and succeeds in measures, which, to the spectator, threaten ruin to all her hopes. Previously to her marriage, she makes herself mistress of the miser-despot's affections; and, without apparent effort, as we have said, she renders him so satisfied of her integrity, that, contrary to all his habits, he never once inquires into the state of her pecuniary affairs. After marriage, her tradesmen's bills pour in upon her husband. She *manages*—and that without sacrificing her self-consequence — to make him pay them. Yet he is no dotard. She visits, receives company, forms parties, reconciles her husband to his neighbours, and induces him to withdraw the management of his law concerns from the hands of a rascally attorney, and to place them in charge of an honest lawyer. All this is effected on a man of fixed habits—of a sound, strong, and vigorous mind—and of great determination. Lady Winterdale takes her husband to Aberystwith—has a splendid carriage and a pair of fine horses sent to her while there, without his having any previous knowledge of her intention—causes the old mansion to be repaired, and magnificently refurnished, during the absence of the family—and, ultimately, metamorphoses the miser into a liberal and even a benevolent being.

Such miracles, we know, are frequently wrought in plays and novels; but the effect is not naturally, and therefore not satisfactorily, produced. This charge cannot be justified against Miss Hutton: every character in her book is natural—every incident is natural—nothing is affected, strained, or exaggerated. Lady Winterdale's success astonishes the reader the more, because, with all her coolness, all her self-possession, all her cleverness, all her skilful manœuvring, she is utterly unworthy of, and never can obtain, respect.

The love-making of the young people—if we know any thing about love-making—is as natural as any other portion of the book.—The characters are all distinct—all varied.

Were we disposed to cavil about trifles, we should express wonder at the possibility that a vicar should be so vulgar as is the Rev. Mr. Thacker, even though he were the son of a tallow-chandler in a country-town. We should also express our wonder that he should have succeeded in picking up a wife so much more ignorant and vulgar than himself, even though he had sought for her in a fishmonger's shop. That a woman so vulgar, so ignorant, so illiterate as Mrs. Thacker, should have a nephew so vulgar, so ignorant, so illiterate as Mr. Sharp, with his £80,000, we can more easily imagine, and, therefore, we readily excuse his introduction.

In novels we decidedly dislike the trick of adopting *names* that are *characteristic*: this practice seems allowable only in farces, and in works of a nature exclusively humorous. These minor considerations, however, we readily pass over, grateful for the merits by which they are completely thrown into shade.

We are not aware that we could sum up our opinion of Miss Hutton, and her works, more successfully than by adopting the language which three or four years ago was employed in the Retrospective Review respecting the late Jane Austen:—

"Without any wish to surprise us into

attention, by strangeness of incident, or complication of adventure—with no great ambition of being amazingly facetious, or remarkably brilliant, laboriously witty, or profoundly sentimental, of dealing out wise saws and deep reflections, or keeping us on the broad grin, and killing us with laughter;—the stream of her tale flows on in an easy, natural, but spring tide, which carries us out of ourselves, and bears our feelings, affections, and deepest interest, irresistibly along with it."....."The people with whom her works bring us acquainted were, we feel certain, like those among whom she herself shared the good and ill of life—with whom she thought and talked—danced and sung—laughed and wept—joked and reasoned. They are not the productions of an ingenious fancy, but beings instinct with life;—they breathe, and move, and think and speak, and act, before our mind's eye, with a distinctness, that rivals the pictures we see in memory of scenes we ourselves have beheld, and upon the recollections of which we love to dwell. They mingle in our remembrances of those, whom we ourselves have known and loved, but whom accident, or coldness, or death, has separated from us before the end of our pilgrimage."

We have heard that Miss Hutton has written one or two comedies. What her skill in the invention or construction of a plot, or what her knowledge of stage effect may be, we know not; but, of her happy conception, and judicious delineation of character—of her proprieties of dialogue—of her correctness of dramatic feeling—we have not a doubt.

H.

ALICE FORD: A TALE OF 1558.

"Close the book, Alice," said a venerable grey-headed old man to his daughter, who sat beside him on a low stool reading aloud; "it is getting dark; I feel weary: we will have our customary meal, and then to bed." His daughter rose immediately; and, first carefully depositing the large and thickly-bound volume, with its massy clasps, in a box which stood in one corner of the room, she set about making the desired arrangement.

The small cottage occupied by Stephen Ford and his daughter was situated in a retired lane, not far from the then royal forest of Epping. Its owner had, by early industry, obtained a sufficient competence to enable him to pass his old age in comfort. He was a widower left with two children, a son and a daughter. Alice was just seventeen, and the joy and delight of her father. To her feminine skill and neatness their humble abode owed much of its present inviting appearance. Clean rushes were spread over the floor; and the table, the chairs, and particularly her father's large high-backed one, all of oak, shone with the highest polish that good housewifery could give. The walls were indeed blackened with the smoke, as there was no chimney; for chimneys were a luxury at that time possessed by few houses, except those of a very superior description. A small but well-arranged garden lay behind the dwelling, cultivated by Stephen Ford himself, and in which Alice spent many of her leisure hours, tending the plants and flowers that were under her especial care.

Alice quickly prepared the meal for her father's supper, and the old man sat down to partake of it. "How long is it, my child," said he, "since I had the good fortune to be of service to the Lord Fortescue, when his horse stumbled and threw him during a hunt in the forest hard by?"—"Nearly four months, father," replied Alice, with a slight tremor in her voice, and a heightened colour on her face, which she turned aside to conceal. "Methinks he has been much a stranger here of late," said the old man; "I miss his cheerful voice and kind manner; but one who stands so well at court cannot be expected to think much of us humble ones; and yet I wrong him, for since I first knew him, he has been ever considerate and condescending."—"You say truly, father," rejoined Alice; "he always speaks of the service you rendered him with gratitude."—"Tush, girl!" interrupted her father, "mention it not; 'twas but a trifle. He is a brave youth, and a noble; and I pray God to bless him, and guard him in these strange and perilous times."—"Amen!" said Alice, fervently; and she arose from her seat to hide her emotion and her tears. She had

scarcely done so, when they were interrupted by a slight knocking at the cottage door, which had been closed for the night.—"Open the door, Alice," said Stephen Ford; "it may be our neighbour Ambrose has fallen ill again, and his wife needs our assistance." Alice withdrew the bolt, and immediately two strange and ferocious-looking men rushed in, and, in tones which made Alice tremble, demanded of the old man if his name were Stephen Ford, and if he had a son apprenticed to learn the craft of a gold-beater in the city of London. "In truth have I," said Ford; "and a dutiful and kind son he is, what know *ye* of him?" and he looked at them with surprise, mingled with dislike, as he gazed on their ruffianly appearance. "Of that anon," said one of the men, in an insolent tone; "but I arrest *you* as my prisoner, under warrant from his reverence, Bishop Bonner, and you must with me to London forthwith."—A loud shriek burst from the lips of Alice, and she threw her arms round her father, as if to detain him. "This is sad news, my girl," he said, looking fondly on her: "but God's will be done; tell me only, I pray you, the reason of my arrest—and of my son—what of him?"—"Could we have found *him*, we had not come after you," said the man: "he has spoken against the Papal Faith, and denied the doctrine of the real presence in an argument which he held with the most holy father Clement; and as he has absconded, you are ordered to be committed to prison in his stead."—"Now, God be praised, that I can suffer for my *son*!" said the old man, "and preserve my imprudent boy from the malice of his enemies.—Fear not, my child; *I* have committed no offence, and shall, no doubt, be speedily set at liberty."—"I will not part from you, father," said Alice, in an agony of tears; "I will go with you to prison."—"It may not be," replied her father; "and would but add to my present sorrow. You can, however, be near, and abide for the time with your cousin in Eastcheap, where you will hear tidings of what befals me more speedily; our neighbour Ambrose will gladly be your guide thither."—This was said in a low tone, apart to Alice.—"Come!" cried one of the men, in an impatient tone; "time wears—we might have been halfway to London by this time."—"I am ready," answered Ford, advancing towards them; "let one, no ment," interrupted Alice; and, regardless of their presence, she threw herself at her father's feet and implored his blessing. "May God's blessing be ever on thee!" said the old man, fervently, while the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks; "and may we meet again in happiness!"—So saying, he raised her from the ground, and tenderly kissing her cheek, exhorted her to exert her fortitude in this trial which had come upon her, and to pray to the Disposer of all events that he would be their guide, and console and deliver them safely out of this trouble. He then gave himself up to the care of the men sent to seize him; and Alice, with a bitter sigh, saw the door close upon her father, which she in her grief and fear believed he would never enter again.

The next day saw Alice an inmate of her cousin's house in Eastcheap, for her own cottage seemed utterly forlorn and destitute, deprived of the presence of her kind parent. The noise and bustle of the town ill accorded with the melancholy feelings of Alice; but she strove to endure it, as she knew that she was near her father, and could gaze even on the walls of his prison. Her cousin was a person of whom she had previously seen but little. Though evidently grieved at the misfortune that had befallen her kinsman, she was too fearful of being brought into trouble herself to take any active steps to serve him. Thus, although Alice had a home, she had none to advise or console her. "If I could but be with my dear father," thought she, "I should feel more happy. He has been used to my attentions: they would comfort him, and render his imprisonment less irksome. I will make the attempt; they will not be so inhuman as to deny me." Alice, however, was mistaken. Several times she presented herself before the gaoler, and begged for entrance only to *see* her father, but was sternly refused; and when she prayed them to tell her how it fared with him, they laughed at her anxiety and bade her be gone. "One more trial," said Alice, "and may God prosper it; if that fail me, I must submit:" and she wept bitterly.

The mansion of the Lord Fortescue stood near the site of what is now Charing Cross, but which was then little better than a village; and its back windows possessed an uninterrupted view of the Thames, and of the fields and country on the opposite side of the river. Lord Fortescue was absent

watching the first approach of an autumn twilight over the fair prospect before him, when one of his domestics entered, and informed him that a female was waiting in the outer hall, who prayed to see him on urgent business. "Admit her," said Lord Fortescue; "I will see her here." The domestic obeyed, and re-entered almost immediately, followed by a woman whose face was closely shrouded in a large wimple. The servant retired upon a sign from his master, and Lord Fortescue advanced towards the female. "What want ye with me, my good woman?"—"Help!" said Alice; for it was she who had thus ventured; and she partly removed her wimple, and disclosed a face, lovely indeed, but extremely pale, while her whole frame seemed to shake with the agitation she experienced. Lord Fortescue started in surprise, evidently mingled with pleasure; for his eyes brightened, and the flush of joy mounted even to his temples.—"You here!" he exclaimed, "is happiness I could not have hoped for; and how fares it with your good father, to whom I owe so much?"

"Alas! alas!" answered Alice, bursting into tears, "it is of him I would speak to you: he is a prisoner by order of Bishop Bonner, though innocent of offence, for my brother's sake, who has fled from their malice, having spoken, I fear, too boldly on matters of faith. They will not let me see my father—I have no friend to aid me—none—but I thought that haply you might be induced to use your influence, for my poor father's sake, to permit of my sharing his lot, whatsoever it may be."—"And why not for your own sake, sweet Alice?" asked Lord Fortescue; "I would readily use my utmost power to serve *you*; trust me, I have known but little happiness since we last parted;" and he sighed deeply; "but, touching this affair of your father's," he continued, "I tell you freely I like it not, for Bonner is a wily and insidious priest, high in favour with the Queen; and full of burning wrath against the faith held by your family."

"Then in God alone must be our hope!" sighed Alice, clasping her hands fervently. "Nay," she added earnestly, "I pray you, my Lord, to stir not in this matter of our's. If there be so much of danger belonging to it, peril not your own safety, but leave us to our fate."—"You mistake my meaning utterly, Alice," replied the young nobleman; "I would but guard you against a hope of your good father's *speedy* release. I doubt not I shall, without much difficulty, be able to gain you admittance to the prison; and heaven knows that fear of my own danger does not appal me. Openly I cannot serve him against the power of the papal church; yet rest assured I will leave no means untried to assist him, and, if possible, to secure his safety; and then, in happier times, will you promise to think more favourably of me, sweet Alice?" and he attempted to take her hand, but she instantly withdrew it.—"Oh, speak not thus, my Lord!" and as she spoke her eye glanced on the rich dress of Lord Fortescue, on his embroidered silk vest and green velvet mantle, which hung gracefully from his shoulders, and formed a striking contrast with the simplicity observed in her own attire. "It is not meet for a lowly maid like me to listen to such words from one of noble birth; and but for my afflictions and utter helplessness I had not intruded myself thus upon your presence this day: let this plead for me; and may you soon meet with a lady of your own rank, who is worthy to receive vows of affection which Alice Ford must not listen to."—In despite of her efforts to repress them, tears filled her eyes.—"I will talk of this no more now, Alice," he replied; "but see, it is nearly dark, where is your present abode?" She told him. "Nay, then, I will guide you thither in safety, for part of your way is lonely, and evil may befal you."—"It must not be, my Lord, grateful though I am for your kindness; God will be my protector. Tell me only, I pray you, when I may hope to see my father?"—"The day after to-morrow present yourself at the gate of his prison, where, before then, I have no doubt, orders will have arrived to give you admittance.—Is there aught else in which I can serve you?"—"I crave nothing more at your hands, my Lord. Alas! I know nothing of my dear brother, or I would pray your interest in his behalf."—"I trust," answered Lord Fortescue, "that he will have sufficient prudence to remain concealed; for, were he taken, I fear there would be no hope for *him*."—"May God grant it!" said Alice; "and now, my Lord, farewell! accept of my grateful thanks; and may the blessing of heaven abide with you for ever!"—"Amen! sweet Alice!" said Lord Fortescue, as he affectionately pressed her hand, which she suffered him to retain for a few moments; then

closing her wimple, and once more murmuring "Farewell!" she quitted his presence.

Lord Fortescue was an only child, and an orphan. He had been most affectionately brought up by his uncle, to whom he was firmly attached, and who was now an aged man, and a most rigid catholic. It was to spare his feelings the shock, which he knew the intimation would produce, that Lord Fortescue concealed the preference he felt for the reformed doctrines. He was little more than twenty, and of a frank and ingenuous disposition. Accident introduced him to the presence of Alice Ford, when her unaffected piety, gentle manners, and retiring loveliness made a deep impression on his young and susceptible heart. Forgetting the difference of their stations, he spoke to her of his love; but Alice, though she felt, alas! that she could not look on him with indifference, refused to listen to his suit, for she saw the host of evils attendant upon it, and forbade him ever to think of her, but in the light of an humble, though grateful, friend. It was this disappointment that had occasioned his long absence from the cottage previously to the period when our little history commences.

On the appointed morning, Alice repaired to the prison, and in reply to her question for admittance, received a sullen consent from the gaoler, who led the way along a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which was a low massive door thickly studded with large iron nails. He applied a key, and unclosed the door. Alice's heart beat quick, and her head felt dizzy; for she saw her beloved father at one corner of the cell, and she rushed towards him and threw herself into his arms. Their meeting was indeed a sorrowful one; for Alice learned, with dismay, that, in two days more, her father was to be brought to trial. The venerable man, however, remained serene under the affliction, and his trust in God continued unshaken. He at first vehemently opposed his daughter's wish of remaining in the prison; but when he saw how she clung to him, and wept in agony at the bare idea of again leaving him, he consented to her stay, and blessed God for granting him the affection and dutiful attentions of his child. Neither did he forget to pray for Lord Fortescue, through whose friendly aid alone Alice had been enabled to be with him in his imprisonment.

On the day appointed for his trial, Stephen Ford seemed to acquire new vigour. He prayed long and earnestly with Alice; and when the officers entered to conduct him into the presence of his judges, he appeared not only resigned but cheerful. Alice followed her father, and trembled when she entered the court and looked on the countenances of those who were to pronounce his doom. The crafty and insidious Bonner was seated on the bench in solemn state, accompanied by two inferior coadjutors in his unholy and unchristian proceedings. The old man stood up firm and undauntedly, while an indictment was read to the following effect:—That his son, Lionel Ford, had impiously denied the doctrine of the real presence, for which crime he was to have been put upon his trial; but that, having escaped from the hands of justice, it had been deemed right and proper that his father, Stephen Ford, should be apprehended in his stead, and brought into court, to answer for the unwarrantable and treasonable doctrines held by his son, the said Lionel Ford.

A pause of a few minutes succeeded the reading of the indictment: it was first broken by the prisoner. "If my son have erred, I alone am to blame, for from me did he receive instruction in his religious faith."—"And know ye not the punishment attendant upon the holders of such impious tenets?" asked Bonner, in a tone which made Alice move closer to her father, as though her feeble aid might avail.—"My faith, and I trust that of my son also, is founded on the written word of God," said the old man, boldly.—"Wilful and perverted sinner!" replied his judge, "thou art not able to distinguish the truth, neither is it for an unhallowed tongue, such as thine, to presume to speak slightly of mysteries which the spiritual directors of Christ's flock alone can solve."—"That be far from me," said Ford, in a tone of mildness; "neither came I hither to argue against thee; but, touching the matter for which I am brought here, I do deny its justice."—"Silence, babbler!" interrupted Bonner; "let the trial proceed!" "Stay yet a few moments," replied the prisoner; "if it be the offence urged against me and my son, that we profess to be humble followers of, and believers in, the doctrines promulgated by the blessed reformers, then are we guilty of that which ye do lay to our charge; but that faith will neither make us

evil men, nor rebellious subjects; and for that which ye would try us, we are alone answerable unto God."

The judge was here about to rebuke the prisoner harshly; but, suddenly, a great noise and bustle were heard at the extremity of the court, and a young man rushed hastily past those who would have opposed his entrance, exclaiming—"Stop the proceedings I surrender myself! set my father free!"—At the sound of that well-known voice Stephen Ford recognised his son, and he cast on him a look full of parental fondness, while Alice burst into tears and threw herself into his arms.—"Oh, my father!" said Lionel, "had I sooner heard of the evil that had befallen you for my sake, think ye that I would have remained thus long concealed?"—"Would that ye had!" said the old man, as he turned aside, and the first tears he had shed that day fell from his aged eyes, and he murmured to himself—"Alas so young! and like his sainted mother!"—"Lionel Ford!" said Bonner, as he contemplated the young man with malicious satisfaction, "ye have this day surrendered unto justice: our holy church, ever merciful,' (here he crossed himself) "even now extends her arms to receive you, if you are willing to renounce your errors, and to abjure those tenets which your parent has this day openly proclaimed."—"For myself, I have nothing to say," said Lionel; "but for my father, I would implore your mercy; he has committed no offence; let him not be brought to harm for my sake, I entreat ye."—"Speak not of me," interrupted his father; "my days on earth *can* be but few; what recks it that they should be a little shortened? On *my* head," he continued, addressing Bonner, "alone let thy judgment fall: I will endure it willingly—but *spare* my son!"—Any other heart than that of their vindictive judge would have been moved to pity at sight of the affecting group before him. Alice had thrown herself upon her knees beside her father, and held one of his hand closely clasped in both of her's; and on the other side of the old man stood Lionel, with a pale and saddened countenance, but with a brow and lip that told the beholders he would not shrink from suffering in a worthy cause. In Bonner's breast, however, pity had not found a dwelling. "Speak!" he said; "are ye both willing to put from ye the wicked and blasphemous faith which ye have heretofore holden, or to receive the punishment awarded to all such?"—"We will *not* renounce our faith!" was repeated by both father and son, nearly at the same moment.—"Courage! my dear son," said Ford; "since hope for *thee* even is over, let us be firm; nor, though our lives are at stake, deny the true and everlasting doctrines of the gospel!"—"Away with the heretics!" said Bonner: "What need of more? Our ears have been but too long profaned by their impiety; let them receive their doom." Accordingly, he proceeded to pass sentence upon them; which was, that they should be burned at the stake, as obstinate heretics and enemies of the only true church, in the public place of Smithfield, on that very day week.

Stephen Ford and his son heard their sentence with calmness, and were led back to prison without a murmur escaping from their lips; examples, as they were, amongst hundreds, who, in that time of persecution, rejoiced that they were thought worthy to suffer for gospel truth.—Alice, ere the sentence was pronounced, happily lost, for a time, all sense of sorrow, and was removed from court in a state of insensibility.

It is impossible to depict the misery of Lord Fortescue, when aware of the cruel sentence which had been pronounced on his humble friends. Vain were all the efforts which he made to procure a remission of their punishment; yet, at the risk of grieving his beloved uncle, he made frequent visits to Stephen Ford and his son, in their dark abode. He could not fail of being edified by the resignation which they both displayed; and even Alice seemed to have caught a portion of their christian spirit, and to fix her thoughts upon death as the welcome messenger that should end her sorrows, and give her a blissful re-union with those whom she best loved upon earth.—The feelings of the father, however, frequently struggled for mastery in the breast of Ford, and heavy sighs would occasionally break from him when he looked on the calm and youthful face of his son, so soon to suffer a cruel death. He remembered that he had been the cherished child of his mother, and that she had on her death-bed pathetically exhorted him to watch over and protect him. "And I would have done it," he exclaimed, "with my own life, but God willed otherwise."

Lord Fortescue had given to her father a solemn promise that he would watch over Alice, as his own sister, and preserve her by every means in his power from the world's ignominy and reproach; so that, with respect to his daughter, Stephen Ford felt his anxiety greatly lessened.

The days allotted to the prisoners previously to the closing of their earthly pilgrimage passed quickly away; and the morning appointed for the triumph of their faith, and the termination of their sufferings, arrived, alas! too soon for the unhappy Alice. Early on that day, Stephen Ford prayed long and fervently with his son, that resignation and patience might be granted to them, and heavenly support afforded. The hour for separation was drawing near, and Alice had thrown herself at her father's feet, and begged of him to bless her once again, when the door of their cell was burst open—Alice started to her feet—"The dreadful time is not *yet* come!" she said.—It was Lord Fortescue: his face was pale, and he seemed greatly agitated. "Are you come to bid us a final farewell, my Lord?" said the old man. "I bring you good tidings," he said; "I bring you PARDON!"—"Nay, good my Lord, you surely err!" said Lionel; "no pardon can be given by a relentless judge, like Bonner, to those of our faith."—"I do thank God," said Lord Fortescue, "that his power is broken, and that I live to state the happy truth. Ye are no longer prisoners, but free men: behold the proof!"—and he drew a sealed packet from his pocket, and proceeded briefly to inform them that Queen Mary had died the day before; and that, aware of the unjust sentence passed upon them, he had lost no time in hastening to the Princess Elizabeth, now Queen, and, laying the case before her, had from her procured an order for their free pardon and release from prison.

On that very day that was to see them victims at the stake, did Ford, with Lionel and Alice, reach their home; and, joining in prayer, they returned thanks to that God whose protecting hand had preserved and delivered them from the machinations of their enemies.

At the expiration of two years, the uncle of Lord Fortescue died; and then did he again seek Alice Ford, and speak to her of that love which he had so long entertained for her. Had not her own heart pleaded in his favour, how could Alice refuse one who had saved the life of her father and brother? She consented; and Stephen Ford lived to see his daughter a loved and loving wife, and his son advance in honour and prosperity, ere the light of this world closed on him for ever, and he sank calm and peacefully into the grave. MRS. H——.

ON AUTOGRAPHS.

I HAVE twice proclaimed my silence in the pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE; and its readers must be aware that, since I say little, I have time to do much. Accordingly I spin thread for table-cloths and napkins, and I knit stockings and doyleys. To the readers of this elegant and fashionable work, spinning and knitting may be obsolete terms; they are, however, still understood at the foot of Roseberry Topping, and the arts themselves are still occasionally practised there.

But I cannot be always spinning and knitting, I therefore sometimes read; and having seen the valiant deeds of kings and heroes, and the wise acts of statesmen, recorded in history; the birth, parentage, and attainments of learned men displayed in biography; the adventures and discoveries of daring men delineated in books of voyages and travels; and the fine imaginations of poets, and men and women of genius, in the various fascinating kinds of literature; having seen much of these in print, I naturally formed a wish to possess the identical handwriting of these great people; to have the very papers on which their hands had rested, and the very characters their hands had traced. To see and to own these, gives one a nearer acquaintance, a closer connexion, with these distinguished individuals, than can be formed by word of print.

On looking over my autographs, I find that of Captain Cook. I do not absolutely shake hands with this immortal navigator, but there has been only a sheet of paper between his hand and mine. On looking further, I see a letter beautifully and playfully written by Dr. Franklin. I do not

actually visit the enlightened philosopher and philanthropist, but I see him at home. I may read of the glory and magnificence of Louis XIV. of France, the duplicity and profligacy of Charles II. of England, and the ambition of that bold bad man, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whom all the Kenilworth labours of "The Great Unknown"—whom, by-the-bye, every body knows, or thinks he knows—cannot fashion into a hero; but if I would be familiar with these personages, let me look at my autographs.

If the character of the writer be seen through his autograph, as some have imagined, and as, to a certain extent, I believe it may be, this is an additional motive for me to desire it; but the extent is, in my opinion, very limited. I do not believe that genius confines itself to any mode of writing, or stops to consider whether the characters which convey its thoughts are legible or illegible. I do not believe that literary men, in general, who write much, think of any thing but dispatch. Men who have the advantage of being idle, frequently write unintelligibly from the affectation of business. From the influence of fashion, a free, flowing, scrawling hand, has become prevalent, and much of distinct character is lost in a general resemblance. But I do believe that no woman who wrote a neat hand was ever a slattern; that no woman who wrote an elegant hand was ever vulgar; that no woman who wrote a slovenly hand, was ever perfectly correct in her arrangements; and it is probable that a woman who wrote a stiff hand, might have wanted ease in her manner.

One would imagine that, to ask a man for a specimen of his hand-writing, would imply that we considered him as a man of eminence, and we might suppose that he would make his bow, and give it with pleasure, if not with thanks; and, indeed, I could name many distinguished persons, some of whom were known to me only by their names and reputation, who have replied to such an application of mine by a handsome letter. What then must have been my surprise on being told that a number of gentlemen, with the Laureat at their head, had formed themselves into a society, for the express purpose of suppressing the race of autograph hunters? How horrible! Threaten us all with extermination! I have one consolation, however, and of this the death-dealing Laureat cannot deprive me; I have his own autograph, in a couplet written purposely for myself; and fortunate it is that I had it before this terrible denunciation.

I must acknowledge that autographs do sometimes afford one "a peep behind the curtain." I have letters addressed to publishers, by authors of high reputation; some soliciting employment; others offering works, ready made, for sale; and others demanding payment for articles already sold. But there is nothing in this which might not have been fairly conjectured; then, why should it not be known?

I have the autograph of one of the most celebrated female authors of the present age, in the form of a receipt to make a pudding; and I have that of another, not less celebrated, in an inquiry after a lost petticoat. But what disparagement is it to a literary lady that she should know how to compose a pudding, or endeavour to regain a petticoat? I have some pretensions to be a literary lady myself; having written an enigma and two charades, which have been highly commended by my aunt Martha and my cousin Rebecca; and I never write an order for sixpennyworth of pins, without thinking that I may be making an autograph for some hungry hunter. Be it so. I must have pins, and I care not who knows it.

If I might presume to offer my advice to so great a man as the Poet Laureat, who, I understand, is also a doctor of laws, and a member of fifteen learned societies, I would humbly propose that the acts of the suppression society, instead of knocking us all down at a blow, should be confined to such persons as have some good reason for not appearing *before* the curtain. If this redoubtable society would only issue its mandate, obliging every man, who knows himself to be ridiculous or contemptible, to refuse his autograph, when asked for it; and every woman who is conscious of being vain or silly, to do the same; it might abridge the labours of the society, and not totally suppress the race of autograph hunters, who, it must be confessed, sport on other men's manors.

MARRIAGES.—No. III.

The great Earl of Cork has left an inventory of the whole stock of his mundane possessions, when, somewhat like the knight, errants of elder times, he started on the theatre of the world in search of adventures. The catalogue is sufficiently scanty, but I dare not venture to follow the example of this illustrious personage, fearing that the enumeration of the articles of a wardrobe, cut plainly after the modern fashion, might be less interesting than the description of slashed doublets and embroidered vests. It is enough to say, that, like the renowned noble of Elizabeth's days, I left my native place to seek my fortune, choosing the metropolis for the scene, very lightly burthened with property of any kind: yet, a gentleman by birth and education, I could not stoop to any occupation that might endanger the loss of *caste*; and, leaving a very small portion of my patrimonial inheritance to provide for household expenditure, I dedicated the principal part to the payment of the necessary fees, and entered as a student of Lincoln's Inn. This was assuredly the happiest period of my life. I inherited a dreary lodging up two pair of stairs in Chancery Lane; got my dinner when and how I could; fagged exceedingly hard all day; and solaced myself in the evening at one of the theatres, or at some delightful female party, to which, though my acquaintance in town was very limited, I was not unfrequently invited. This was true enjoyment. Nothing could be more complete to my unpractised mind than the illusions of the stage. Hamlet, he of Elsineur, the royal Dane, so often the subject of my boyish meditation, lived and breathed before me. I gazed with breathless anxiety at the desperate struggle of Richard on Bosworth's bloody field, and wept hot tears at the veritable sorrows of Belvidera. It was a year or two before I learned to distinguish Kean's features beneath Othello's sooty mask; and then, of course, my pleasure was diminished. I became critical, thought more about the actor than the play, and discovered faults in both. Still there was an infinity of gratification left. I shall not easily forget the felicity that awaited me when I exchanged my mean apartment for a well-lighted drawing-room, filled with fair and gentle forms, ringing with music, and breathing of perfume. I am sure I must have been exceedingly agreeable in those days, when, thinking so little of myself, and so well inclined to be pleased with every body around me, I danced, and laughed, and talked nonsense, such as women love to listen to, with every girl I met. There soon came a change, though the alteration was slight. I no longer paid my three-and-sixpence for the sole purpose of looking for five hours at Miss ——, the *prima donna* of Covent-Garden; and, tired of Paine's first set, I came away disappointed from balls when there was no waltzing. New felicities, however, sprang up around me. I had a taste for pictures, and mounted into the seventh heaven, when gazing upon the wonders wrought by the magic pencil of the old masters.

At length I began to find that the income which, in the early days of my residence in London, sufficed for all my wants, was becoming exceedingly inadequate to the demands which I now felt to be absolutely necessary; and I pondered upon the means of recruiting my finances. A matrimonial speculation offered itself. In my anxiety to become thoroughly acquainted with every branch of my profession, I had entered for a year into an attorney's office. The family of Mr. Stubbs consisted of a wife, and one fair daughter, heiress of all her father's wealth; tall, and stately, and handsome, according to the ideas of those who can pause in the streets to admire the affected air and regular features of the fancy wig-blocks which stare simpering through a perfumer's shop window. She was accomplished, too; that is, she could murder the compositions of Rossini and Mozart, make hideous discord of the last popular song, and daub hieroglyphics upon vases and hand-screens. Her claims to fashion were not to be disputed: she was frilled, flounced, brooched, chained, ear-ringed, and braceletted, after the newest mode, absolutely dazzling the eyes of the beholders with the richness of her dress and the profusion of her ornaments.

Being frequently invited by Mr. Stubbs, to "cut my mutton," or "take pot luck," which, in his elegant phraseology, meant to dine upon two courses at his table, I had constant opportunities of ingratiating myself

with the fair Amelia. Alas! she was not to my taste: in vain did I strive to discover charms in the large, round, unmeaning eyes which did their best to cast languishing glances upon mine. She was hateful to my sight, and my ears were wounded by the mincing affectation with which she clothed the sentiments of a coarse and vulgar mind. I used to stand before her portrait in the drawing-room, endeavouring to reconcile my wayward fancy to the bride presented on the glowing canvas. There she was dressed in pink satin, trimmed with three blond flounces, a gold tissue scarf thrown across one shoulder, a long lace veil flowing from her hair, a plume of feathers in her head, and jewelled like an Indian queen, reclining over her harp. A grand piano on one side, an album, bound in morocco and gold, open before her—books and drawings scattered about, and in the back ground, through an open door, was seen a footman in a flaming livery, bearing a silver salver loaded with pines and grapes from the hot-house belonging to her father's villa at Highgate. Sickening at the ostentatious display, I always retired sighing from the spot; and, being once caught in the act, Miss Stubbs concluded that I must be far gone in the tender passion. Her father, one day, assuming a countenance of wonderful importance, seized the fourth button of my coat, not being able to reach a higher altitude, and after a tedious exordium concerning the difficulty which a young man would find in earning salt to his porridge at the bar, offered, if I would relinquish my aristocratical prejudices, to take me into partnership, and obliquely hinted at the possibility of my winning the affections of Amelia, and stepping at once into a flourishing business. Oh, what a direful struggle did my pride sustain with the flesh-pots of Egypt, the mammon of this world. It conquered, however; and, extricating myself as well as I could from the awkward dilemma in which I had been placed by the forward zeal of Mr. Stubbs, I escaped the contamination of his office, and retired to my narrow den in Chancery Lane, *a free man*.

No more dinners and suppers at the rich attorney's table! and if by any chance I happened to encounter the indignant Amelia, she gave me a withering look, and tossed her head disdainfully. Mrs. Stubbs was absolutely outrageous. She wondered what the *fellow* could mean by *such* conduct; but he would starve in his pride, and die in a ditch. Somewhat alarmed lest this prediction should be verified, I was fain to eke out my slender income by scribbling for the press. I blush at the recollection of the multifarious heaps of solemn trash which I have inflicted on the reading public, in the shape of essays upon political economy; considerations upon the catholic question; hints for improvements in the courts of equity; philosophical inquiries concerning gooseberry bushes; and strictures upon the poetry, painting, literature, science, and the drama of the day; to say nothing of maudlin effusions in verse, tragic scenes, tours in Normandy, letters from the shores of the Eusine, and sentimental love tales; all written, be it understood, simply and solely for filthy lucre, without the slightest pleasure in literary pursuits, or the slightest desire for literary distinction. But I will not reveal the secrets of the trade; and I mention my sins of authorship merely because they led to an acquaintance with one of the sweetest creatures who ever inspired a poetical imagination with a theme for a love elegy. I had observed a thin, pale young man, continually haunting a bookseller's shop which I frequented. His appearance and manners were interesting. We entered into conversation with each other, were mutually pleased, and, exchanging visits, I was introduced to his sister, who kept his house for him. He was a young surgeon struggling for practice, and troubled with little of this world's wealth. Imagine every thing that is fair, soft, sweet, and lady-like, and a faint image of Marianne Langley will spring up in the mind. How I managed to avoid falling in love at first sight, I know not: her poverty, perchance, and mine forbade it. I marvel, however, at my prudence, especially as I felt that she was very charming; and found, when the sameness of the amusements which had at first delighted me began to pall, the highest gratification in the conversation of one of the most intellectual beings upon earth—a simple-minded, graceful woman, totally unconscious of her attractions, and shrinking timidly from their display. In all probability I must have been subdued by the truly feminine loveliness of this gentle creature, had not accident thrown me into the path of a brighter beauty. A sprig of nobility, whom I met unexpectedly, when

taking shelter from a shower of rain, chose to renew a school acquaintance, and asked me to accompany him in his canvass for a borough in ——shire. He gained his election, and, grateful for my exertions, carried me down with him to spend the Easter holidays at his father's mansion. There I was domesticated with Lady Susan H——, a blooming young creature just entering into life; and, as I thought, completely unspoiled by the adulation which followed every movement. She was at once playful and elegant, affectionate and dignified; and, enchanted by her fascinations, I became the veriest slave who ever bent his neck to Cupid's yoke. My modest passion was unnoticed by the high-born beauty's parents; and when we met in London, I obtained the enviable privilege of visiting in Hanover Square. Now came the pleasing agonies of love. I followed the fair idol of my affections to every place wherein it was possible for me to make my appearance; haunted the park that I might gaze upon her as she glided along the drive, and cursed the stars which either obliged me to mount a sorry hack, or to pedestrianize, instead of making one in the group of gallant horsemen who lounged idly under the trees near Stanhope-gate, some of whom presumed to thrust their heads into her carriage-window, or rode with one hand placed negligently upon the door. Sometimes—for my introduction in Hanover Square gave me the *entrée* into other fashionable houses—I met Lady Susan at parties, and, while standing by her side in a balcony, bowered over with luxuriant plants, and looking into an illuminated garden, breathing the gushing incense of innumerable flowers, listening to the dying falls of music's sweetest strain, and whispering tender tales in a not unwilling ear, I tasted a heaven of happiness. In the corner of the Countess of H——'s opera box, too, amid divine melodies, the aerial forms of groups who might personate the Zephyrs, in their fairy dance, and surrounded by brilliant constellations of beauty, decked in the richest ornaments which fancy could devise, heart, eye, and ear feasted on exquisite delight. My fair friend imbibed a taste for pictures from me, and we frequently met at the British Gallery, gazing at the Titians and the Claudes, while we thought only of each other. We enjoyed also delicious promenades in Kensington Gardens, and spent many ecstatic minutes among the hyacinths and camellia japonicas at the fashionable nursery grounds.

But there were numerous drawbacks to this felicity. Lady Susan was frequently with parties, and in places unapproachable by me; and I never stepped out of the hackney coach which conveyed me to the corner of Hanover Square, without perceiving the utter madness of my passion. I had, moreover, many bitter mortifications to encounter in the distinguished circle to which I now aspired: an empty purse obliged me to decline numberless agreeable proposals from my new associates, as my pride would not allow me to be *franked* by richer men; and from the high exclusive party, who had no toleration for their inferiors in rank, I received affronts which were not sufficiently tangible for notice. They eyed me with civil contempt, overlooked me, or uttered some cold sarcasm in my hearing; the more cutting as it could not justify me in knocking the offender down. I was kept in a continual state of excitation; my studies were interrupted; and I lost all pleasure in the society of my equals. If I mixed in their assemblies I was hypped and out of humour; yet such is the folly of the world, that while making myself almost too disagreeable for endurance, I was courted and flattered to a ridiculous excess by all my acquaintance, who seemed to derive reflected lustre from my titled associates. Marianne Langley was the only person who lamented over the alteration in my spirits and manners. She was unaware of the cause, and I was selfish enough to permit her to soothe my perturbed feelings without considering the danger to which she was exposed by this confidential intercourse. I shut my eyes to the attachment evidently growing in her gentle breast, and satisfied all conscientious scruples with the persuasion that her good sense would point out the impossibility of a more tender connection. Poor girl! she was, perhaps happily, ignorant of the discontent which I cherished even in her sweet society. She seldom went into public; but I remember that she once asked me to accompany her and a friend to Covent Garden. We sat in the dress-circle, and the vulgarity of my situation soon appeared in its broadest colours. I felt myself degraded—yes, idiot that I was—degraded in being detected in the act of shewing a decent degree of civility to one of the loveliest and most amiable of earthly creatures. My si-

tention was distracted by the appearance of Lady Susan H—— , who entered a private box escorted by Lord _ . To this person I had an utter aversion. He was a pale, fair, insignificant-looking creature; his face more than half obscured by a mass of sandy hair, stiffened up in stays, with a pair of dull grey eyes, peering over the collar of his shirt, a reptile that I could have crushed between my fingers; and yet, backed by his title and his large possessions, he surveyed me and my pretensions with unmitigated scorn, and presumed, in despite of the favour which I enjoyed, to dangle after Lady Susan. His eye-glass was soon levelled at the front row, where I was fixed for the evening, in all the horrors of doing the agreeable to a female party, evidently without the slightest claim to fashion. All Marianne's charms were to me rendered nugatory by her want of style; and her friend was perfectly atrocious, a masculine-looking woman, in a faded red gown, a blue turban, with a gold band, and a little perking feather stuck in the corner. Lady Susan's attention was drawn by her companion to the spot. She sat, like Juliet, ungloved, leaning her cheek upon her beautiful white hand, and shaking away the clustering curls from a brow of snow, she turned her fair head from the stage, and gave one long look, as if to satisfy herself of my identity, and then resumed her former attitude. I saw her smile at something uttered by Lord O——, and suffered martyrdom. Pity was the least mortifying feeling that I could hope to excite, and there was too much reason to fancy that she beheld me with contempt. Poor Marianne! she was happy; she sympathised deeply in all the hopes and fears of Clari, and addressed her observations to me in the full confidence that I participated in her enjoyment. She could not guess that I would have preferred the depths of Tartarus to the seat which I occupied by her side. The evening's entertainments closed at last, and I sought my home, in the worst possible frame of mind. However, I was one of Fortune's spoiled children. All my cares and anxieties were removed by the intelligence which greeted me on the following day. I learned that a distant connection of my mother's had died, and left me heir to five hundred thousand pounds. I never suspected that the old man possessed as many pence; and used to visit him occasionally, merely because I would not seem too proud to notice a poor relation. He burrowed in a dismal hole in Took's Court, and bequeathed all his property to me, because, as he justly observed, I was not a legacy hunter, and did not plague him with fulsome attentions.

The instant that the stock was transferred to my name, I made my appearance in Hanover Square. The Earl received my proposals with haughty courtesy; thanked me for the *honour*, but was sorry to say that he had pledged himself to give all his interest with his daughter to Lord O. I entreated to be allowed to receive my dismissal from Lady Susan's lips; and, too highly principled to exercise any undue control, this indulgent parent gave the required permission. My triumph was complete: the lovely creature threw herself into my arms, and wept precious drops of joy at the alteration in my prospects. It was quite a scene, for my raptures were overwhelming. The Earl was affected even to tears, and said that he was glad to see that true love still existed in so cold and heartless a world. It was not, however, in my power to reconcile the Countess to the match. She constantly and decidedly opposed it; but her influence with Susan was not very great, and we were solemnly engaged to each other.

What pen can paint my ecstacies? Continually occupied in pleasing cares, every hour of absence was spent in preparations for the reception of my bride. Our marriage was necessarily postponed for a considerable period, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining a house in town, and an estate in the country entirely to our wish; but, happy in the unrestrained intercourse sanctioned by my situation in the family, we scarcely regretted the delay. Intoxicated with my passion, and rendered somewhat consequential by the accession of so much wealth, I neglected all my old acquaintance. Langley's health, always exceedingly delicate, required a warmer climate, and he had accepted a situation in South America. His sister removed to the house of a relation in Lambeth. I obtained her address, but forgot to call; and an incident occurred which made me ashamed to approach her. I was driving Lady Susan in a phæton through Piccadilly; a stoppage occurred, which placed my carriage by the side of a hackney coach; a casual glance discovered Marianne, seated with a vulgar, red-faced woman, who

was fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief. My companion's eyes followed mine, and an abject sensation of pride prevented me from acknowledging an acquaintance with a person in such humble circumstances. I turned my head away, but could not escape the sight of Marianne's distress. She looked at first surprised, then grew deadly pale, and covering her face with her hands, fell back into the corner of the vehicle. I extricated my carriage with a jirk, and drove rapidly forward, regardless of Susan's complaints of the pavement. Vexed and annoyed, I did not recover my composure during the whole day. Afterwards, upon reflection, I rather rejoiced that the deed was done, which must convince Marianne of the fallacy of any hopes which she might have incautiously indulged; but her last look of anguish often recurred, and brought with it a pang to my conscious heart.

In the interim, money, joined to indefatigable exertion, had levelled every obstacle to my marriage, and the nuptial day was fixed for the Saturday in the week which followed the ensuing Easter. The H—— family came to town early in the spring, in order that Lady Susan might superintend the labour of her trades'-people in her bridal paraphernalia; and for the same reason they determined to relinquish their usual custom of spending the Easter holidays in the country. I attended my affianced bride to the last opera preceding the holy week. A strong musical attraction rendered the crowd very great in the saloon, where we stood waiting the announcement of the carriage; and while completely hemmed in, in a corner, I had the felicity of hearing a gossip of quality utter several sneering remarks upon the approaching degradation of an old aristocratic family, in their connection, with what she was pleased to term, a personage soiled with candle ends and whale blubber, a half-starved gentleman, enriched by the miserly savings of some vulgar soap-boiler, to whom he had the happiness of being nearly related. Lady H—— cast an expressive glance at her daughter, and I felt the pressure of Susan's arm on mine relax. She said nothing, and, ashamed to confess that I had been annoyed by the impertinent tattle of a foolish woman, we quitted the house in silence. The next morning I was informed that Susan had caught cold, and could not see me; and the following day the whole family left town for Brighton. I received a formal notification from the Earl, of the change in his daughter's sentiments, enclosing a passionate epistle which I had addressed to the faithless fair, and ten days after that appointed for our nuptials, she became the wife of Lord

No words can pourtray my grief and indignation. I abjured at once the whole perjured sex, and resolved to bury myself and my wrongs in the depths of the country. Previously to the execution of this resolution, happening to pass Somerset House, just opened for the annual exhibition, I suffered the entreaties of a friend to persuade me to enter. In the great room, and placed in the most conspicuous part, hung two portraits by the same artist—mine and that of Lady Susan. They were whole lengths; and the painter, according to his instructions, had made them companions to each other. In the preceding year I should have surveyed my own resemblance, executed by one of the best masters of the modern school, with infinite complacence: now I stood under it anxiously longing to tear the canvas into shreds. It struck my jaundiced eye as being exceedingly affected and ridiculous. In obedience to Susan's wish I had allowed the artist to deck me out in a masquerade-dress, and I stood, like Lord Byron in the print, with my throat bare, and the addition of a hat and feathers on a table, and a mask in my hand, altogether a most conceited personage. While chafing inwardly at the figure which I cut, and thinking that, excepting the superiority of the execution, my portrait might compete in absurdity with that of Miss Stubbs, I heard a long-drawn sigh breathed at my elbow. Another followed deeper still. I turned round, and beheld the interesting Amelia in tears, holding the catalogue open in one hand, marked with a pencil at No. 22, portrait of Leicester Somerville, Esq., and an embroidered cambric pocket-handkerchief in the other. It was a very affecting exhibition, and I ought to have been touched by so flattering a proof of constancy; but it only increased my spleen, and I hurried from the spot and away from London as fast as possible.

My disposition, formerly extremely social, was completely changed. I indulged in misanthropic feelings, and nursed my chagrin with obstinate bitterness; but, notwithstanding all my efforts, there was no peace

bility of preventing the invasion of my neighbours. I was young, rich, and a bachelor, and nothing save a four-and-twenty pounder primed at my gate could have kept them out. The system of husband-hunting pursued by these rural misses and their mammas was perfectly frightful. As I could not by any manœuvres be prevailed on to enter their bowers, they way-laid me in every direction. Fathers put their daughters on horseback who had never been mounted before, and sent them out with the hounds—the chase being one of my principal amusements. At church all the artillery of female charms was levelled against me; and, without being absolutely brutal, I could not avoid introductions, or escape the solicitations to emerge from a dreary solitude, which were continually poured into my ears. Nothing remained except to fly to the continent; and after eight or ten months' sojourn, I found the place so insupportable, that, rousing myself to exertion, I made up my mind to travel. An auctioneer and house-agent, in considerable practice, dwelt in the neighbouring town, and thither I directed my steps, with the intention of giving him a commission to let or sell my property in the country. Riding over, on a fine evening in the early spring, I found the place in a bustle in consequence of an annual fair. Exactly opposite to the inn, in the principal street, stood the mansion of Mr. Jessop, a flaring red brick building, with a parlour on each side of a door painted a bright green, and decorated with a tremendous brass knocker. The dining room was indicated by a table drawn close to the low windows, covered with bottles and glasses, and surrounded by three or four men in buckish costume, the attorney, the surgeon, and some other worthy of the town; and at the open sashes of the drawing-room, lolled half-a-dozen ladies in low dresses and short sleeves, with artificial flowers in their hair, and looking, like the gentlemen, a little flustered. I had no sooner alighted at the office, than out flew a deputation from both apartments, to beg that the gentleman would walk in and take some refreshment. I was about to decline, haughtily enough, but as I stood in the passage, a door opened into a garden beyond, and I caught a glimpse of a female figure closely attired in deep mourning. She turned her head, and disclosed the fair, pale, lovely features of Marianne Langley. I instantly decided upon taking tea with Mrs. Jessop. After a little hesitation and consultation with her husband, by the mistress of the mansion, whether the banker's lady, in consideration of its being holiday-time, would excuse the introduction of so humble a person, the governess was invited to join the company, and Marianne Langley appeared. On that blissful evening I made my peace with the most forgiving angel who ever extended mercy to transgressing man, and relinquishing my intention of going abroad, I persuaded her to quit her miserable situation as a dependent upon vulgar upstarts, and, following her to London, we were married.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF THE KING, AND OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

We are assured, on the authority of a person present at the interview of the King with the distinguished individuals who were sent to inform him of his royal brother's death, that after the first burst of agonized grief, His Majesty exclaimed, with the most affecting earnestness, "O, if he had but survived me a single hour, I should have been satisfied!"

In these few words we see the heart of an attached brother, desirous to have gone first from the world inhabited by those he loved, and tenderly anxious to be quickly joined by them in a happier state of being.

A few more such traits as these, known, and made known, would be sufficient to remove the veil from a heart, which, party malice industriously seeks to keep concealed.

A very few years ago, when a popular officer had incurred the serious displeasure of His Majesty, and His Majesty's government, a son of the officer was then studying on the foundation of the military college at Sandhurst. One of the resident governors there applied to the Commander-in-Chief, to know whether he ought not to expel the youth immediately upon his father's disgrace.

The reply of the Duke ought to be written in ever-during characters:—"No, Sir!—it is only for God to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."—The young man remained, and has since proved himself a grateful and meritorious soldier.

An instance of His Royal Highness's graciousness of character may be produced in the following anecdote, told to the writer by the mother of the young officer in question.

Four or five years ago, as the Duke of York was driving through Hyde Park in his curricle, two or three young men, out of uniform, rode past him in high spirits, upon fiery horses: one of them was thrown. His Royal Highness, without waiting to inquire if the accident had produced actual injury, leaped from his carriage, and hastened to ascertain the fact. Finding the young man who had fallen seriously wounded on the head, he made his groom get out of the curricle, assisted the officer in, and drove him, himself, to St. George's hospital. There His Royal Highness staid by him, until the wound had been probed and dressed, conveyed him thence to one of the hotels, at which the sufferer temporarily resided, and from that moment not only sent daily to inquire after his progress towards health, but honoured him by personal visits, and never afterwards lost sight of his military welfare.

At the period of the Duchess of York's death, a poor youth, born without hands, and otherwise a cripple, was suddenly deprived of the pension upon which he had hitherto subsisted, granted in his childhood by the Duchess's free compassion, as she noticed him attempting to open a gate for her carriage. As no provision had been made by Her Royal Highness, at the time of her decease, for the continuance of her charities, an individual residing in the village where the helpless creature lives, ventured (almost Quixotically) to address a petition for him to the royal widower. Unpatronised by any known name, unsupported by interest, the Duke of York immediately commanded proper inquiry to be made; and, satisfied then of the truth of his petitioner's statements, as immediately ordered that the pension should be continued.

A.

ON THE SONNET.

It has been observed, that in listening to music, anticipation of what is to come, forms no small part of the pleasure. It indeed seems essential to those whose taste has been unexercised in that art; hence the great predilection for national melody, a feeling too strong to be attributed solely to prejudice or vanity. Nor should this infantine state of taste be despised, when we are taught that music, like architecture, pleases by exciting ideas of comparison and proportion; if so, how widely does anticipation extend the field of delight!

Between music and metre there necessarily is a strong analogy; pursuant to which, that species of the latter is most pleasing, in which one line enables us to anticipate what is to come; hence the charms of rhyme—of the ballad and other popular measures—the difficulty of supporting the ode, and all irregular verse—and the irksomeness of a strange stanza, till the ear becomes accustomed to it. It was also in that country where the acuteness of the organ, or of the judgment, enabled men to perceive and enjoy remote combinations of melody, that what we call the artificial measures were first cultivated. Of these, the principal ones we have adopted and learned to delight in, are the Sonnet and the Spenserian Stanza. For the *ottava rima*, once so popular in Italy, owes less to its fabric, or artificiality, if I may be allowed the expression, than to its having received the stamp of the various geniuses whom it served as interpreter.

The Spenserian Stanza, deservedly so called, as, though of Italian origin, it owes to Spenser its all-powerful cadence, needs not explanation. It speaks for itself; it is of a majestic, serious, melancholy mien, far, I think, from being adapted to all the humours of the mind, as Dr. Beattie supposes, and Byron quotes. By-the-bye, the noble author seems early to have doubted of this hypothesis, and never ventured on a second stanza like that containing—

"Highgate, Hampstead, Harrow-on-the-Hill,"

Unlike the *ottava rima*, this stanza has a character of its own, from which it will not be wrenched; and though of capability for the sarcastic smile, or irony, "that master-spell,"—all must feel that it best suits the spirit that

"Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul."

I next come to that much-used and abused stanza, the Sonnet, a measure far less understood than any. In truth, the *things* protruded daily on the world, under its title, and wearing its solemn and contemplative mask, would have sufficed to make Apollo himself forswear the Muses. Its first cultivators, if not inventors, are generally allowed to have been the Sicilians, who caught the flame of minstrelsy earlier than their neighbours of Italy. They are said to have received it from the *trouveurs*, or northern minstrels of France; I know not why rather from them than the *Troubadours*, or *Provençals*; as, I believe, the Norman adventurers had not found their way to Sicily at so early a period; it is, however, the opinion of Ginguen. Others give the Sonnet an Arabic origin, and derive it to France from the Moors. The honour of its invention is attributed, in an Essay by the lamented Kirke White, I know not on what authority, to Gustone, or Guy d'Arezzo, the famous inventor of the gamut, who flourished about the year 1030.

Being no antiquary, I am content to consider Petrarch as the parent of the Sonnet; to me they are co-relative terms; nor can I imagine the one, without recalling the elegant spirit of the other. It may be a fantastic thought, but the office which this measure has performed for Petrarch, and some of our spirits of Elizabeth's age, and for which it seems peculiarly adapted, has identified it in my mind with the *idéal* of friendship—the companion of the lonely hour—the confidant of the feeling mood—the unbosomer of passion, which receives and preserves the affections and emotions, like amber, never fading, ever new. When we turn from Shakspeare's Drama, from Petrarch's Latin Epic, to the Sonnets of either, it is as recurring from a printed page to an autograph, where every idea is heightened by a thousand associates of interest and tenderness. Criticism sleeps, while we linger o'er the verse; and its remembrance, like that of music, is identified with the finger and the instrument that gave it birth; but, unlike that of music, it assumes a shape, a visible and perceivable one; we view at one glance the mild and unassuming commencement—the seeming carelessness, but evident ingenuity of its structure—the rich air of antiquity that hallows it—the broken pauses, like the sobs of a wounded spirit, and the plaintive abruptness of its close, which falls on the ear, as a pebble on a tranquil lake, itself soon at rest, but leaving the surface on which it has fallen, in long and gentle agitation.

The Sonnet has been made the medium of other effusions than those of plaintiveness and contemplation. Those of that facetious barber, Burchiellesco, were very popular in their day, but most of them have become unintelligible in ours. One of those not so, consists of a humorous dialogue between the poet's razor and his muse, disputing their respective attachment to their master.

Peace!" cries the bard, "no noise, let him that loves me best pay for my wine."

The critics of the 16th century vented their virulence in this convenient stanza; but, unable to restrain their passion in fourteen lines, they continued in a set metre; and the anomalous production still retained the title of Sonnet. The following is the measure they continued it in: it is from Lasca, the founder of the Crusean Academy:—

"Io sento consumar l'affitto cuore,"

in the fourteenth line. It proceeds—

"E dicele que muore:
E lei rispose; se vuol morir, muoja;
Che chi non ha denar, non abbia foja,
Solo i sonnetti annoja," &c.

Various and ridiculous were the rules laid down by critics for the Sonnet. Tassoni gravely censures Petrarch for continuing the sense from the eight first lines to the following ones: "Condanna pure il tassoni no senza ragione cosi in questo sonetto, come nel precedente, la continuazione del senso da' quaternary ne' ternary."—Many arguments and rules have been lately brought forward concerning this subject; most of which, it is hoped, genius will be regardless of.—I shall conclude in the words of a friend, with whom I conversed on the subject—"sacred be the measure into which the richest and purest fountains of genius have ever flowed."

E. E. C

Original Poetry.

TO THE MEMORY OF H. R. H. FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK.

By Miss Anna Maria Porter.

Brave hearts, and widowed hearts, and orphan hands,
Oh faithful Prince, were lifted up for thee,
When, running to their last, thy life's low sands
A nation watched, in pale anxiety!

Now that on death's dread wing thy soul hath passed,
Thy body sleeping 'mid sepulchral gloom,
Our prayers are hush'd; but swelling deep and fast,
Long tides of tears are flowin to thy tomb.

February, 1827.

LAMENT FOR THE LAST INCA:

SUNG BY A PERUVIAN BARD AT THE TOMB OF ATAHUALPA.

Gods of Peru,
Say, can ye view
Unmoved the grave our tears bedew?
Is it in vain,
On mount and plain,
We pour the blood, and pile the fane?

Tradition sings,
That from you springs
The royal line of * sun-born kings;—
Yet here we pine—
To dust consign
The† last of that immortal line!

Had he but died,
In plumed pride,
A warrior's death his ranks beside,
Less wild might flow
The streams of woe,—
O'er one so laid in glory low.

But thus to fall,
Bereft of all
That strews with flowers the princely pall;—
In‡ felon's band,
By pirate's hand,
A traitor in his fathers' land:—

'Tis *this* that gives
The pang which rives
Our hearts, and with their pulse survives:
For *this*, around
Yon funeral mound,
Our hot tears scorch the mournful ground!

An empire's tears
Flowed round the biers
Of his fallen sires in olden years;—
But *then* they came
Undimmed by shame,
And bright with past and future fame!

Shade of the dead,
O'er thy low bed
An orphan people's hearts have bled!
They live to moan
Round you pale stone,
O'er the Last Inca's buried throne!

Calm be thy rest
Among the blest!§
By kindred hands thy couch be dressed!
Eternal flowers
Perfume the bowers
That shade thy soft and golden hours!

I see the gloom
Pass from thy tomb—
I hail thy bright immortal doom!—
What sacred fires
Shall warm thy sires,
When deathless air their child respires?

In some green glade
Famed Manco's|| shade
For thee a wreath divine shall braid!
His bards shall sing,
In shadowy ring,
A welcome to the stranger-king!

* The reigning family of Peru were entitled *children of the sun*, and pretended to trace their descent from that luminary.

† Some little exaggeration may be allowed to a bard upon such an occasion. But, though Atahualpa was not, strictly speaking, the *last* of the Incas, he was unquestionably *the last who reigned*. Two of his family bore the title after him; but of these the first was *a shadow*, and the second *a name*.

‡ Atahualpa was strangled at the stake.

§ The Peruvians, like all other nations, had some expectations of a future state.

|| Manco Capac, the First Inca of Peru.

Alas! in vain,
My heart—my strain—
Would veil in hope the face of pain!
I think alone
Of glories gone,
An empire's wreck, a stranger's throne!

In sighs the lay
Expires away—
Peru has closed her splendid day!
What thoughts rebel,
I may not tell....
Dust of my king, a deep farewell!

Crediton.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S FAREWELL TO ITALY.

Farewell, farewell! thou lovely land,
Farewell thy myrtle bowers!
Thy pine clad hills, and purple floods,
Thy palaces and towers—
To classic ears thy name is link'd
With memories of old—
And the poet 'midst thy ruin'd fanes
Sees forms of ancient mould.

Thy maidens' soft and blooming cheeks
With thine own roses vie,
Thy maidens' eyes are bright and blue
As thine own cloudless sky—
Romantic Italy, thou art
All beauty and all sun;
But thy days of power and might are past,
Thy race of glory run.

Yet lovely as thy maidens are,
And bright as are thy skies,
There is a land far, far more dear,
For which my bosom sighs—
My native sea-girt Albion,
Nurs'd 'mid the foaming wave;
A land as powerful as free,
And glorious as brave.

There, one long lov'd and lovely form
Is waiting my return,
And will my coming hail, with cheeks
Where joy and rapture burn!—
And kindred hearts, whose welcome will
Be joyous and sincere!—
These are the thoughts that make our home,
Our clime, our country, dear.

England! if I should e'er forget
The land that gave me birth,
May I be scorn'd by those I love,
An outcast upon earth—
No—though on sunny shores I tread,
Though through bright realms I roam;
Still, still each thought will turn to thee,
My country and my home.

B. N.

SONG.

Hark, my love! the trumpet's sound
Calls thee to brave the field:
Go! by love and beauty crown'd,
And bid the foeman yield!

When the battle fiercest grows,
My love, then think of me!
Should'st thou fall before thy foes,
I too must fall with thee!

Brighter hopes my bosom warm,
Than, love, to lose thee now;
Danger ne'er thy form will harm,
Whilst love sits on thy brow.

Let not my weak fears unnerve
The valour of thine arm;
Only in the strife preserve
Thy life from needless harm!

W. H. L.

LINES

SENT TO A LADY WITH A SPRIG OF THE FLOWER CALLED "FORGET-ME-NOT"

"Forget me not!" Oh can I e'er
Forget thee, fairest of the fair?
Thou art more pleasing to my eye,
Than all the gorgeous panoply
Of flowers, that deck the gay parterre,
Exhaling odour through the air.
Thy slender leaves and graceful stem,
Crown'd with morning's lucid gem,
The dew-drop—Nature's diadem,
Possess a thought-exciting power;
For, when I gaze on thee, sweet flower,
I think on her bright eyes, where shine
Hues thrilling, languid, soft, as thine;
And whose pure bosom is the seat,
Where all the god-like virtues meet.
And when I think on maidens' eyes,
Or when I think on summer skies,
Remembrance turns to that sweet spot,
Where blossoms the "Forget-me-not."
Oh! that I might but place thee near
My bosom, flower to me most dear!
There thou through life should'st cherished be,
And when thou died'st, I'd die with thee.

B. N.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1827.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Opera Dress.

A dress of pink satin, trimmed at the border with two rows of double Vandykes reversed, formed of white *crêpe-lisse*, edged with white satin *rouleaux;* the *corsage* made quite plain, confined by a sash of rich pink ribbon, with a bow, and ends rather short, over the left hip. The tucker part of the bust is ornamented round with Spanish points of *tulle*, edged with three narrow rows of Vandyke *blond*, falling one over another. Points, of this description, form also a *mancheron* on a long sleeve of white *crêpe-lisse*, so that on the shoulders the ornament has the appearance of a row of double points, as they both fall over the dress. The long, white, transparent sleeves are fastened at the wrists with bracelets of braided dark hair, clasped with an antique head in cornelian set in wrought gold. The head-dress is a hat of pink satin, with white plumage, composed of several white ostrich feathers, placed, and drooping, in various directions. Under the brim of the hat are placed ornaments of very narrow Vandyke white *blond;* and on the summit of the crown is an additional sort of crown of richly-figured *tulle* edged with Vandyke *blond*, which surmounts, while it turns over the pink crown. The ear-pendants are of pearls, and the necklace of gold and pearls, fastened in front with a superb diamond brooch.

No. 2.—Walking Costume.

This dress, though apparently second, or fancy-mourning, is still in high favour, and is the last novelty we may look for in the pelisse department, till the approaching spring. It is of French grey *gros de Naples*, fancifully trimmed round the border, and down each side of the front, in diamonds and zig-zags of black velvet: a double row of these ornaments is carried down each side of the bust, in the Anglo-Greek style. The sleeves are only moderately full, with a double row of *antique* points at the wrists, edged round with narrow black velvet. The pelisse is without a collar, and is finished at the throat by a triple ruff of fine lace. The bonnet worn with this dress is of a correspondent colour: it is of *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with large bows and puffs of the same, with broad strings of ribbon in shaded stripes, floating loose. Black kid slippers, white doe-skin gloves. Round the neck is worn a gold chain, with an eye-glass.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The splendour and elegance by which female attire has been for some time distinguished, seem now to have attained their meridian. At every public place of fashionable resort, the display of feathers, flowers, and jewellery is really superb. At the theatres the style of dress seems gradually advancing to what we have long wished to behold; and that part of the audience which is composed of the softer sex forms in itself a spectacle worth observing, by the brilliancy of the colours they adopt, and the costly materials of the mantles that envelope their forms as they enter or quit the opera, or the crowded evening party.

Mantles and cachemire shawls, with a white ground, variegated with coloured flowers, are universally in favour for out-door covering, and more especially for evening visits: pelisses, during the whole of the mourning, were very general, but now they only partially appear: they are those of the winter, which we have already noticed, nor do we expect to see any thing novel in this article till the spring pelisses are in preparation.

The bonnets for walking are large, and of a close form, and are rendered still larger by having a full *rûche* of silk at the edge, the colour of the bonnet. For the public promenades and morning lounges, young ladies wear a sort of Spanish hat of black velvet; but instead of being turned up directly in front, it is elevated on the right side, and



OPERA DRESS.



WALKING COSTUME

well shaded over with feathers of the drooping kind; it is very becoming to fair complexions. Hats of slate-coloured velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with white *blond*, are among the elegant novelties of the present hour. The Leghorns begin to appear, ornamented very simply with rich winter ribbons: it is expected they will soon become general.

Dresses of coloured *gros de Naples*, made low, with short full sleeves, are much in favour, both for the dinner of ceremony, and the evening party: they are, most of them, made with stomachers in front, splendidly ornamented, either with *blond* or pearls. Young ladies wear, as a tucker, a bias fold, very narrow, of *tulle*, or white crape; it has not a good effect, for when the crape or *tulle* is at all discoloured, it excites the idea of soiled linen peeping from under the robe. Black figured gauzes, and lace dresses over white satin, or celestial blue, look well at evening parties: at one of a very splendid nature, we saw a beautiful white crape dress, spotted with silver and bordered with flowers elegantly wrought in silver *lama*; over which border were placed several full blown red roses. The *corsage* was *à la Sévigné*, and had a very narrow tucker of *blond* set on quite straight. Black satin dresses, which, it is said, can never be worn in first mourning, appeared at its decline, and are still greatly in favour. The ornaments now worn with these dresses, are generally cherry, or some other striking colour. Evening and ball dresses of *tulle*, over white satin, are frequently seen, trimmed with *tulle bouillonné*, interspersed with cherry-coloured rosettes of satin, or small *bouquets* of the winter cherry. Dresses of tabinet, of a bright red, are in favour for dinner parties; they are often seen trimmed with two flounces of broad white *blond*; each headed by a narrow *rûche* of *tulle*. The short sleeves are formed of a double drapery, trimmed also with a *rûche*, and finished round the arm with white satin. A collar falls round the bust, back, and shoulders, in divisions, which cross over each other, and are all edged with a narrow *rûche* of *blond*, forming, altogether, a novel and graceful ornament. Many evening dresses are of *Barêge-gauze*, either figured or plain.

The late Court mourning, among those ladies who went to the very letter of the first order from the Lord Chamberlain's office, introduced a new head-dress, alike becoming to the elderly matron, or to very young and very pretty faces—for what is there that the latter do not look well in? This was the white crape hood, which is still in favour, though formed of lighter materials; for now, *tulle* and richly figured *blond* supply the place of mournful crape; and the head-dress is transferred from the evening party, where it first made its appearance, to home afternoon costume. The hood itself is shaped somewhat like one worn a few years ago, which was called the "Nun's Hood:" a double row of light quilling finishes it in front, lying on the hair, and very long lappets, rounded, are slightly and gracefully tied under the chin. Black velvet *berets*, with gold lace and tassels, are a smarter *coiffure*; and these are still much in vogue among younger matrons. Caps also of the most costly *blond*, richly ornamented with flowers, close imitations of nature, seem more in favour, even at the theatres, and at social evening parties, than turbans: they are certainly not so suitable, and however tastefully put on, or fancifully adorned, they have a *mesquine* and dishabille appearance. Ladies who are young, both married and single, that have good hair, have often a flower of gold placed on one side; and diadem combs, richly ornamented with pearls and gold, are favourite ornaments; the combs are placed backward, and rather obliquely, towards the left side: in regard to the arrangement of the hair, we are happy to say that the very large curls next the face seem declining in favour; all ladies remarkable for their taste in dress, however devoted to this unbecoming fashion, wear them now of a very moderate size; and among several very lovely women, we find the manner of disposing the tresses much in the style of that adopted at the gay court of Charles II. There are few who do not become this mode; yet, in the exposure it gives to the forehead, and the too great length of the ringlets on short necks, much science is requisite in the *friseur* to preserve the fashion, and yet arrange the locks to render them becoming to the round as well as to the oval face, and to shorten the ringlets, that they may depend, tassel-like, if we may be allowed the term, on each side of the throat, that is not long, without intruding on the bust.—Cornettes of rich *blond*, with very little ornament, are much

worn in home costume; the trimming consists of a few bows of coloured ribbon; and a cluster of flowers in front renders them a fit head-dress for *demi-parure*. Dress hats of white satin, with plumes of flat white feathers tipped with amber, are very prevalent at the Opera.

The favourite colours are crimson, amber, etherial-blue, pink, and grass green.

The most esteemed articles in the jewellery line, for necklaces and ear-pendants, are pearls, gold, finely wrought, diamonds, and sapphires.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THE progression of cold, as the days lengthen, is, I believe, proverbial in your country; it is the same here, and the evening parties in Paris increase with the frost, snow, and winter rain. The pelisses worn in the morning are reckoned most elegant when of black velvet. For the carriage, and on entering the theatres, or a concert room, young ladies wear short mantles that descend only as far as the knee. These dress mantles, as they may be styled, are generally of dark blue velvet, lined and faced with ermine.

Hats for the carriage are of white watered *gros de Naples*, rose-colour, or the bird of Paradise yellow. They are lined with blue figured velvet; when they are of plush, with the very lightest shade of blue; the brim is plain, and in front of the crown is a bias fold of watered silk, lined, which goes from right to left. This bias is notched at each end, and seems to fasten up two white *esprit* feathers. Some satin hats are seen, and some also of velvet, the crowns of which are plaited in two contrary directions; between the plaits are placed, alternately, *marabouts* and puffs of ribbon. Some hats of plain velvet, rose-colour, or celestial blue, are without strings; the brim is turned up on the right side, which is much larger than the left. Seven or eight ostrich feathers, either blue or rose-colour, turn round in a spiral manner, and ornament the brim. A net-work, formed of satin ribbon or gold lace, serves for the crown; and two acorn tassels depend over the left shoulder. This hat, which is completely a dress hat, is worn only for paying short visits of ceremony, in a carriage. Velvet hats are on the decline: in half dress, ladies wear those of rose-coloured, or blue satin, lined with black velvet; two bows of satin ribbon, the colour of the hat, are placed under the brim, and as no cap is worn under these hats, a *bandeau* of ribbon crosses the hair on the forehead, from one bow to the other.

Green velvet dresses are worn yet at evening parties; and, indeed, velvet dresses of every colour are very prevalent. By the disposal of their trimmings they appear like tunic robes. The trimmings consist of broad borders of *blond*, which separate the tunic part of the dress from the border that surrounds the skirt. A young lady at a party, a few evenings ago, had her velvet dress made actually into a tunic robe, which was of auricula-brown velvet, trimmed with black *blond;* this was worn over a petticoat of white satin, and had a charming effect. The *corsage* was laced behind, and the bottom of the waist was marked out by two gold olives, whence came a band of gold lace, which formed the belt. The front of the petticoat was ornamented from top to bottom with gold braidings of *cordon*, placed on in the Brandenburgh style, widening in their descent, and forming a kind of ladder-work, finished at the two extremities with gold olives. Several other dresses I saw finished in the same manner with silk, which had a prettier effect than so much gold. A falling tucker of *blond* finishes the *corsage* of all these dresses. Among the different trimmings invented for velvet dresses, is a deep fringe of knotted *chenille*, which is simply placed next the hem of the border of the skirt. Among the prettiest of our new ball dresses, is one composed of pink *tulle;* the skirt trimmed with ribbon and *bouquets* of auriculas. The *corsages* of all dress gowns are made so low, that the shoulders are entirely discovered; this fashion, revived from the dresses of our great great grandmothers, may be advantageous to some women, but it has one great inconvenience attending it, the slightest movement deranges the very narrow strap which supports the *corsage*, so that a lady, howsoever well made, appears, at the first glance, as though she had some defect in her shape; for it is im-

possible for a French woman to remain motionless. Thus, we see all the anxious mothers, as soon as a country-dance is over, rise to pull up the dresses of their daughters on the shoulders, to restore the perfection which nature has given to their lovely forms, but which fashion induces them apparently to destroy.

Dresses of Merino, and of Cachemire, embroidered with silk, which I last mentioned to you, increase in favour every day; those of cherry-coloured Cachemire, embroidered in the same colour, have an admirable effect. A dress of blue Cachemire, embroidered with gold-coloured silk, is much admired. The embroidery consists of garlands in stripes down the skirt, which terminate by two flounces embroidered at the edges in the same colour as the stripes. All the trimmings on dresses that are of crape, are relieved by satin: on some is a separate foliage, where the points of each leaf are brought together among the *bouillons* of gauze. On others are diamonds of satin, put on in bias, which seem to support the bottom of the *bouillon*. Others are ornamented with large points of satin, which, falling over on the gauze trimming, form a flounce. Flounces on silk dresses are set on in festoons.

Berets of *tulle* or *blond*, with a crown formed of roses, are a charming head-dress. They are placed backward, and another wreath of roses encircles the hair: these flowers support the border of the *beret*, and give it a beautiful effect. Young ladies at dress parties wear a *bandeau* of pearls across their hair; and among the bows of hair are placed daisies, or other simple flowers. A sort of turban, without any cawl, is much admired: it is composed of puffs of black velvet, and blue or rose-coloured crape, alternately: it forms a full wreath round the head, high in front, and the puffs diminishing in size as they approach the back of the head. The Apollo's knot of hair is much elevated, and appears in front above the turban. Small cherry-coloured feathers, made up in wreaths, are a favourite ornament on the hair; as are those of white *marabouts;* the latter supported by a row of small velvet flowers. Small caps of *blond* are placed very backward behind a wreath of full-blown roses; the rich and expensive *blond* of which the lappets that fall over the shoulders are composed, renders these caps of a very high price. At full dress evening parties, white satin hats, of a small size, are often worn, ornamented with two birds-of-Paradise, so placed that the two plumes form one superb *aigrette*. The *Mary* wreath, as it is called, is in high favour; it is composed of a *bandeau* of daisies, surmounted with clusters of light flowers: it is much elevated on one side. Some very becoming *berets* are a combination of elegance and simplicity; they are generally of rose-coloured crape, are made quite round, and placed very backward, while they are supported under one side by puffs of gauze ribbon, half rose-colour, half silver: a large bow of the same ribbons is placed in the form of an *aigrette*, on one side, above the crown. An ell of handsome *blond*, puckered, and placed round the head, so that the two ends meet, gives to the *blond* the form of a cockade; whence proceeds a sort of half *beret*, or cap, placed very much on one side. From the cockade depend two long lappets, which, crossed tastefully over the hair, fall over the bust. Many dress hats of white satin are trimmed with *blond* and flowers, in preference to feathers. Some dress hats are of rose-coloured satin, with yellow *esprit* feathers: in velvet, they are of black, or bishops' purple, and are ornamented with white *marabouts* to the edges of the brim.

The new gold neck-chains are in oblong rings, and are terminated by a gold padlock in form of a heart. Part of the chain is placed under the sash; but the padlock depends in front of the bust. Crosses and hearts *à la Jeannette*, in gold; diamond and *aqua-marina* necklaces, with antique cameos, are the most approved articles in jewellery.

The favourite colours are Haïti-blue, rose-colour, bishops'-purple, celestial blue, auricula-brown, cherry-colour, and bird-of-Paradise-yellow.

Monthly View

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

THE second formidable quarto, of Dr. Southey's three volumes of the "*History of the Peninsular War*," has made its appearance. It is scarcely within our province to do more than announce its publication: the Laureat's principles, style, and mode of treating the numerous subjects which, in a work of so comprehensive a nature, must necessarily fall under his notice, are too well known and appreciated to require illustration from us. Dr. Southey's prejudices are the prejudices of an Englishman; and, for them the least that we can do is to forgive him. We believe him to be honest to the heart's core: so believing, we cannot but consider the present work as entitled to rank with the first standard historical productions of the age.

We cannot, as we have said, enter into any description of the contents of this volume; but it may be proper to mention that it commences with the year 1809, and brings the narrative of events down to the month of February, 1811; one of the most important periods in the history of the late reign.—We shall quote one short passage just for the sake of amusement. It refers to the time (1809) when Marshal Soult happened to take it into his head that he should like to enact the part of a king in Portugal.

> There is a famous crucifix, known by the name of Nosso Senhor de Boucas, in the little town of Matosinhos, upon the coast, about a league from Porto. According to tradition, it is the oldest image in Portugal, being the work of Nicodemus; and though the workman neither attempted to represent muscle nor vein, it is affirmed that there cannot be a more perfect and excellent crucifix. Antiquarians discovered another merit in it, for there has been a controversy concerning the number of nails under the crucifixion, and in this image four are represented, agreeing with the opinion of St. Gregory, of Tours, and the revelation made to the Swedish St. Bridget. The sea cast it up; and its miraculous virtue was soon attested by innumerable proofs. One of the arms was wanting when it was found; the best sculptors were employed to supply this deficiency; but in spite of all their skill, not one of them could produce an arm which would fit the place for which it was designed. One day a poor but pious woman, as she was gathering shell-fish and drift-wood, for fuel, picked up, upon the beach, a wooden arm, which she, supposing that it had belonged to some ordinary and profane image, laid upon her fire. The reader will be at no loss to imagine that it sprung out of the flames,—that the neighbours collected at the vociferations of the woman,—that the priests were ready to carry it in procession to the church of N. Senhor; and that, the moment it was applied to the stump whereto it belonged, a miraculous junction was effected. Our Lord of Boucas became from that time one of the most famous idols in Portugal; and on the day of his festival, five-and-twenty thousand persons have sometimes been assembled at his church, coming thither in pilgrimage from all parts. To this idol Marshal Soult thought proper to offer his devotions. He and his staff visited the church, and prostrating themselves before the altar, paid, says his journal, that tribute of respect and reverence which religion requires from those who are animated with the true spirit of Christianity. "There cannot," continued the hypocritical traitor who recorded this mummery,—"there cannot be a more affecting and interesting spectacle, than to see a great man humbling himself in the presence of the King of Kings, and Sovereign Disposer of empires. All the inhabitants of Matosinhos who were present at this religious solemnity were wrapt in ecstacy!" The French marshal testified his great concern at hearing that the plate, and jewels, and ornaments of the church had been carried off, and he promised the rector that he would offer two large silver candlesticks to Nosso Senhor, and dedicate a silver lamp to him, and assign funds to keep it burning night and day; and, moreover, that he would double the stipend of the rector and the sacristan.

Another quarto claims the attention of those who love to ponder on the history of far distant ages—on the present state of countries, cities, and towns, formerly regarded as amongst the wonders of the world,

and which must ever retain a deep interest in the contemplative Christian, traveller, and reader. We allude to "*Travels in Mesopotamia; including a Journey from Aleppo to Diarbekr, and from thence to Mardin, Mousul, and Bagdad; with Researches on the Ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Selencia; by J. S. Buckingham, Author of 'Travels in Palestine and the Countries East of the Jordan, &c.'*"—Mr. Buckingham's book is very handsomely printed, and as handsomely illustrated with well-executed wood-cuts at the heads of the chapters, from drawings taken upon the spots to which they respectively refer. This is all that we can at present venture to pronounce respecting the volume, which reached us at a very late period of the shortest month in the year.

Contrary to our expectations, a third volume of that exceedingly amusing publication, "*Memoirs and Recollections of the Count de Ségur*," has just appeared. Of this volume, a large portion relates to the remarkable journey, or rather grand procession which the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, made into the Crimea, in the year 1787, on the annexation of that important district to her vast empire. In fact, if the Count's volume contained nothing more, it would abundantly compensate the reader for his perusal of its contents by the splendid and magnificent details of the Czarina's routes. Thus we open—

On the 18th of January, 1787, we commenced our journey; the empress took in her carriage Mademoiselle Rotasoff, and the Count Momanoff, who never quitted her, the Count Cobentzel, the Grand Equerry Narischkin, and the Grand Chamberlain Schouwaloff. In the second carriage were Fitz-Herbert and I, with the Counts Tchernicheff and d'Anhalt. The cavalcade was composed of fourteen carriages, and one hundred and eighty-four sledges, with forty others to be used in case of necessity. Five hundred and sixty horses were ready for us at each post. The cold rose to seventeen degrees; the road was excellent, and our carriages, mounted on a sort of lofty skates, were drawn along with such rapidity, that they seemed to fly through the air. To protect us from the cold, we were wrapped up in furs of bear-skin, which we wore over pelisses finer and more valuable; we had on our heads caps of sable. With these precautions we did not feel the cold, even when it rose to twenty or five-and-twenty degrees. In the houses where we lodged, the stoves gave us reason to fear an excess of heat, rather than of cold. At this time of the year, when the days were shortest, the sun did not give us light until very late, and, at the end of six or seven hours, he disappeared, and the darkest night succeeded. But, in the midst of this darkness, we were not left in want of light: at short distances from each other, and on both sides of the road, enormous piles of fir, cypress, birch, and pine, had been raised which were set on fire; so that we posted through a range of fires more brilliant than the rays of day-light: it was thus that the proud Empress of the North, in the midst of the deepest night, willed and commanded that there should be light.

Instead of pursuing the journey, however, we shall, as falling more within our limits, extract a highly-interesting sketch of the celebrated Marshal Souwaroff:—

By his overwhelming courage, by his ability, by the confidence with which he inspired the soldiers, he had found the way, even in an absolute monarchy, where every thing was given by favour, to advance himself rapidly; although he was without fortune, without interest, and sprung from a family which was not respected. He had carried every step of his promotion at the point of the sword. Whenever there was a danger to be combated, a difficult order to be executed, or a desperate undertaking to be attempted, the name of Souwaroff was the first which presented itself to his commanders. But, as from his earliest steps in his glorious career, he saw himself the object of the restless jealousy of many courtiers and favourites, who might be sufficiently powerful to oppose his advancement, he formed the strange design of concealing his transcendent merit under fantastic forms of folly. Nothing could be more luminous than his plans, more profound than his conceptions, more rapid than his execution; but, in ordinary life and in public, his countenance, his gestures, his words, were stamped with a species of originality, it may even be said of extravagance, which quieted the fears of the ambitious. They regarded him as a useful instrument for action and for labour, but as incapable of injuring them, and of disputing with them the enjoyment of honours, reputation, and power.

By a singular coincidence, this hero of despotism, in order to raise himself to glory, borrowed a mask similar to that by which the hero of liberty, Brutus, was protected under the reign of Tarquin. Souwaroff, respectful to his commanders, and affable to his

soldiers, shewed himself with his equals unpolite, haughty, and without manners. He astonished those who were not acquainted with him, by the multiplicity, the rapidity, and the conciseness of the questions which he addressed to them, and as if he had a right to make them go through a species of interrogatory. This was his manner of learning the character of a man in an instant: he thought unfavourably of those whom he embarrassed, and conceived sudden esteem for those who answered him clearly and without hesitation. I received a proof of this at Petersburgh; my laconic replies pleased him, and during his short stay there he dined with me frequently. I remember I asked him once, whether it was true, that, when he was in the army, he seldom slept, subduing nature, even without necessity, lying always upon straw, and never drawing off his boots, nor quitting his arms: "Yes," he said, "I hate idleness; and from my fear of sleeping, I have always a cock in my tent, which is very punctual in frequently awaking me; when I wish now and then to enjoy luxury, and repose comfortably, I take off one of my spurs."

When he was made Marshal of the Empire, he himself arranged his reception in the presence of his soldiers after a most whimsical manner. Having placed in a church, on both sides of the nave and in lines, as many chairs as there were general officers senior to himself, he entered the building in a waistcoat and leaped clean over each chair, in a style similar to the jumping of school-boys when they play at leap frog; and after having thus neatly called to mind the way in which he had surpassed his rivals, he invested himself in the marshal's grand uniform, covered himself with the numerous decorations which had been heaped upon him, and afterwards gravely invited the priests to terminate the ceremony by a *Te Deum*.

It is said, that when the Emperor of Austria sent him the most honourable of his orders, he received the messenger in person, and decorated himself publicly before a large looking-glass, with the most extraordinary ceremonies.

When compelled, by the errors of Korsakoff, to fall back in Switzerland before General Massena, he had a ditch dug, and placing himself in it, cried out to his soldiers that they ought to trample him under foot, and cover him with earth, if they wished to fly instead of facing the enemy. Souwaroff had not arrived at the summit of military honours, at the period when I was in Russia. We could then see in him nothing but a brave soldier, a general officer, daring when with the army, but very eccentric when at court.

The first time of his meeting with M. de Lameth, the defect of whose character was never that of being too pliant, the conversation which passed between them appears to me to be original enough to be worth relating. "To what country do you belong?" said the general, abruptly.—"France."—"What profession?"—"Military."—"What rank?"—"Colonel."—"Your name?"—"Alexander de Lameth."—"Good." M. de Lameth, a little annoyed at this short interrogation, called on the general in his turn, and looking at him stedfastly, said: "To what country do you belong?"—"Russia."—"What profession?"—"Military."—"What rank?"—"General."—"What name?"—"Souwaroff."—"Good." Both immediately fell a laughing, and thenceforward were very good friends.

We have no room for further extract; but, for its liveliness of narrative and abundance of anecdote, we readily recommend the work

In passing from fact to fiction, we shall first notice a novel, in three volumes, entitled "*Dame Rebecca Berry, or Court Scenes in the Reign of Charles the Second*," the production, if we mistake not, of a lady to whom the world has more than once before been indebted. The basis of the story is a tradition recorded in Lysons's Environs of London; upon which tradition also a once popular, but wretchedly-written ballad, called The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter, was founded. The tradition is briefly this:—A knight upon a journey passes a night at a farm-house. During his stay, a female child is born. The knight's knowledge in the science of judicial astrology informs him that the child then born was destined to be his wife. He endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman's estate, he takes her to the sea-side, intending to drown her, but relents; at the same time throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again, on pain of instant death, unless she can produce the ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in the cod-fish, as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place of course." This traditional tale is connected with the monument of Dame Rebecca Berry, wife of Thomas Elton, of Stratford, Bow, and relict of Sir John Berry, which is still

to be seen in good preservation at the east end of Stepney church. The inscription makes no reference to the story; but it may not be amiss to remark, that the armorial bearings on the monument are paly of six, on a bend three mullets, Elton empaling a fish, and in the dexter chief point, an annulet between two bends wavy.

The story is ingeniously enough wrought up in the work before us; though we should have been better pleased if the ring had not been invested with magical power; a circumstance which seems at once to nullify the over-ruling power of Providence, and equally to prevent the surprise and astonishment which might be excited by a merely fortuitous event.

The cottage-scene, after the death of poor Barton, the fisherman, is extremely well conceived. The early portions, however, of Dame Rebecca's history, occupying the first volume, serve happily as an introduction to the court scenes in the reign of Charles the Second, which are sketched with great vivacity and effect. The love-making of Sedley to Lady Cordelia Trevillion, in Greenwich Park, is, as it should be, not only animated but elegant; and the more tender scenes between Lord Ossory and Lady Trevillion, are marked by beauty, grace, and feeling. The writer evidently excels in description. Of this we shall offer one or two instances; and, first, of the dress and appearance of the royal Charles:—

The doors were thrown open, and the king himself entered, apparelled in a suit of purple velvet; his cloak, which was lined with white satin, and embroidered both inside and out with a deep border of golden oak leaves, was thrown back so as to display the jewelled orders that he wore; the cloak itself was tied with a gold cord, and tassels in the form of thistles; the downy part of which was imitated by (what singly would have been impalpable) gold threads, but which united, appeared, with every movement of their wearer like floating sunbeams; in his hat, which was also of violet-coloured velvet, were three snow-white plumes, fastened with a diamond loop and button; his hose were of white silk, bordered with gold clocks; his square high-heeled shoes, were of white kid, with purple rosettes; in the centres of which sparkled and fluttered a small diamond butterfly; a pair of white military gloves, with purple and gold tops, completed his attire.

Some of the freaks of the witty Rochester and his associates are very felicitously related. At one period, in consequence of his having inadvertently shewn the King a lampoon upon his Majesty, instead of one which he had made upon Richmond, the Earl was banished from court. During his exile, as Burnet relates, he hired apartments in Tower Street, and passed himself off for a German doctor; after which, he disguised himself as an Italian mountebank, and practised astrology to the wonder and admiration of every one. The description which Rochester gives to Buckingham of the latter proceedings is capital, and we regret exceedingly that our limits will not permit us to transcribe it. However, we shall give one scene which is materially connected with the *denouement* of the story. One of the rooms engaged by the Earl, in the service of the occult science, is mentioned as high and spacious, and more like the personification of a fairy tale than any thing in this nether world.

The frames of the six windows that opened on one side of it, were entirely concealed by a luxuriant foliage of woodbine and clematis, which was trained so as to cover the wall within, from the ground to the ceiling, and through which both light and air glanced, and sighed coquettishly; while from branch to branch flitted innumerable birds, of the most beautifully variegated plumage, happy in their limited freedom; others were there in imitation of them, which served to conceal mechanical music, that produced at intervals, the most enchanting harmony. The furniture of the room was so far oriental as that there were no seats beyond ottomans, which were of rose-coloured velvet, with a silver network over them; the carpet was of the same coloured velvet, embroidered with silver lilies; at the upper end of the room stood an altar, with several broad green marble steps of a circular shape, by which to approach it; on it burnt two golden censers, full of incense, and in the centre was a figure of Hymen destroying Love. The urchin's throat was within his grasp, and the expression of expiring life exquisitely pourtrayed in his half closed eyes; the arrows were falling listlessly from his quiver, and his unstrung bow lay with his flameless torch amid the fragments of some broken hearts, upon which Hymen was trampling. At either side of the altar were two chef-d'œuvres in sculpture; the one was a Sappho, throwing herself from the Tarpeian [Leucadian] rock; the rock itself (which was placed in the centre of a very large white-

marble basin of perfumed water) was of black marble; the figure of Sappho was the perfection of art; for it was *almost nature*; there was poetry in her attitude, and music in her very hair; her lyre (which was a real one) was so constructed, that the chords vibrated to every breath that swept them. The subject of the other was Venus rising from the sea, her head alone appearing above the shell; but it was a head of such perfectionized loveliness, as to make the beholders almost fancy they were looking it into life.

This is delightfully imaginative.—Amongst the numerous applicants to the Signor Pietro di Manfredati, as the Earl called himself, was Sir Ambrose Templeton himself, the star-smitten husband of Lady Berry. As due notice had been given of the knight's intended visit, due preparations had been made to receive him; and it may not be amiss to remark, though we cannot further avail ourselves of the circumstance, that, while Sir Ambrose was in the occupation of one of the ante-rooms, Lady Berry, and Lady Trevillion and her maid, were in the occupation of another. The scene in which Sir Ambrose was so deeply interested, is all that we can give. After certain preliminaries, Sir Ambrose was pushed into a long, narrow passage, the door of which was closed upon him.

In this place shone just light enough to make "darkness visible;" and from the pillars on each side of him, round which were coiled twisted snakes, there issued a low hissing noise, like that of serpents; and ever and anon, a bat flitted across his path, flapping its ill-omened wizard wing against his cheek.

Used as he was to crucibles, alembics, and all the dark furniture of the forges, with the self-created horrors of his laboratory, he felt his blood curdle amid the death-like life of this place, and its charnel atmosphere. Above him sparkled the mimic lustre of a thousand planets; and though he knew their light to be but artificial, yet to his distempered and anxious imagination, every star shone like a mirror, in which was typed futurity.

At length he reached the end of this long portentous passage, and found himself, without being intercepted by any further barrier, in a spacious apartment, the very air of which was the breath of luxury; how different from that he had been in a moment before! At the upper end of the room sat Lord Rochester on the throne, and in the dress he had described to the Duke of Bucks;* one owl was perched familiarly on his shoulder, and the latter rolled their eyes darkly above him. At intervals the solemn peal of an organ stole on the ear, with a muffled sound, that gave the tones an almost supernatural tone.

Before the astrologer, burnt, in a large silver censer, a quantity of incense, that sent up volumes of blue and highly perfumed smoke, which nearly obscured every object within its reach. A large volume of thickly interlineated hieroglyphics appeared completely to engross the attention of the seer. Around him were scattered sybilline leaves, on which figured the horoscopes of many. Celestial globes, compasses, and telescopes, completed the rest of his apparatus. Nor did he raise his learned eyes till the knight stood full before him, and he then fixed them on him, without his features undergoing the slightest variation of expression. After having perused his countenance for a few minutes, he motioned to him to be seated; and then, in a hollow sepulchral tone, demanded of him in Latin the day and hour of his nativity. Sir Ambrose, replying in the same language, informed him, that he had taken his stand in creation on the 6th of December, in the year 1600, between the hours of twelve at night and one in the morning.

* An awful-looking personage I was, gorgeously apparelled in my magician's robes, which were very long, of white velvet, with a black tunic; round my waist, a girdle of twisted silver snakes; on my head was a veil of silver tissue, that descended as far as my eyes, and was bound round the forehead with a wreath of deadly night-shade; a milk-white beard flowed to my waist; my wand was a long crystal prism, which, when the sun was upon it, looked like a meteor; one foot rested on a globe; by my side stood Eden Green, with a proper degree of deformity saddled upon him; the canopy of my throne was upheld by the Fates, whose eyes I had so constructed, that on touching a spring, they should move, and even weep, which was contrived by Eden Green's putting water in their sockets. The yarn that Lachesis was spinning had in it some threads of gold, some of silver, some of a bright rose-colour; some chequered with gold, silver, rose, and black; but a greater number that were black altogether, whilst the glittering weapon of Atropos looked frightfully keen, and eager to destroy her sister's work; on each arm of my throne sat, in sleepy state, an enormous Denmark owl.

The astrologer turned over the leaves of the book before him, and having muttered several times that six was a number to which the Fates had never shown any favour, took his compasses, and after making innumerable calculations, with a pen cut out of an eagle's wing, closed the book, and knitting his dark brows, said, or rather shouted, with the yell of a fiend—

"*Sextus Tarquinius, Sextus Nero, Sextus et ipse,*
Semper sub Sexto perdita Roma fuit."

"And *your Sextus* bodes you no better!" The yell was repeated by a triple reverberation, that lost none of its horrors as it died away in the distance; and the prediction found a deep echo in the superstitious soul of Sir Ambrose.

"Enough," said he, with a groan; "but there is another whose fate is linked in mine;" and as he spoke, a ghastly smile overspread his pale distorted features.

The astrologer put his hand into a golden urn, and took from it a dried lotus leaf, on which were engraven, in black crooked characters, the following lines, which were not much calculated to remove the disagreeable impressions his former forebodings had left:—

"*You would speak, you would speak of your*
fair young bride,
But her place shall be soon by another's side;
And roses shall bloom amid the snow,
Ere grief for you that bride can know.

You would ask, you would ask more than
knowledge may tell,
Yet full soon shall you learn that secret too
well.
Then seek no more, nor tarry hither,
The flowers you've cull'd e'en now must
wither."

Sir Ambrose ground his teeth, and crumbling the ill-omened leaf in his clenched hand, the fragments of it fell to the ground, on which he stamped furiously, and then turning to the astrologer said, in a slow, measured, ironical tone, as he folded his arms, and fixed his keen saturnine eyes upon him,

"And has fate *no* other *blessings* in store for me? though I must own she has been so very lavish, that I scarcely dare hope for more."

"If thou art not yet satisfied," replied the astrologer, "and must need have the seal of certainty set on all that I have told thee, even ask of a power beyond mine; and thy curiosity shall be gratified at all hazards;" so saying, he pointed to an aperture in the wall, resembling the mouth of a cave, and told the knight, "he might consult the oracle." Sir Ambrose paused for a moment, as if to ascertain the extent of the astrologer's veracity, or his own superstition and credulity, and then, with the sudden movement of one who had nothing more to lose, rushed, rather than walked into the cave, where all was total darkness; a few faint exquisite notes met his ear, like that of fairy music; the air was an Italian one of great popularity at that time, and one which Rebecca had often sung to him; it needed not this remembrance to overpower him; the place, the air, the more than mortal strain in which it was played were sufficient; and it had ceased for some minutes before Sir Ambrose had recovered himself sufficiently to recollect for what purpose he was there; and he then exclaimed with a voice of thunder, as if he thought to bully the Fates into dealing more mercifully with him than they had hitherto done—

"Oracle, if thou art an oracle, tell me what more I may expect; tell me *all*."

A sweet soft voice arose, like that of a woman's at a distance; and he heard (pronounced in accents so faint, that they appeared more like the echo of music than music itself) the following words.

Once—twice—thrice—I warned thee of the snare;
Once—twice—thrice—I called aloud—'Be——"

But thou tried the stream with boat and oar,
And darted briefly from the shore.
called again—the last time—thou ferried gaily on;
Once more thy bark I hailed, but thou, alas! wert gone."

"A very oracle, truly," said the knight, with a bitter laugh, when the voice ceased, "for so obscure are thy words, that I cannot see their import."

A sound arose within the cave like the dash of waters, accompanied by a faint and distant scream, like that of nature's last effort.

"Ha! what accursed necromancy is this?" exclaimed Sir Ambrose, as he pressed his hands to his forehead, on which hung the deadly dews of guilt and remorse; as conscience led him back to that fitful night when the tempest howled, and nature warred against herself, when, reckless alike of the present and the future, and dead to every feeling of humanity, he had plunged the infant Rebecca into the deep bed of the river, and left her to struggle with its world of waters. The scream, the dashing of the water, seemed to him but the re-acting of that night's tra-

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gedy, which he had tried long, but tried in vain, to forget; for even when he looked on Rebecca as his blooming bride, he too often could only *think* of her as the little victim his barbarity had destined to be the bride of death! He waited for no more, but rushed frantically from the cave, his eyes glaring wildly; his hands clenched, and his heart torn with a thousand contending passions, beating as though it would have burst its confines. On regaining the astrologer's presence, he paused for a few moments, and looked inquiringly around him, like one awaking from a frightful dream—his features had assumed the pale green cast of death; his livid blue lips quivered, but uttered no sound, as if the words they would have spoken had withered in the sirocco of his fevered and heavy breath; his very cloak hung listlessly, as though it had lost all the energies that silk and velvet can possess, namely, their courtly gloss and modest hues.

Some ludicrous anachronisms have forced themselves upon our notice in the perusal of these volumes; but they have no material effect upon the interest of the story, which, as will be inferred from the extracts which we have given, abounds with incident and description, of a fresh and lively and original character.

"*Elizabeth de Bruce, by the Author of 'Clan Albin,*'"—a Mrs. Johnstone, we believe, of Edinburgh,—is, for its illustrations of manners and character, Irish, as well as Scotch, a work of more than usual merit. Its plot, however, is so exceedingly complex and intricate, that we could not if we would, and we would not, if we could, attempt to convey to the reader any idea of its features. The author's range of talent is unusually extensive: she has power and sweetness, and pathos at command. We shall offer one scene—the parting between newly married and affectionate wife, and her fondly attached husband

A solitary and unclaimed, but, nevertheless, a fair and a happy child; a solitary, unregarded, but, till now, a light-hearted and happy girl, the past life of Elizabeth de Bruce had been one long midsummer night's dream. She had grown up in solitude and freedom, her young imagination in the clouds, but her heart on the dear green earth, finding in the thousand forms of loveliness and delight scattered in her lonely path, objects to excite her natural sensibility, and in the recollection that all neglected as her existence had been she was not the less a de Bruce, enough to nourish in her mind the self-respect and graceful pride of true nobility: till Wolfe Grahame came, and a brighter heaven and a yet greener earth unfolded, and the pride of birth was forgotten in the dearer pride of affection; for to be his was happier than even her fondest, brightest dreams, and now—she was his.

Elizabeth had seen her lover cross the fords. They had already parted. She "turned her eye and wept;" and when she again looked up there was no where to be seen that figure which her vision could have singled out on the instant among tens of thousands. His companions were slowly crossing the moor. Chiding the inadvertence which had thus lost sight of him while he might still be seen, and with love's own superstition, shrinking from this disastrous omen, she was still kneeling at her casement, carelessly wrapped in a long white dressing gown, the redundance of her beautiful hair sweeping the floor, her brow resting on her hands, chill, pale, and trembling, and in the attitude of heart-struck abandonment, when her ear, ever painfully true of late to the slightest sound, caught the springy step, the light breathings—and, starting with an exclamation of transport, the marble statue was on the instant touched into life—warmed into a bright and glowing form. "He was come again! She would hear his voice! Hear him bless her, and bid her be of better cheer; and think of her 'every hour of the day.' She would again hang on 'that nether lip,' to touch which she would have travelled barefoot to Palestine."

"My Elizabeth! how is this! Cold, trembling, half-dressed. I must chide you for this."

"Trembling, but not cold," replied Elizabeth. "But do then—stay and chide me." And, in tones yet softer, she whispered—"How kind was this return! I shall part with you now with courage so much firmer—if it must be?—Nay, do not shake your head. I will not talk so idly again. But you look so grave. Oh! surely you are come to warn me of new evil. Tell it out then—I have courage for it all.—They cannot unmarry me!"

"I trust not," said Grahame, smiling and caressing her. "Folly only—pure folly—brought me back, Elizabeth."

"Ah, rather dear, dear wisdom!" whispered Elizabeth.

A fond but silent embrace was interchanged, and then followed much anxious domestic discourse, with unavailing regrets, passionate adieus, and fond and melancholy anticipations all intermixed. * * * * * *

"Fear not for me," whispered Elizabeth. "Fear not for me, while this generous wish is yours. The love which makes me weak makes me strong also. Ills and trials may await us both; but happiness—mine—is safe—anchored here—in the keeping of honour and affection;" and she rested her head, as if in token of confidence, on the bosom of her lover. But again the woman prevailed. "Yet, O dearest, dearest! if I should live to find you changed—estranged. Let me not think of it. Nay, you shall not smile at my woman's fears to-day. Kneel with me rather here—where we have a thousand times in fondness met and vowed affection never-ending; and pray to our God to restore us to each other with truth unimpaired; love undiminished."

They breathed this silent prayer on the altar of each other's lips.

"I can bear to part with you now," whispered Elizabeth. "Nay, to send you hence. Go then, dearest and only friend of your poor Elizabeth; and let us emulate each other in proving that though the ties that bind us may have been rashly formed, they were not made to be repented of."

Pale, very pale, and shivering, but outwardly calm, with a long silent embrace she glided out of the arms that clasped her, sunk down and hid her face where she had before knelt. And they had parted! how again to meet in a world, whose direst curse is wavering fidelity, or change, or coldness of heart!

Far more intricate and involved than that of Elizabeth de Bruce, is the plot of "*The Wolfe of Badenoch, an Historical Romance of the Fourteenth Century, by the Author of 'Lochandu.'*" It has been mentioned as the production of a certain Scotch baronet, who appears to have caught his inspiration from the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. Many of the scenes are striking, but they are wild and incongruous in an extraordinary degree. As fancy pictures—extravagant flights of imagination—they will be found to excite considerable interest. We can, however, offer nothing beyond a description of the Wolfe's personal appearance:

At the head of the numerous party that advanced came a knight, mounted on a large and powerful black horse. And well was it indeed for the steed that he was large and powerful, for his rider was as near seven as six feet in height, while his body and limbs displayed so great a weight of bone and muscle, that any less potent palfrey must have bent beneath it. But the noble animal came proudly on with him, capering as if he felt not the weight of his rider. The knight wore a broad bonnet, graced with the royal heron's plume, and a hunting dress of gold-embroidered green cloth, over which hung a richly-ornamented bugle, while his baldrick, girdle-stead, hunting-pouch, anelace, and dirk, were all of the most gorgeous and glittering materials. His boots were of tawny buck-skin, and his heels armed with large spurs of the most massive gold. The furniture of his horse was equally superb, the bits in particular being heavily embossed, and the whole thickly covered over with studs and bosses of the same precious metal. His saddle and housings were of rich purple velvet, wrought with golden threads, and the stirrups of solid silver.

But, accustomed as Sir Patrick Hepburne had been to all the proud pomp and splendid glitter of chivalry, he minded not these trifling matters beyond the mere observance of them. It was the head and face of the person who approached that most particularly rivetted his attention. Both were on a great scale, and of an oval form. The forehead was high and retreating, and wore on it an air of princely haughtiness; the nose was long and hooked; the lips were large, but finely formed; and the mouth, though more than usually extended, was well shaped, and contained a set of well-arranged teeth, of uncommon size and unsullied lustre. The complexion was florid, and the hair, beard, whiskers, and moustaches, all ample and curling freely, were of a jet black, that was but slightly broken in upon by the white hairs indicating the approaching winter of life. But the most characteristic features were the eyes, which would have been shaded by the enormous eyebrows that threw their arches over them, had it not been for their extreme prominence. They were fiery and restless, and although their expression was sometimes hilarious, yet they generally wore the lofty look of pride; but it was easy to discern that they were in the habit of being perpetually moved by an irritable and impatient temper, that was no sooner excited than their orbs immediately assumed a fearful inclination inwards, that almost amounted to a squint.

For some time we have been expecting the appearance, in translation, of "*The Natchez, an Indian Tale, by the Viscount de Chateaubriand, Author of 'Atala,' &c.*" This fanciful and highly imaginative production has at length reached us. With all the faults, it possesses all the poetical and sentimental beauties of its well-known author. It would

or this fan
were all his
labors so able and [illegible] as the gentleman by whom the version before us has been executed.

To those who love political novels—we do not—the perusal of "*Truckleborough Hall*," may, possibly, be a treat. The work displays much satirical talent in its author, with a full knowledge of the subject.

The title of "*Stephenson's Medical Botany, including a popular and scientific Description of Poisonous Plants, with their forms coloured from nature (to be continued Monthly)* may, perhaps, be thought to wear a rather unpromising aspect for claiming the attention of "La Belle Assemblee." Its medical explanation of the sanative and deleterious properties of plants constantly in our path, as well as of those only to be found under scientific culture, may not, however, be entirely uninteresting to our fair readers, who wish to protect children or servants from the malign consequences of ignorantly mistaking the tempting berries of the deadly nightshade (the *Atropa Belladonna*) for wholesome fruit; or the nearly similar leaves of the noxious hemlock (the *Æthusa Cynapium*) a weed which often intrudes itself into the most carefully disposed gardens for the useful herb, parsley. Yet these are not the only reasons which might recommend the introduction of this elegant little work to the sofa-tables of our ladies. The plants pourtrayed (four in each number) are so correctly drawn and faithfully coloured, that we are at a loss whether to regard them more with the eye of a botanist or of a florist. There is not one of all the eight which comprise the subjects illustrated in the two published numbers, that may not be copied by the pencil of female taste with the same pleasure as a rose of Vanhuyson's, or a bunch of carnations by the first of our own artists.

In the first volume of our New Series (page 128) we had the pleasure of noticing in terms of deserved praise, "*Sonnets, and other Poems, partly written in India, by David Lester Richardson;*" and last month (page 73) we presented the readers of La Belle Assemblee with a Sonnet from a new edition of these poems then in the press. That edition, in a miniature form, with a portrait of the author, and an engraved vignette title-page, has since appeared. It contains, we observe, several additional pieces; particularly two Sonnets to Death, and a Poem, entitled Death and the Warrior, intended as illustrations of plates in the forthcoming new edition of "Death's Doings." This is altogether a meritorious and very attractive little volume.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

Rossini's celebrated comic opera *La Gazza Ladra* has been revived with considerable effect, chiefly, we presume, for the purpose of introducing Mademoiselle Fanny Ayton, as a new *prima donna*. This lady is of English birth; but she has been five years in Italy, where, under the tuition of Maguelli, she may be said to have perfected herself in musical science, and to have acquired much experience by performing at the theatre *La Fenice*, at Venice, &c. Mademoiselle Ayton's figure is *petite*; but her countenance is animated and capable of much force and variety of expression. Her voice, though not distinguished by power, and not free from inequalities, has considerable compass, with a clearness and honied sweetness of tone, abundantly sufficient to compensate for all deficiencies. Her execution, perhaps somewhat too ornamental, is distinguished by neatness approaching to elegance; and, from the favourable impression which she made on the first night, there can be little doubt of her becoming extremely popular.

The entire strength of the Corps Dramatique was engaged in this revival. Madame Vestris resumed the part of Pippo—played with her accustomed spirit—and sang divinely. Zuchelli, Curioni, De Begnis, &c. exerted themselves to the utmost.

We understand that Madame Brizzi, a lady much talked of on the Continent, and also Madame Sontag, are engaged, and expected very soon to appear.

DRURY-LANE.

The great success of Kean perforce renders our notices of this theatre extremely brief. The great tragedian has been playing his round of characters; and if overflowing audiences are to be taken as instances of his attractive powers, Mr. Kean never enjoyed a greater prosperity than at the present.

An anonymous *debutante* played *Mrs. Haller*, "for one night only." It was in every respect vapid and inefficient. Kean played

the *Stranger*, and for Mr. Kean, played it extremely ill.

A piece, impudently styled "new," under the name of *The Englishman in India*, has been played. It is no other than the old drama of *Love in the East*. However there is a great deal of bustle and whim in the production, and, particularly with the comic exertions of Harley and Miss Kelly, it is highly amusing.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The earliest novelty to be noticed at this establishment is the customary *Oratorio* on the anniversary of the death of Charles I. The *Oratorios*, if we are to judge of the future by the one in question, under the skilful management of Mr. Bishop, promise to be more than usually attractive. The selection under consideration was particularized by great taste and science. The principal feature was a *Monody on the Death* of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, written by Mr. Planché, and adapted to the music of Cherubini. We must confess, that, if we except the concluding chorus, the music was, in the whole, far from impressive, becoming at times, shall we say, tedious and commonplace. However, whatever was deficient in the *Monody* was amply compensated by the music which followed it. We never heard Braham sing with greater feeling and energy: his execution of the *Battle of the Angels* combined all that was beautiful and masterly in the science. A, what we suppose may be termed, patriotic song was given by Braham, "composed," said the bills, "by Mr Lee." We certainly wonder at the hardihood of the present composer, the air being as old and as worn as *God save the King* itself. Braham's "*See from the grove Alexis flies*," accompanied by Mr. Lindley on the violoncello, awakened the loudest and most continued approbation. The fine manly tones of Mr. Phillips were never more successful than in the beautiful air "*Honour and Arms*." Madame Caradori acquitted herself of her allotted music with that exquisite chastity and pathos, for which she has ever been eminent; and Madame Cornega, particularly in "*O Dolce Concento*," was warmly, and most deservedly applauded. The place of Miss Stephens, who laboured under sudden indisposition, was in every way well filled by Miss Graddon. Miss Love and Miss Geesin very liberally contributed towards the amusement of the evening. The house was fully and fashionably attended. We would hint, that if a little more attention were paid to the external appearance of the choristers, the effect of the scene would be in no way impaired by the circumstance. We observed coats worthy of either the watch or coach-box, on the persons of several of the minor vocalists.

Miss Jarman, from the Bath and Dublin Theatres, has made a very favourable appearance at this establishment as *Juliet*. She sustained the early scenes of the heroine with delightful pathos, and, if we may so term it, elegance. Her garden interview with *Romeo* was marked with that exquisite union of deep passion and natural timidity, which renders *Juliet* one of the most bewitching characters of even the great magician himself. No opinion, however, could be formed of the actress from the early scenes of *Juliet*; we have witnessed many *débutantes*, who to a certain point were eminently successful, but who declined most fatally when a developement of the stronger energies of the loving girl is called for, by the accidents and circumstances which gather close around her. To confess the truth, we were fearful that we were about to part company with Miss Jarman on the conclusion of her first convent-scene; we were fearful, from the manner in which she received the news of Tybalt's death and *Romeo's* banishment, that she was in a great degree unfit for the tragedy of *Juliet*, however delightfully she might represent the undisturbed affection of the maiden. There was evidently a want of power in the effort above noted; the scene with the *Friar*, however, shewed an improvement; although, we confess, not sufficient to warrant in us an expectation of the beautiful, the vivid acting, displayed by Miss Jarman in the poison scene; it was, in every respect faultless, and the effort was well supported by her performance in the fifth act. On the whole, we think the *Juliet* of Miss Jarman superior to that of Miss F. H. Kelly; it is not so attenuated and artificial. Miss Jarman has followed up her *Juliet* with *Lady Townley* and *Mrs. Beverley*. If in the first of these her success has not been commensurate with that of her tragedy, she has proved her possession of great versatility of talent, and, more especially as the theatre is at present constituted, a right to the highest station in this establishment. Her *Mrs. Beverley*, if it require any thing to render it more effective, it is a certain matron-like consequence. As yet Miss Jarman would do well to confine herself to juvenile tragedy.

A Miss Hargrave has tried her skill in *Constance*, in *King John*. It was a performance of mere respectability.

T

We were pleased with Lewis's Dead Fawn, Deer Keeper, &c. (224.)

So were we with Bristowe's Sporting Dogs (299.) The truth to nature—the tranquil, quiet happiness of the hound, the spaniel, the pointer, and even of the old grey pouey, looking over the hatch, evince a most correct and happy feeling of his subject in the painter. This artist's Pugilists—Time (333) a boxing match of Monkeys, is well painted and rather amusing; but certainly not natural: to us the subject is not merely indifferent, but offensive.

Edwin Landseer has two pieces beside his Chevy Chase: Deer Hounds, &c. (313) and Dead Deer and Deer Hound (320.)

Farrier's Taking Leave (329) has all the usual faults of this artist. His *young* woman is a very *old* acquaintance of ours.

Etty's Head of a Jew (365) deserves notice.

The Blind Organist, a Scene near Hyde Park, by Ramsay (354) evinces much character and feeling. The figures (three or four of them are portraits) are varied and well contrasted. Mr. Ramsay throws too much green into his pictures. The south room, in which this picture is placed, is sadly darkened by the screen that has been thrown across it to protect the king's pictures. The pieces hung upon the screen are subjected to the injurious effect of a perpendicular light; many of them, indeed, are hardly to be seen.

Ascanius in the Lap of Venus (377) by J. Wood, has an Italian air about it very creditable to the artist.

An Hour before the Duel (388) by Theodore Lane, displays force in the conception, and considerable ingenuity in the disposal of the accessories. The desk—the sealed and open letters—the cards—the miniature—the time-piece—the wine, &c. There is a hardness in the lines, and the effect, we think, is not improved by the sombreness of the colouring.

A Study (402) by the junior Lonsdale, is very skilfully and ably executed.

A Storm passing off on the Ayrshire Coast, (415) by Williams, is entitled to praise for its boldness.

Few pictures on the screen suffer more from situation than Miss Beaumont's Magnus Troil, Udaller of Zetland, with his daughters, Minna and Brinda's, Visit to their Kinswoman Norna, the Pythoness of Fitful Head, (433). Miss Beaumont is evidently partial to the productions of the Scotch novelist, and she possesses the merit of entering fully into the spirit of their author. Perhaps this is one of her most successful efforts. As far as our memory goes, however, the hair of Minna ought to have been somewhat darker. This, also, would have improved the general effect.

Some pieces yet remain to be noticed.

OPTISCHE PANORAMEN.

An exhibition, improperly termed panoramic, has lately been opened in Bond Street. It consists of views of towns, public buildings, scenery, &c., in different parts of Europe. At Paris, we are told, it was called Europorama. On the principle of the Cosmorama, &c., modified and occasionally improved, the spectator is enabled to contemplate the city of Moscow from the highest steeple in the Kremlin—Waterloo, with its military and funereal monuments, the inn of La Belle Alliance, &c.—the Sound, with the Castle of Cronenburgh, and the Swedish coast—St. Petersburgh in Winter—the Coronation of Charles X. in the Cathedral of Rheims—St. Stephen's Church in Vienna, with the grand procession of Corpus Christi—Hanover, from the Ihme Bridge—and the Splugen in Switzerland. As works of art we seldom have an opportunity of praising exhibitions of this nature; but we generally find them attractive, and well calculated to convey to the untravelled beholder full, clear, and distinct ideas of the places, buildings, &c, to which they may relate. In this light we have been pleased with these views, which, we are told, were all sketched after nature, and painted by Mr. Suhr, of Hamburgh. Proportion and perspective are not always very strictly adhered to in these paintings: the general effect, however, is fair, and half-an-hour may be agreeably spent in the room. The chief variations from the plan of the Cosmorama consist in the glasses being made to move in curved grooves, to turn on pivots, &c.

THE APOLLONICON.

This very popular and attractive exhibition has recently commenced its season, in St. Martin's Lane. The self-acting powers of this instrument are truly astonishing, and the overtures to Figaro and Der Freischütz reflect great credit upon the taste and skill of the junior Mr. Flight, by whom they have been arranged on the cylinders. The choice selections from the most popular composers, executed by Mr. Perkins, on Saturdays, afford a great treat to the lovers of music. Indeed, the breathless attention which always accompanies that gentleman's exertions, with a numerous assemblage of fashionable visitors, form the most flattering testimony of the popularity with which the Apollonicon is so deservedly crowned.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Richard Westmacott, R.A. has been elected Professor of Sculpture at the Royal Academy, in the room of the late Mr. Flaxman.

The Royal Society of Literature has made its first appearance in print, by publishing half a volume of its transactions.

The Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth is on the point of publishing a volume of its transactions.

Captain Lyon, who was lately wrecked off the Irish coast, on his return from Mexico, has fortunately recovered a large portion of his MSS., drawings, and other property; amongst which is a fine ornithological collection.

A Bibliographical Company has been formed in France, for the reprinting of all good national and foreign works, translated into French.

A large and beautiful medal has recently been struck in Paris, commemorating the valuable discoveries made during the last three years of the 18th century, by the *savans* who accompanied the French army to Egypt.

An iron railway has been commenced from the road near the Invalids, at Paris, to Versailles, to convey travellers to the Royal Palace. The carriages, light, elegant, and to contain six persons, will be drawn by a single horse. Six or eight hundred persons travel daily from Paris to Versailles.

The Royal Cabinet of Medals of the Netherlands has lately received a valuable accession, by the favour of the King and the zeal of his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, in a number of antique (chiefly Greek) coins, purchased by his Excellency in the capital of the Turkish Empire.

Madame Catalani has recently been giving concerts at the theatre of the Elector of Hesse Cassel.

Yates performed his own entertainments at Paris, in French, with great *eclat*.

A patent has lately been obtained in this country for an improved mode of constructing watches. By this mode watches are made thinner than those in common use, without diminishing the force of the impelling power.

Dr. Zimmerman, of Germany, has invented a method for preventing the accidental explosion of fire-arms. It is said, that by adopting the doctor's contrivance they cannot by any possibility go off without the will of the person using them.

Sir Humphry Davy has effected a great improvement in the barometer, by which the mercury in the cistern may be kept at a constant level. The pinion that raises the vernier by which the height of the mercury is led off, depresses at the same time, and in the same degree, into the reservoir, a steel plunger, the size of which exactly corresponds to the interior diameter of the tube of the instrument.

The following method of producing artificial cold by the mixture of metals, is, we conceive, a new result. Dissolve 207 grains of lead, 118 of tin, and 284 of bismuth in 1617 grains of mercury, at a temperature of 612° of Fahrenheit. The mixture will immediately fall to 149° Fahrenheit.

To restore wine that has been turned:—Add from half an ounce to two ounces of tartaric acid to a hectolitre of wine, according to its state of decomposition. The tartaric acid re-produces the tartar, disengages the carbonic acid, and consequently destroys the alkaline character given to the wine by the subcarbonates.

Works in the Press, &c.

Colonel Trench intends to publish a collection of papers, with explanatory plates, relating to the Thames Quay; with hints for further improvements in the metropolis.

A Historical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Account of Kirkstall Abbey, illustrated with highly-finished Engravings in the Line Manner, by John Cousen, pupil of the late John Scott, Esq., from drawings by Wm. Mulready, Esq. R A, and Chas Cope.

In one volume, Holland-Tide, or Munster Popular Tales.

A Guide to Phrenology, with an illustrative engraving. By H. W. Dewhurst, Surgeon, F.A.S. Author of a Dictionary of Anatomy, &c.

By the same Author, The Anatomy and Physiology of the Eye, with an Explanation of the Theory of Vision.

The first number of Mr. Brockedon's Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, is nearly ready.

A volume of the Poetical and Popular Literature of the Servians, by Mr. Bowring.

A Pocket Road Book of Ireland, on the Plan of Reichard's Itineraries.

The Military Sketch-Book; containing reminiscences of seventeen years in the service, abroad and at home. By an Officer of the Line. 2 vols. post 8vo.

The Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin, of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Covent Garden, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. with a Portrait.

By Dr. Kitchener, the Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Loco-motion; being precepts for promoting the pleasures, hints for preserving the health, and estimates of the expences of persons travelling on foot, on horseback, in stages, in post-chaises, and in private carriages.

The History of George Godfrey, by Himself. In three volumes.

Richmond, or Scenes in the Life of a Bow-street Officer. 3 vols.

The Adventures of a Sparrow, by the Author of Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master.

The author of "Head Pieces and Tail Pieces, a series of tales, by a Travelling Artist," is preparing for publication a moral tale in one volume, to be entitled, "A Peep at the World, or the Rule of Life."

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess of Milan.—The Lady of the Hon. William Fraser.—The Lady of Sir David Hunter Blair.—The Lady of William Francis Elliott.—The Hon. Mrs. E. Goulburn.—The Hon Mrs. Liddell.—Lady Charlotte Fletcher.

Of Daughters.—The Lady of the Right Hon. Stratford Canning.—The Hon. Mrs. S. G. Giss.—The Lady of Lieutenant Colonel J. Hogge.—Her Imperial Highness, Maria Caroline, Grand Duchess of Tuscany.—The Hon. Mrs. Colville.—Lady Caroline Mornant.

The Lady of the Rev. Thomas Nayler, Chaplain to his late Royal Highness, the Duke of York, of a son and daughter.

MARRIAGES.

John Kerrick, Esq., of Goldstone Hall, Norfolk, to Mary Eleanor, eldest daughter of John Fitzgerald, Esq., M.P.

Thomas Thistlethwaite, Esq., to Tryphena Bathurst, second daughter of Henry, Lord Bathurst.

William Worsley, Esq., of Hovingham, Yorkshire, to Sarah Philadelphia, fourth daughter of Sir George Cayley, Bart.

At Bath, Lord William Paget, second son of the Marquess of Anglesey, to Fanny, only daughter of Lieut General Sir Francis De Rottenburgh, K. G. H.

The Rev. Henry Torre, Rector of Thornhill, to Sarah Caroline, daughter of Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart.

The Rev. J. Wolff, Missionary to the Jews, to the Lady G. M. Walpole, fourth daughter of the late, and sister to the present Earl of Orford.

William Drury Holden, Esq., to Caroline Esther, youngest daughter of Lord Scarsdale.

DEATHS.

The Hon. Mrs. Bourke, Lady of the Bishop of Waterford.

The Lady of Sir Charles Ibbetson, Bart.

Gilbert Jerdan, Esq., second son of the late John Jerdan, Esq., and brother of the late Lieut. Col. Jerdan, of Bombay.

Aged 54, the Hon. Lieut. General Sir William Stewart, G. C. B., brother of the Earl of Galloway.

Aged 21, the Hon. Emma Cary, only daughter of the late, and sister of the present Viscount Falkland.

Sarah, wife of the Rev. Dr. Grier, and sister to the Lord Archbishop of Londonderry.

At Hampton Court Palace, Elizabeth, wife of Horace Seymour, Esq., M.P.

At Hoddesdon, aged 82, General John Adolphus Harris.

At Islington, aged 60, the Rev. John Evans, LL. D.

Aged 14, John, youngest son of the late Lieut. Colonel Nicoll.

The Right Hon. James Sutherland, Lord Duffus.

Aged 78, the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Macdonald, relict of the Right Hon. Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bart., and eldest sister of the Marquess of Stafford.

The Rev. Septimus Collinson, D.D., Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, Margaret Professor of Divinity.

Aged 54, Lieut. General Alexander Cosby Jackson.

Lady Collins, widow of Sir John Collins, R. N.

At Hastings, Mrs. Jones, relict of the Right Hon. Theophilus Jones, and sister to the late Countess of Clermont, and Dowager Lady Rossmore.

At Castlemartyr, the Countess of Shannon, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. John Ponsonby.

At Rochester, aged 88, the Rev. Dr. Law, Archdeacon of Rochester, and Rector of Westmill, Herts, and of Easton Magna, Essex.

Aged 61, the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. George Pelham, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, youngest son of the late, and brother of the present Earl of Chichester.

At his seat, Cole Ortonhall, Leicestershire, Sir George Beaumont, aged 72.

Aged 70, the Rev. William Forster Pigott, D. D. F. A. S., Rector of Mereworth, Kent, and of Clewer, Berkshire, and one of the Chaplains to His Majesty.

At Woolwich, aged 75, Lieutenant General Ramsay.

Dr. Plunkett, titular Bishop of Meath, aged 89.

Aged 59, the Hon. and Rev. Edward Legge, D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Oxford. His grace was the youngest son of William, second Earl, and brother to George, the third and late Earl of Dartmouth.

Mary Anne, wife of Major General Henry Fox Calcraft.

Maria Juliana, the Lady of T. Stapleton, Esq., of Drax, Yorkshire, second daughter of Sir Robert Gerard, Bart.

At Whitehall, the Right Hon. Lady Carrington.

Sir William Rawson.

Mrs. Rouse, widow of the late Benjamin Rouse, Esq., of New Bridge Street.

General W. Cartwright, Colonel of the First Dragoon Guards.

At the house of the Portuguese Ambassador, in South Audley Street, the Marquess D'Abrantes.

Frederick Charles, youngest child of the Rev. Lord J. Thynne.

Aged 63, Rear Admiral J. S. May.

At Studley Priory, Oxfordshire, Le Blount, fourth son of Sir Alexander Croke, Bart.

Mary, wife of Lieut. Colonel Radclyffe.

Aged 22, Caroline, third daughter of the Rev. Richard Wetherell, of Pashley House, Ticehurst, Sussex.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXVIII. FOR APRIL, 1827.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of MISS GEORGIANA VERNON, Daughter of His Grace the Archbishop of York, engraved by J. THOMSON, from a Painting by MISS BEAUMONT.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Concert Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening, or Ball-Dress.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We can most distinctly affirm, that the papers which have appeared in La Belle Assemblee, under the title of "*Weddings*," and which have been pirated into one of the mock annuals, and we know not how many other periodicals, are not the production of a "Miss Wallcock, from Dunkirk," nor of a Miss Wallcock from any other place. A lady, bearing that designation, has, we are told—though we doubt the truth of the allegation—claimed their authorship; and we are further told—the truth of which statement we also doubt—that she has, in consequence, been presented—Heaven save the mark!—with a splendid copy of the said mock annual, *bound in scarlet and gold!* We give these people as much credit for their *liberality* as for their *honesty*. The standing toast, with the piratical publishers, every day after dinner, is that of a certain *respectable* society whose orgies are celebrated in the drama of The Iron Chest—"Plunder!!!"

"*Love Dreams*" are so delightful that we could dream—and dream—and dream them over for ever. Sweet indeed must be the *sleep* that produces *such* dreams.

By the early insertion of "*Happiness*," we hope to afford *pleasure* to many of the readers of La Belle Assemblee

"*The Smugglers*" were actually in type for the present No.; but, unluckily, the arrangements of the press were such as to occasion their postponement till the ensuing month.

We shall be very glad to receive the promised communications from our good friend "E. R." Her favour of the present month was, unfortunately, too late in its arrival.

"*Ellen, a Sketch*," by "B. B. B.," as early as possible.

The communications from "Bridget" have been sent to their intended destination. Their writer, has, we trust, ere this, received a private letter from the Editor of La Belle Assemblee.

"*The Lions of a Watering Place*" are much too *tame*.

When shall we have the pleasure of receiving the promised "*Sketches from my Diary?*"

The packets were duly sent, as requested, to the London Institution, and Southampton Row, Bloomsbury. Another packet to the latter place will be forwarded immediately.

It was to our friend "E. R."—inadvertently printed "E. M." in our February No., that we meant to express obligation for her enclosure.

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ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF MISS GEORGIANA VERNON.

Miss Georgiana Vernon, whose beautiful portrait, from the pencil of Miss Beaumont (exhibited last year at the Royal Academy) now graces the Picture Gallery of La Belle Assemblee, is the youngest daughter—the youngest of a family of sixteen children, thirteen of whom survive*—of His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England, &c. She is consequently sister of Lady Johnstone, wife of Sir John Vanden Bempdé Johnstone, of Hackness, in the county of York, Bart., a portrait and memoir of whom we had the honour of introducing last month † Miss Georgiana Vernon's mother was, previously to her marriage with His Grace the Lord Archbishop, the Lady Anne Leveson Gower, third daughter of the Most Noble Granville, first Marquess of Stafford, K.G., &c., by his second lady, Louisa Egerton, daughter of the Right Honourable Scroope, fourth Earl, and first Duke of Bridgewater, by the Lady Rachel Russel, daughter of Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford.

In our Illustrative Memoir of Lady Johnstone, we have given an accurate historical and genealogical sketch of the noble family of Vernon, from the middle of the eleventh century to the present time; and, by turning to an Illustrative Memoir of Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, daughter of the present Marquess of Stafford, in the first volume (New Series) of La Belle Assemblee, a similar sketch will be found of the noble family of Gower, the pedigree of which may be distinctly traced beyond the Conquest, and which, by its intermarriages with heiresses, is entitled to quarter the armorial bearings of at least sixteen other families. Here, therefore, we find it necessary only to repeat, that the Right Honourable Lady Anne Vernon, wife of His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, and mother of Lady Johnstone, Miss Georgiana Vernon, &c., is the third daughter of the late, and sister of the present Most Noble George Granville Leveson, Marquess of Stafford, Earl Gower, Viscount Trentham, Baron Gower of Sittenham, Bart., K.G., &c.—The Right Honourable Granville, second Earl and third Baron Gower, of Sittenham, K.G., was born on the 4th of August, 1721. On the 1st of March, 1786, he was created Marquess of Stafford. His Lordship married, *first*, in 1744, Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Fazakerley, Esq.; by whom (who died on the 19th of May, 1745) he had one son, John, who died an infant. His Lordship married, *secondly*, on the 28th of March, 1748, the Lady Louisa Egerton, daughter of His Grace, Scroope, first Duke of Bridgewater; and by her, who died on the 14th of March, 1761, he had issue:—

1. Louisa, born October 22, 1749, married December 25, 1777, the Right Honourable Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bart., late Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer (uncle to Alexander, Lord Macdonald) died February, 1827;—2. Caroline, born November 2, 1753, married, March 22, 1770, Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, died, January 25, 1824;—3. George Granville, second and present Marquess of Stafford, born January 9, 1758, married, September 4, 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness of Strathnaver;—4. Anne, born February 22, 1761, married February, 1784, the Right Honourable Dr. Edward Vernon, Lord Archbishop of York.

The late Marquess married, *thirdly*, May 23, 1768, the Lady Susanna Stewart, daughter of Alexander, seventh Earl of Galloway; and by her, who died in August, 1805, he had issue:—

1. Georgiana Augusta, born April 13, 1769, married William, Earl of St. Germains, died at Madeira, March 24, 1806;—2. Charlotte Sophia, born January 11, 1771, married, May 26, 1791, Henry Charles, present Duke of Beaufort, K.G.;—3. Susanna, born 1772, married, July, 1794, Dudley, Earl of Harrowby;—4. Granville Leveson, born October 12, 1773, married, December 25, 1809, the Lady Henrietta Cavendish, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, K.G., created, July 15, 1815, Viscount Granville, of Stone Park, in the county of Stafford.

The Marquess died on the 26th of October, 1803, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George Granville, the present Marquess.

* *Vide* page 96. † *Vide* page 93.

GOOD DOGS AND BAD DOGS.

Love me, love my dog."

In days of old, as we have been taught, rocks danced and trees talked, and the beasts of the forest were wont to assemble in councils of state. Why then, in the present *enlightened* age, amidst the *quick* "march of intellect," when every ploughboy, every chimney-sweeper, every scavenger, is abundantly qualified to assume the post of Premier or Lord Chancellor, why should not even a dog, if *educated*, be deemed competent to express his opinions upon paper in good set English? Somebody has predicted that, a century hence, the coach-horses of a certain noble duke, who is to make a splendid figure in his day, will swear in round terms that they will go into harness only when they please. The fulfilment of the prophecy is too far off for *us* to pronounce upon the inspiration of the prophet. Dogs, however, have more *nous* than horses; therefore, it is not to be wondered at that, in the "grand *march*," they should be many *steps* before their equine associates in the chase. The thing is already done—dogs, or puppies, have actually turned scribes. I have a very sad dog in my eye at this moment. Only look at the pages of a certain popular periodical,* and you will see that a very sad dog—a bad dog—a very wicked dog, I would call him—has been enlisted in its literary corps. He is a very unnatural dog, too; for he barks and bays, and howls and foams, against his fellow-creatures. I anxiously caution all the canine species to avoid him; as, if not positively rabid, he is labouring under strong symptoms of approaching hydrophobia; and, remember, all ye *good* and *worthy* dogs—"there is no cure for the bite of a *mad* dog."

The writing dog is not an original dog, though. As he *writes*, it may not very unfairly be presumed that he sometimes *reads*: and I have no doubt that he has taken his hint for persecution from the productions of a certain pious noodle—he was not a noodle, mind, because he was pious, nor was he pious because he was a noodle—who made some books about the Holy Land, and brought home some bottles of the fetid waters of the Jordan, as an infallible cure for the ague, &c. That same pious biped gravely assures his readers that "the slightest attention to the words of inspiration will show that the dog is frequently alluded to as figurative of *infidelity*," &c. &c. In support of this very *sound* and *accurate* opinion, he adduces no fewer than five texts of scripture, each and all of which decidedly fail in corroborating his attempts at argument.

The unfortunate cockney quadruped is not a bit like the "travelled monkey," of whom Gay tells us: *he*, evidently, has not "seen" the world; no, he has formed his notions of his whole species from himself, and from the wretched sophisticated ladies' pugs and poodles that he barks about. Never having been beyond the sound of Bow bells in his life, he would not know a shepherd's dog—Buffon's fancied father of the race—or a hound, or a lurcher, or a spaniel, or a pointer, or a terrier, from a tiger or a bear, a badger or a ferret. "Dogs," says he—the unnatural brute!—are "useless animals." Ay, truly, dogs like himself and his associates are indeed useless animals; but not such dogs as the dog of Ulysses, the dog of Montargis, the dogs of St. Bernhard, or the fine Newfoundland dog of my friend Jack Thompson, who, although only five years old, has already saved the lives of three human beings. These I call *good* dogs.

After all, notwithstanding the grand march of intellect—notwithstanding the Lancasterian schools, and the Mechanics' Institutes, and the Cockney University—this dog has hitherto succeeded in picking up only a few of the crumbs of education—perhaps beneath the tables of the *professors*. Like all the tribe of the half-wits, he argues from the abuse, not from the use of a thing. "Dogs," says he, are "useless animals," and, assuming the solemn didactic strain—pity it is not in blank verse—he observes, "the life of the most humble human being is of more value than all the dogs in the world." Now really, leaving their souls out of the question, I think—and I am sure I shall have many to agree with me—there are numbers of human beings in the world, who are not only *useless*, but positively *mischievous*; and,

* See The Monthly Magazine for February.

therefore—always leaving their *souls* out of the question, if they have any—one good faithful dog is worth a whole mob of them.

"Dogs are *useless* animals," says the snarling unnatural cur. What then were they sent into the world for? Wise men have told us that no creature has been made in vain.

"Exempt the nuptial and the filial ties,
Hast thou one friend amongst thy reasoning kind
On whom thy secret heart for truth relies,
Thus ardent, noble, constant, and refined?"

"Ah!" says the literary dog, quoting St. Paul—for even his satanic majesty can quote scripture to serve his purpose, as well as the Holy Land noodle—"beware of dogs." But it was not four-footed dogs that St. Paul's caution referred to; for the Apostle adds, "beware of evil workers"—men who would mar, and mutilate, and destroy the fair works of God's creation.

But dogs sometimes—one in a million perhaps—go mad; and therefore, because it has pleased heaven occasionally to afflict a creature of its care, let the dog, although the most sagacious and the most faithful of the brute creation, the tried and never-failing friend of man, be hunted out of existence, and his race extinguished.

There is a strong spirit of emulation in the animal world: men and monkies are not the only imitative creatures: even asses will sometimes prick up their ears, and kick up their heels, and expect to be thought wise. In fact, from the wonder-working wizard of the north, down to the poor literary dog that has been howling against its fellow-creatures, there does not appear to be any animal too mean or too contemptible to have its imitators—and imitators were always a "servile herd." Thus a poor seditious donkey, who brays about once a week, to the amusement of his friends and brethren, has been imitating and echoing his canine predecessor. I cannot venture to name this donkey; no, neither his name, nor that of his book, as he calls it, must be permitted to disfigure the pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. The sanguinary yell—I beg pardon, *bray*—is raised, in echo long and loud, for the destruction of dogs. But I wonder not at this: an ass is not a dog—he has none of the noble properties of the dog—he cannot be supposed to have any fellow-feeling for the dog; besides, this is a jacobin dickey; and jacobins have always been notorious for a determined hostility against every thing that is great, and good, and noble. Cats—those mild, gentle, faithful animals—animals that never bite or scratch—and that *never* go *mad*;—cats, tigers, and monkeys, are infinitely more to *their* taste. O, shield us from the gentle sympathies, the mild mercies of jacobinism!

The scribbling dog makes a memorandum: "If you see people furiously fond of dogs, and other animals, be sure they are unfortunate beings, whose minds have been soured, and whose society is rather to be shunned than sought after." This is not an application to my case, for not being either mad or inclined to madness—having not the slightest symptom of hydrophobia—I am not "*furiously*" fond of *any* animals, brute or human—the snarler does not seem to be aware that men, women, and children *are* animals. However, I am neither an old maid nor an old bachelor; but, on the contrary, a very quiet, domesticated, married man, with a round half-dozen of fine, fat, chubby, rosy girls and boys to be fond of—not furiously fond, mind; notwithstanding which, I can spare a crust, and a bone, and a word of kindness to my dog; for *my* dog is a *good* dog, an *honest* dog, a *faithful* dog; not a yelping, snarling dog, hating both man and beast. Some of my worthy friends also have very good dogs. Sir Walter Scott, I will answer for him, though I have not the honour of ranking him in the list, has more than one good dog about him, partaking of his good-humoured caresses. Only look at his Dandie Dinmont's noble dogs in Guy Mannering—his life-devoted dog of Helvellyn, and all his other dogs. Then there is the author of Keeper on his Travels—a book that all my boys and girls have read twenty times over, and take pride in getting by heart; the author of that book, I am quite sure, must have a *good* dog. Old Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, too—if I am doubted, read his fine warm-hearted sketches in Blackwood—loves dogs dearly, and must have had many a good one in his time. Miss Mitford, again, what an angel of a dog her Mayflower is! Where is the animal—brute or human—that would not rejoice in prancing with her about the meadows and through the green lanes for a whole summer's day? And, though last, not least, look at Maria Porter's dog, Baremel, the very *beau*

idéal of a dog, in her "Don Sebastian." I know that lady loves a dog dearly, and she has got a very pretty one; yet no one ever suspected her of being one of those "unfortunate beings whose minds have been soured, and whose society is rather to be shunned than sought after."—Not long since I recollect there was a dog who fixed his residence near the grave of his master, in the churchyard of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. Perhaps the poor fellow is there still; for it was his lot to meet with *animals* possessing rather more of the milk of *human* kindness, than is to be found in the breasts of many that I could name. At all events, he had *justice* done him.

"See, where he lies upon that lowly grave,
In sullen sorrow—deaf to every voice
Would lure him hence. Hark! how beneath the moon
He howls a requiem o'er the buried form
Now hid for ever from his grateful eye!
Shame on thee, man! what are thy hollow friendships
Compared to love like this? Come here and learn
A graceful lesson from yon faithful brute!
Ponder on all it teaches—then go hence
With chastened feelings, and an humbled heart."*

All that I have been last speaking of were good dogs—very good dogs—very excellent dogs. I will now contrast their character with that of a very *bad* dog. Some years ago, before it was my lot to reside in a mansion of my own, I happened to have a parson for a landlord. He, of course, was not a bit the worse landlord for being a parson, though he was not—which he ought to have been—the better. However, I have no fault to find with him as a landlord, for I did not give him an opportunity of distraining for his rent.—We were talking about dogs, one day: "Ah!" said he, "I had a beautiful little dog once—I was very fond of him—and I often think of him with regret now—a beautiful good little creature he was."—"You lost him then?"—"No, no—poor fellow! that abominable tax, the dog tax, was introduced; and I could not think of paying five shillings a-year for a *dog!*"—"So you gave him away, then?" exclaimed I, mentally recoiling, as I should have done from a serpent.—"No, no, I could not keep him—and I thought if I gave him away he might come to some harm—so I paid a poor man the price of a pot of beer, to put a rope round his neck and hang him, and then it was done with!"—I could hardly bear to sit down in a room with this man—if man he were—afterwards. Not long since, chance gave me a singular illustration of his character. Walking up Oxford Street, on my way to dine with an old playfellow, I saw the parson. After dinner, the island of Guernsey, of which my friend's wife was a native, happened to form the topic of conversation. "Excepting yourself," said I to the lady, "I have been acquainted with only one person from the island; and, from the estimate which I felt myself under the necessity of forming of his character, I should be sorry to regard him as a fair specimen of the Guernsey folk; he was a parson, and my landlord at ——, and, oddly enough, I saw him to-day in Oxford Street." "Why, surely," said she, "you don't mean our old Guernsey parson, for *I* saw him to-day in Oxford Street. What was his name?"—"B——," said I.—"What T—— B——?" "The very same!"—"Oh," said my fair hostess, "I can give you a curious history of him;" which she immediately did in detail, briefly to this effect:—He was at a christening, one day—no unusual case—when, to the astonishment of all who were made acquainted with the fact, three or four silver spoons disappeared—but no one suspected *him*. Subsequently, however, he was much in the confidence of an opulent tradesman of the island, at whose house he would occasionally remain, in trust, during the temporary absence of his friend. Money and various articles of value were repeatedly missed; and, in the end they were traced home to the parson. However, instead of putting him on trial for the offence, which would have put him in jeopardy of the fate to which his own poor dog had been subjected, he was, through a feeling of compassion—an emotion that must ever have been a stranger to *his* breast—suffered to expatriate himself.

Was not this Guernsey dog a *sad* dog, a *bad* dog, a *wicked* dog? Always leaving his *soul* out of consideration, I cannot help thinking that that *useless* animal, Jack Thompson's Newfoundland dog, is worth a hundred of him.

Ah! there comes my dear friend's fat little Chloe, wagging her tail, and her dark bright eyes—almost intellectual ones—gleaming with gladness. She is none of Master Snarler's poor sophisticated cockney curs, washed, combed, and curled—painted, pow-

* *Vide* Lines entitled "The Unknown Grave," under the signature of "L. S. S.," in the former series of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. xxx. page 117.

dered, and scented, and fed upon roast fowl and fried fish for dinner, chocolate for breakfast, and mock turtle for lunch and supper. Plain fare suits her turn; and, with an honest face, she can make a hearty meal off the scraps which might otherwise be wasted. She is a jealous little hussey, it is true; but she is as faithful as she is jealous; and she has tact and feeling enough to love not only her mistress but her mistress's friends. She, too—leaving her *soul* out of the question, that I may not shock the prejudices of *nice* dogs—is worth a hundred of the Guernsey dog.

A fair neighbour of mine has the luck to have two very clever dogs—dogs of some sentiment, but of very different tastes—one of them a merry, joyous dog—the other, I fear, a melancholy dog. Bob, the former—a rough-looking dog, thought very much to resemble the late Lord Thurlow—was shut up on the morning of his mistress's wedding, lest he should make one of the bridal party at church. However, Bob contrived to effect his escape—to church he went—and was present during the whole ceremony. He seemed to enjoy the affair as much as any of the happy group. Beau, his fellow-servant, a fine handsome dog, has recently evinced his attachment in a very different, and, as some may think, in a much more sentimental style. The lady, in her first confinement, had twin daughters: for some time the infants grew and flourished, and held forth bright promises for the future; but at length they both sickened and died, one within three days of the other, and they were destined to repose together in their last earthly home. On the day of the funeral, Bob and Beau were both shut up. On this occasion, it was Beau's turn to escape. By some unknown means, he was at the church door as soon as the black coaches, bearing the remains of the deceased, and their mourning attendants. The bereaved mother, not too fashionable to attend the remains of her children to the grave, alighted—her dog was at her feet—he kept close to her, not by her side, but in the very middle of the path, as she passed up the aisle of the church—crept into the pew—remained there in the strictest silence during the reading of that portion of the burial service which is always performed in the church—then moved again with the procession, still close to his mistress, and in the middle of the path, into the church-yard—looked wistfully into the grave, whilst the last sad rites were performing—returned to his weeping mistress—leaped into the carriage after her—and lay, silent and motionless at her feet till she reached her home.

This was the conduct of a *dog*—of one of those "*useless*" animals, against which the wretched snarler and his poor braying friend—if friendship can be found amongst *such* animals—have raised the war-whoop of extermination!

Certainly *I* have no wish to see *dogs*—GOOD dogs—*destroyed*; but I as certainly should like to see an enactment by which all *bad* dogs—ill *mad* dogs—all *wicked* dogs—bipedal as well as quadrupedal, should be *muzzled*. H.

OTHO OF GERMANY, AND THE PIRATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A HEAVY rain ushered in a bleak autumnal night, which closed over the field of Busentelle; concealing, in almost impenetrable darkness, the flight of the fugitive, and somewhat abating, by its gloomy influence, the fierce ardour of the pursuer.

The uproar and tumult of the day had subsided. The shouts of onset, the neighing of steeds, and the shrill call of the trumpets had given place to the solitary voice of nature. No sound met the ear but that of the wind rushing through the half leafless forests; as two knights, armed cap-a-pie, forced their way through the tangled mazes of a thick wood, bordering on the shores of the Mediterranean.

"The game is up!" exclaimed the foremost rider, suddenly springing from his steed, as the heavily-caparisoned war-charger sank under him; "and my life and diadem are not worth an hour's purchase!"

"Courage, royal Otho!" said his companion, likewise dismounting; and speaking in a hollow and suppressed voice, as though the action gave him great pain; "the hope that has carried you thus far from the hot pursuit of your enemies must yet bear you on."

"Now, by saint Peter, noble Count! Your advice is physic to a dying man. My good steed has breathed his last, and these weary limbs will poorly aid me in eluding the scent of the blood-hounds who track my steps."

"Danger besets you on every side," returned the wounded knight, impatiently; "but delay is certain death. Mount my horse, and speed for life through the forest."

"I value existence too little to prolong mine on such dishonourable terms, brave Hermon. Never shall my enemies say, that Otho of Germany fled like a coward, leaving his friend to the mercy of the treacherous friends who have brought his life and honour into such fearful jeopardy."

"My liege, this is not a time to indulge in chivalric sentiments. The fate of an empire depends upon your life. Mine is already sped. Number me with the brave men you have left to the crow and the vulture on yonder ill-starred field. Hark!" he continued, sinking, from the tree which had hitherto supported him, to the earth, "the foe is on us! I hear the trampling of steeds, and the deep baying of the dogs, which rises on the blast like the knell of death."

The Emperor started, and listened, while the surviving steed snorted, pricked up his ears, and shook impatiently his slackened rein.

"You are right, Hermon; they are near—arise, and fly! Darkness will no longer conceal us. See—the moon bursts forth."

He paused, in breathless suspense, but received no answer. He touched the hand of the knight, which lay extended on the ground—the icy coldness chilled him! He loosened the clasp of his visor, and lifted the heavy steel casque from his head. Through a misty atmosphere, the moon shed a sickly light on the pale brow and bloodstained hair of the knight. Otho gazed for a moment on the lifeless form of his friend, sprang to his steed, and fled through the forest with desperate speed. The night was far advanced; the wind, which had been rising for some hours, dispelled the haze which had enveloped the moon, and she now shone in cloudless glory on the ocean.

No sail was visible—no indication of the haunts of men met the anxious glance of Otho, as he slowly paced the beach, leading his tired horse, and bitterly ruminating on the past. Where should he gain a lodging for the night? To effect this object would risque discovery. While he was meditating on the course to be pursued, the sound of revelry met his ear—the laugh, the song, the wild huzza, rose on the wind, and mingled with the hollow wailing of the billows, which rolled in living brightness at his feet. Otho looked cautiously round, as a boisterous peal of merriment awoke the lonely echo of the place; but, though the sound seemed near, no object met his eye, but the broad expanse of moving water, and the deep shadow of the bold craggy rock beneath which he stood. He began to think something of magical illusion prevailed. At length the following ditty was chaunted in full chorus, by manly voices, in his native tongue:—

Where the sun warms, or the tempest lours,
The treasures of ocean and earth are ours;
Freedom and conquest attend our sail,
And the prize shall be ours ere the moon turn pale.

The wind that ruffles the breast of the deep,
And howls round our cavern, shall lull us to sleep;
We sail by the glory of moonbeam and star,
And shout to the billow that bears us afar.

Bear a hand! bear a hand! unmoor the boat,
With the wind and the tide to our vessel float:
When the black flag is hoisted rude warfare is nigh—
Where its dark shadow quivers the boldest will fly.

Then, courage, my mates! the wind sings loud;
The moon has burst from her swarthy cloud;
Again must we dash through the angry roar
Of the foaming surge, ere the night is o'er!

This wild burst freed the Emperor from doubt as to the profession of the revellers; and he rightly concluded that he was near the rendezvous of one of the notorious hordes of pirates which, in that dark age, infested every island and shore of the Mediterranean. Finding he was likely to escape from Scylla only to fall into Charybdis, he was about to bend his course in a different direction, when his horse, with the natural sagacity of the species, finding himself near the haunts of men, neighed long and loudly. The sound had scarcely gone forth, before all was silent in the cavern; and Otho had time only to disengage his plumed helm, and commit it to the deep, ere a huge stone was rolled from the mouth of a cave, artfully concealed by a projecting angle of the rock. A flood of light instantaneously burst forth, revealing a group of men, variously attired, feasting round a table, hewn from the solid rock, which blazed with goblets of precious metal, filled with the sparkling juice of the grape. In another moment the Emperor was sur-

rounded by armed men, whose fierce and menacing gestures indicated that little mercy or forbearance was to be expected at their hands.

The Prince, accustomed to command a turbulent and warlike people, bent not from his native dignity in addressing the lawless band before him. Courage could not rescue him from his perilous situation; but a bold and resolute carriage was more likely to succeed with such men than cowardly supplications or mean submission. Turning, therefore, to the foremost in the group, whom, by his proud bearing and fierce demeanour, he concluded to be their leader, he said—"Chance and my evil destiny have thrown me into your power: my rank is noble; aid me in my present need, and I will so amply reward your services, that henceforth you may abandon the lawless life you pursue."

The pirate tauntingly answered—"Methinks, the fortunes of an unhelmed knight would pay us poorly for exercising the rites of hospitality! What sum could you offer, of sufficient magnitude to tempt the rover to forsake his traffic on the deep? The wealth of nations is ours—we have bought our freedom on the wave with our blood, and derive our treasures from the most remote regions of the earth."

"Peace, Theodoric!" exclaimed a voice from behind, which made Otho start, as a tall martial figure emerged from the cavern. "Is it thus," he continued, addressing his comrade, "that you prove your boasted freedom, by playing the tyrant to a stranger, whose misfortune it is to have fallen into our hands? Now, by Saint Nicholas! the patron of the mariner, I find man is the same arbitrary being on the throne, in the camp, or on the deep. Give him power, and he abuses the prerogative with which he is invested." During this speech Otho examined, with an air of troubled interest, the dark, but intelligent countenance of the outlaw. His figure was lofty, well and strongly formed. Though plainly attired in the coarse garb of a seaman, he possessed a firmness of step, a grandeur of deportment, indicating high lineage and early acquaintance with arms. His complexion had suffered from the scorching influence of a hotter climate and constant exposure to weather; but the fire of genius pervaded his features and flashed through the dark and piercing eye, which spoke of deeds, boldly resolved, and fearlessly executed. His brow was marked with an expression of deep and settled melancholy, whose gloomy power had stolen the glow of health from his cheek, and shed its blight on the rich masses of raven hair, which, in the full meridian of manhood, were already mingled with silver. His countenance, once seen, could not easily be forgotten; and the remembrance of its lineaments recurred to the mind of the Emperor like a troubled dream, recalling the calm sports of boyhood, the rash and impetuous career of youth, the fierce tyranny that had marked his entrance on manhood.—"It is only fancy, or he, too, would recognise me," he exclaimed to himself, as the pirate, turning to him, said, in a courteous tone—"Sir Knight, you are welcome to our rugged cheer—follow me."

The cavern was strongly illuminated with torches, which gleamed on arms and trophies won from remote and barbarous nations. The Captain, however, motioned Otho to a seat at the lower end of the board, and having seen him well supplied with refreshments, turned to a beautiful youth who was seated at his right hand, his head resting on a small lute. With that youth he entered into earnest conversation, from time to time casting significant glances on Otho. Once, the Emperor encountered the full languishing blue eye of the stripling, whose colour mounted even to the snowy temples, which glittered with marble whiteness from among the flaxen locks by which they were shaded. He turned away his head to conceal his confusion, and his hand unconsciously fell over the instrument: it emitted a tremulous strain of melody, and the minstrel, as if gathering courage from the sound, sang a simple air which served more forcibly to enchain the attention of the Emperor. As if under the influence of magic, he gazed with intense interest on the dark-browed chief, and on the fair-haired youth beside him.

My native land! my native land!
How many tender ties,
Connected with thy distant strand,
Call forth my heavy sighs.

The rugged rock—the mountain stream—
The hoary pine-tree's shade;
Where, often, in the noon tide beam,
A happy child I strayed!

I think of thee, when early light
Is trembling on the hill;
I think of thee, at dead midnight,
When all is dark and still!

I think of those whom I shall see
On this fair earth no more;
And wish in vain for wings to flee
Back to thy much-loved shore.

The pirate cast a look of tender and melancholy regard on the minstrel, and Otho was on the point of expressing the pleasure his enchanting voice had afforded him, when the outlaw to whom he had first spoken, suddenly asked, in an imperious tone, "Sir Knight, whence came you?"

A dark frown rested on the brow of Otho, as he replied, in a tone equally haughty—"From the field of Busentelle."—"How went the battle?"—"It was not the sword of the mighty, or the force of the strong, that won the field," returned the Emperor—"treachery prevailed."—"How!" exclaimed the Captain, starting to his feet, "did his Italian friends forsake Otho in his hour of need? This repays the tyrant well for casting from him true hearts and brave hands!" "You are a German," said the Emperor, fixing his eagle eye on the pirate; "what can you know of Otho's private councils?"—A fierce light blazed in the dark eyes of the robber, as he replied—"What do I not know of them, you should have said. Hear me, Sir Knight, and then judge between this accursed tyrant and me!"—He paused, covered his face with his hands, and appeared for some time struggling with bitter reflections; then continued, in a calmer tone: "Stranger, you see before you one of the noblest-descended princes of the German empire, the unfortunate Philip of Cologne." The Emperor started—a deadly paleness stole over his countenance—his lip quivered, and his eyes involuntarily sought the ground, as the pirate proceeded in his narrative.—"I served my first apprenticeship in arms under the banner of Otho, and we reaped together immortal glory in many a field. In the war with Sarmatia, the regiments under my command surprised, one night, the camp of the enemy, and we took much spoil, and made many prisoners. Among the captives was a young and lovely female, the only daughter of a man of rank, who, dying of his wounds, committed her, with a father's blessing, to his victorious foe. Had I followed the first generous impulse of my breast, I should have restored the weeping damsel to her friends and country; but my heart soon owned for the unprotected stranger a tenderer passion. Our affection was mutual, and she promised to become my bride, when the days appointed for the mourning for her father were expired. In the interval, returning to Vienna, I was received with the most flattering demonstrations of regard by the treacherous Otho. But woe to him who puts any trust in the faith of princes! He accidentally saw, and became deeply enamoured of my beautiful Sarmatian. His passion knew no bounds, and cruelty suggested the most speedy method of satisfying his wishes. Finding me determined never to surrender my promised bride, he accused me of treason, and suborned witnesses. I was tried by the circle of princes; they dreaded the indignation of the Emperor, and I was sentenced to a heavy fine and perpetual banishment. Rage, despair, and love were struggling in my breast. I gave myself up to the fury that possessed me; and, in the bitterness of the moment, denounced dreadful imprecations on the head of the man who was the author of my sufferings. But the measure of his crimes was not yet full. Eudocia resisted his passion, and treated the bribes he offered her with the contempt they merited. Accusing her of magic, the enraged and vindictive Emperor sent her, under a strong escort, a prisoner to a distant castle. Permitted to bid adieu to my aged parents before I quitted for ever my native land, I had not been many hours beneath the roof of my paternal castle before a friend communicated to me the tidings of Eudocia's sentence and approaching imprisonment. My first idea was to surprise the escort, and win back my bride at the point of the sword.—This resolve I instantly carried into execution. I assembled my friends and vassals—I pointed out my injuries—I urged them as men, and as comrades in arms, to assist me in rescuing from destruction a lovely and unfortunate woman. Aided by the darkness of the night, we succeeded in our enterprise, leaving but one man of the whole escort to return with the tale. For that adventure the ban of the empire was pronounced against me; my name was erased from the list of princes; my banner was trampled under foot; and a high reward was offered for my head. Pursued from realm to realm—destitute of a home or an abiding place—my name became a bye-word, a proverb in the mouth of my enemies. The sea was before me: I had no other resource: I joined myself to a band of brave, but desperate men, and became a

pirate and robber at the hands of Otho!" The outlaw ceased, and again passed his trembling hand over his brow.

"And what, think you, the wretch deserves, who could heap such aggravated miseries on the head of a brave and innocent man?" asked the Emperor, in a low and hollow tone.

"The fate he has doubtless met in the field—disgrace, overthrow, and death!" returned the pirate.

"He lives to fulfil the latter part of your sentence," replied the Emperor, rising and approaching the outlaw. "Philip of Cologne! do you remember this face! Can you recognize, in a nameless fugitive, your ungenerous persecutor, Otho of Germany? Sheathe in this breast your sword, and sate your indignation on the author of your wrongs."—He threw his sword at the pirate's feet, and stood before the astonished assembly with folded arms and downcast eyes. A hollow murmur passed from man to man, and, "down with the tyrant!" trembled on every lip, but no sound was audible.

The pirate sprang to his feet—a dark red flush was on his face—his lip quivered—a fierce warfare of passion shook his frame. "Tyrant!" he exclaimed, "the hour of retributive justice is at length mine! But for thee, I had been the pride and ornament of the land that gave me birth; and had reaped, in honourable warfare, immortal glory. Your unrelenting cruelty drove me to the rocks and fastnesses of these islands, and made me the companion of outlawed men, a pirate on the deep. Die! and let my crimes, my lost honour be visited on thee!" His sword flashed over his head.—"Hold!" exclaimed the minstrel boy, casting himself at the feet of the pirate, and staying the uplifted weapon; "raise not your hand against the Lord's anointed! He is your prince—once was your friend! Will his blood atone for your past sufferings? Will his condemnation ensure your eternal welfare?" The warrior paused.—"By you, Philip of Cologne, my voice was never before unheard," resumed the lovely woman, whose disguise could no longer conceal from the Emperor the wife of the pirate—"ever generous and noble even to your enemies, prove to this unhappy prince how far virtue can triumph over the mean spirit of revenge."—"Angel!" exclaimed the Emperor, "cease to plead; your supplications are to my wounded spirit worse than the pangs of death. May the just God forgive me for the ills I have wrought!"—He covered his face with his hands to conceal the agitation which was visible in every feature; but, in despite of all his efforts to repel them, the bright drops forced their way through his clenched fingers.—The pirate gazed on the conscience-stricken prince, till the wrath of his countenance passed away, and the tears trembled in his own fierce eyes. "Live!" he said, "Restore these brave men to their former rank and fortune, and this degraded arm shall reinstate you on the throne of your ancestors."

"No," returned the Emperor, mournfully, "I will not accept life at your hands. A self-condemned and guilty man, I will not attempt to excuse crimes, committed in the lust of power, in the heat of youthful passion."

"Has futurity then no terrors?" said Philip.

"None to him who has made his peace with heaven," returned Otho, "who has offered at the throne of mercy the humble sacrifices of a broken heart."

"Has your repentance been deep enough to rob the grave of its victory?"

"Your noble brother, who lies a corpse in yonder wood, could best have resolved you that question. Oh that his mailed breast were my pillow; that the hand, which vainly defended him against a host of foes, were cold and stiff like his!" The outlaw turned away, deeply affected, while the Emperor continued—"To atone in some measure for the wrongs I heaped upon your head, I passed an edict, recalling you to your country, and restoring you to the honours of which my cruel tyranny had deprived you. I ordered diligent search to be made, in every realm, for the exiled prince of Cologne; but, all my endeavours to discover the place of your retreat proving fruitless, I bestowed on your lamented brother the favours I had in store for you. At your feet I ask forgiveness of the past, and demand the fulfilment of the just sentence your lips pronounced against me."

He would have thrown himself at the pirate's feet; but the chief received him in his arms ere his knee could touch the earth. Deep silence for some minutes pervaded the

assembly; till the band, springing to their feet, and brandishing aloft their weapons, made the cavern ring with "Long live Otho of Germany! Long live Philip of Cologne!"

The pirate, true to his promise, safely transported the Emperor to the nearest German port; and the world soon forgot, in the commander-in-chief of her armies, and the bulwark of her throne, the once dreaded lion of the Mediterranean!

S. S.

MY ROBIN REDBREAST.

More than thirteen years ago, as I was weeding among my flowers, a young robin, whose breast was speckled, not yet red, hopped nearer and nearer to me by degrees, and looked, with a longing eye, at the worms, which my removal of the earth exposed to view. Impelled by hunger, and scarcely of an age to supply its own wants, at length it ventured to come near my hand, and seized a worm. I hope I may be pardoned if I, afterwards, at different times, laid a worm in its way. On the principle of its being the intention of Providence that red-breasts should eat worms, I unquestionably may; but whether it were the intention of Providence that I should sacrifice the one for the benefit of the other, may perhaps admit of a doubt.

My bird was now my constant attendant in the place where first we met, and I pretended to weed when weeds no longer grew there. At first I fed it with the aliment nature designed for it; but I soon substituted crumbs of bread. This was in autumn. Winter approached; I had two sticks fixed upright, and a third laid across for a perch. Here my robin awaited my coming into the garden. Crumbs were always in my hand; they were laid near the perch; then more and more distant from it, then at my feet; still my bird fed without fear. I then held out my open hand with the crumbs upon it; this was making rather too free; my bird flew up for each crumb it took, but would not remain on my hand. By this time its plumage was perfect; its back and wings were of the shining brown, and its breast of the orange red of its species.

I shall ever have greater faith in St. Valentine than I have in some other saints, since it is under his auspices that birds are said to pair; for, on entering my garden on St. Valentine's day, I saw two robins sitting on the perch. I now perceived, for the first time, that my bird was a female; her breast not being of quite so deep a colour as that of her companion, and her aspect not being so fierce.

Our acquaintance continued on the accustomed footing till the beginning of August, when I was absent for a month. On my return I found my poor bird reduced to skin and feathers; the season had been dry, and worms scarce. She flew instantly to my hand, and, having eaten a few crumbs, without the ceremony of retreating, she filled her beak, and flew into a neighbouring hedge, where her young brood, escaped from the nest, but unable to procure their own subsistence, were crying for food. Aware of the necessities of the case, I remained while she made as many trips as satisfied her offspring, and she continued to supply them from my hand till they were no longer under the care of their parent.

In the ensuing winter my robin had to suffer a persecution which would either have destroyed her, or driven her from the spot, if I had not come forward as her champion. I frequently laid her crumbs on the outside of a window, which bad weather obliged me to shut immediately. Here she was always pursued, with great ferocity, by a bird of her own species. Both birds recognised in me the protector of my feathered friend; if I remained at the window she ate in security, and the aggressor took to its wings; if I retired, she flew away in terror, and her enemy took possession of the field. This affords some illustration of the vulgar notion that the red-breasts of two years old kill those of one. Nor are red-breasts the only enemies which red-breasts have to fear; for, if they are murderers, sparrows are daring robbers. These would not have injured her person; but I was equally obliged to stand guard over her provisions, which they would have devoured very quietly, while they were obliging her to stand at a distance.

Years have rolled away; my robin's perch

has fallen, and a more domestic intercourse has been established between myself and her. The room through which I pass to my drawing-room has a window to the ground, and near to this grows a magnificent variegated holly, of sixty years standing. This holly has been the perch of my bird. Here she has sat, watching for me as I might pass through the room; from this she has flown in at the window, to feast on crumbs placed in a small tray on the carpet; and to this she has retreated, when satisfied, to warble a sweet song of thanks for my bounty. Never has she been absent, summer or winter, except while she was sitting on her eggs.

When hunger was pressing, and I did not immediately attend to its call, she would fly to one of the windows of my drawing-room, and stretch up her little neck to ask for bread. If this did not attract my eye, she applied to my ear, by hitting her beak against the glass; and when she knew she had succeeded, by my rising from my seat, she flew back to the window of the holly tree, by which alone she was admitted. The window opened, she flew through the room, turned the angle of the door-way which led to the drawing-room, and perched on the table, at which I sat, within a few inches of my hand. On this table stood her tray. She fed while I sat close to her; then hopped round the room, inspected the crevices of the wainscot, and flew out by the way she came.

My bird became—as all red-breasts are, and as some animals which are not red-breasts are—a persecutor in her turn. She was extremely tenacious of the inviolability of her own territories. No other robin dared to approach *her* window, except once, when the ground was covered with snow, the window open, and the owner not on guard, a poor starved fellow-creature ventured into *her* drawing room. She pursued it with the same ferocity with which she had formerly been pursued; the frightened stranger, not aware of the opposition it would meet with from the glass, which my bird was well acquainted with, beat itself against the windows, and would probably have been the victim of its intrusion, if I had not rescued it by taking it in my hand.

The mate of my robin was an exception to this general animosity. I have frequently seen her, before she had finished her meal, take the largest crumb on the tray, and put it into his mouth, as he stood waiting for it, at a little distance from the window; and I have heard her call him, and seen him come to help himself, if the crumbs were on the outside. To her offspring she was not so indulgent. She fed them from her table while her care was necessary, and she has brought them to the holly tree to shorten her journeys; but when a fine stout young bird would have remained in its vicinity, she has chased it away.

Such has been my acquaintance with my bird, during upwards of thirteen years; and, at the end of this time, her eye and her plumage were not less bright, nor her wings and her feet less active. I have dreaded the season of her moulting, when the feathers of her neck and breast were reduced to rags, and those of her tail dropped off, one by one, till no tail was left; and I have dreaded severe frosty nights, lest she should not be able to survive the cold; but still my bird always appeared in the morning.

During the frost of the last week of the last month, my bird was my torment, by being continually at my window, beseeching me to let her in; and when admitted, I had great difficulty in driving her out. She wanted shelter, and endeavoured to elude all my attempts to force her to the open window. This was exceedingly painful to me; but I considered that nature had formed her for the open air, and I had formerly found robins dead in the morning, after having been permitted to shelter in the house for the night.

Sunday, the 29th of January, came, and with it a thaw. My bird came and fed as usual, and I saw her no more.

I never pass through the outer room without looking at her window. I never hear a leaf fall against my window, without raising my eyes towards it. I open that by which she was accustomed to enter, which opening was the signal for her to fly to it, if she was not already posted in her watch tower, the holly. It is in vain—my bird is gone for ever.

February 2th, 1827. C. H.

DISAPPOINTED MEN; OR, THE HISTORIES OF WILL BLIGHT AND VANDYKE SONNE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.*

VANDYKE SONNE was the eldest hope of a respectable family. His education had been liberal, although far from costly. A sense of dependence on his own exertions had, from the first beaming of reason, been present to him; and an ambition to distinguish himself among men was his first rational desire. His appearance, when but a boy, bespoke the feelings which possessed him; his frame, like that of the Sybil, owned the presence of the divinity—the mortal was shaken by the immortal. The deep flushings which, on the slightest excitement, overspread his face, with the trembling of his lip and eyelid, arose from the fire and the music of the soul within. Even men of the dullest perceptions would, in a manner, be confounded at his demeanour. The clowns of the neighbourhood have stared and gaped to hear him link together a chain of fancies: like savages in the desert, at the musical snuff-box of the voyager, they have been astounded that so small a frame could yield sounds so mysterious and exquisite. We know there are many sceptical of physiognomical expression—they think that men, like candles, are all taken from the same vat of clay, and are incapable, by outward means, of displaying in the least their internal resources. To such men the god-like head of the Great Poet presents nothing more than chin, lips, nose, cheeks, and forehead—and to such the front of a baboon exhibits the like adornments. To such we will not attempt to describe our second luckless hero; but to those who feel assured they have seen streaming through the eyes, from the heart and brain, the immortal light of mind—who have seen thought pluck at the lip, and sweep over the brow like the wind over water—who, startled at such development of soul, have almost believed it to rustle in the hair, and to make a halo round the head of the elect: to such we shall not appear a visionary, when we affirm that Vandyke Sonne, in his early days, excited such imaginings in the bosom of the acute observer. His figure was small, and even fragile: his face pale, and rather elongated; his eyes somewhat deeply seated; his eye-brows slightly overhanging; and which would have imparted a degree of austerity to his countenance, had it not been for the exquisite beneficence of his mouth, and the delicate oval of his chin. The general expression of his face was that of intense inquiry and perpetual self-communing. His look was of one who would watch nature as a spider, in her mystic web, follow her through the darkest outlets, trace affinities in the slenderest ties, and almost bring himself into an unconsciousness of his mortality in the keen, constant, and soul-absorbing study of creation. It was these feelings which grew up with him, which, like parasitical plants, clung around him, destroying the free current of the sap of life—and whilst they were green, and nearly bursting into flower, the prop around which they sprang was all but dust. Still, with this strong habit of thought, Vandyke Sonne had, at intervals, the glee, the ringing sprightliness of a child. When Hope—pity that he was one of her most plucked and ill-used suitors—or Humour directed, he could smile with the cheerfulest and laugh with the loudest. He could throw away the mantle of philosophy, and exhibit the motley jerkin of the fool—shut up the volume, and shake the rattle—put aside the thoughts of laurel-leaves at the academy, for the hissing chestnuts at a winter fire.

Perhaps, ere this, our readers should have been advised that Vandyke Sonne had devoted himself to the art towards which the bosoms of Raphael and Corregio had burned. His first wish of reason was to become a painter. Almost every subsequent desire of his life was that of excellence in that art which had captivated his infant mind—which had weaned him from every other hope and aim. His first striking development of this preference was occasioned by the following circumstance. A distant and wealthy relation of Mr. Sonne's, being struck with the extreme intelligence of little Vandyke, invited him to spend a season at his house. It was during this stay, that the boy, one evening, retiring alone to bed, observed,

* *Vide* page 68.

on the way to his chamber, a door, till then unnoticed by him: without hesitating, he opened it, and entered a large and apparently deserted room. He was about to return, when an object in the corner of the apartment made his young heart beat again, and held him, for a time, immoveable. It was a painting by Salvator—an armed bandit, leaning forward against an angle of a precipice, in the act of awaiting his victim. After the intensity of the boy's surprise had, in some manner, abated, he approached nearer the cause of his astonishment and admiration; and, placing down the light, set himself upon the floor, directly under the picture, and with his head upraised, his eyes searchingly fixed, his lips unclosed, and his little hands and feet in such perfect quiescence, that if the spirit of Salvator could, for a moment, have illumed the pictured orbs of the robber, it would have seen more perfect, absorbed, and intense veneration in the lineaments of a child, than it ever could witness in adult beholders. Poor child! he was then gazing on the basilisk which destroyed him—he was then inhaling an atmosphere which was to blight and mildew every blossom of existence.

In the morning the greatest consternation reigned throughout the house: Vandyke's bed had never been touched—none of the servants had seen the child leave the house, and a messenger was about to be dispatched to the boy's friends, when, whilst two or three of the domestics were once more searching through the rooms, a spaniel that had accompanied them sprang playfully away, and in a minute returned, and again gamboling forward, led the servants to the object of their search, who had fallen asleep, even where he had at first placed himself. There hung the picture, and there lay the boy—at once presenting the altar and the worshipper of art.

From this moment the course of Vandyke was taken; and when other children of his age were busied in infant sports, our little hero was seated on a bench, sketching "the milky mother of the herd;" or, perched like a young sparrow-hawk on a cliff, sending forth his spirit to pounce at "misty mountain tops" and sweeping clouds. Thus placed, the young enthusiast would feel as if all creation were sitting to him, and the vast thought would engender within him glorious dreams of professional supremacy—the applause of the great and high-minded, the homage of society. The thought of dying in obscurity, of passing away with the nameless hundreds that are every day consigned to dust was, even in infancy, a painful reflection to our hero, and time seemed to add a pang to the fear of so ignoble a fate. He would say, "I never in autumn pass beneath a tree, and tread upon its withered foliage, but as I hear the crushing of the leaves, I think of the foot of Time pounding the bones and the marrow of men into dust, and never a word written in the book of human deeds, to say that such once breathed."

The time arrived when Vandyke Sonne was compelled to seek the metropolis. Death had deprived him of his parents, and his only inheritance was that which he held from nature—high feelings, and an uncorrupted heart. The love of his profession, and the brilliant fame he had promised himself in the exercise of his powers, bore him up against the shock with which Providence had visited him. He was, indeed, full of hope; and his appearance bespoke a man conscious of a superiority, and doubting not of its speedy recognition by the world. There was, in truth, but little vanity in this—his bearing arose rather from a buoyancy of spirits than an overweening and impertinent valuation of his abilities: he was confident, but not obtrusive. Shortly after his arrival in London, he apprised us of his unlooked-for success. He had brought with him several letters of recommendation from his wealthy relatives—all their generosity could afford the young adventurer,—and the epistles had insured unusual patronage for their sanguine bearer. "In the first place," said Vandyke, his eyes flashing, and his whole countenance lighted up with a deep glow of satisfaction, "my Lord Noword has bespoken a landscape; he has also promised to recommend me for some subject of imagination to his particular friend, from whom, he says, I may depend on the warmest encouragement, as he knows the Duke of ——; and when once recognised by him, the fault must be in the artist if either fame or profit be wanting. And yet," he would add, "in the midst of all these successes, I cannot but feel a sadness that the grass grows over those to whom this good fortune would have been most sweet."

Day passed after day, and Sonne received no definite answer from his Lordship. The

nobleman wished to give some splendid opportunity for the development of the young artist's powers; "and this," said Vandyke, "I take to be most considerate and kind in his Lordship: he must also have many serious affairs to call him from the contemplation of those arts which the excellence and ingenuousness of his own mind must render most grateful to him. Indeed, I begin to feel that I have more charity and consideration for men in high life, and, I may say, for the world at large, than I could a short time since have reckoned on." Still, however, there was no summons from the nobleman. The resources of Sonne gradually declined—the freshness of his apparel had some time since been on the decay, and the easy and benevolent confidence which had outlived the most chilling procrastinations, at length began to give way to a fitful restlessness, sometimes dispelled by returning hope. Indeed, the stand poor Sonne made against despair, and that misanthropy which was about to pervert one of the highest of earth's spirits, was noble and heroic. He battled off the thronging doubts and fears, the terrors of abject want, and—to his finely directed mind, the worse than all—the horror of oblivion, with a strength, a valour, with even a jocoseness of spirit, which few can either compass or appreciate. We wonder at the firmness of the man who holds forth, without a wince, a limb to the amputating weapon of the surgeon; we laud him as a heart of oak, a hero; but, alas! we think little of those whose wounds bleed inwardly, and who, whilst the darts of scorn and undeserved obloquy are festering in their souls, still lift an unblenched brow to heaven, and a look of kindness to their fellow-men. These are indeed conquerors; albeit, they be superficially esteemed "fellows of no mark nor likelihood." Poor Vandyke still strove to cheat himself into a confidence of future success. "If," he said, "his Lordship, and I cannot think he will, deceive me, I have yet another resource. There are many who might foolishly have been content to live on the promise of a Lord, and, with unemployed hands, awaited his bidding. I have acted more thoughtfully—I have still been at work." He had so; and a more admirable sketch rarely came from so young a pencil than that which in his hour of misery and solitude, in a wretched three-pair back room, admitting scarcely a sufficiency of light to read by, had employed the mind of Sonne, and weaned it for a time from the evils which beset it. The work partook of the temper of the artist. It represented a young and wearied pilgrim catching at the garb of Hope to steady his steps towards a spire of glass, on the top of which sat Fame, dispensing her wreaths to all who approached her. Several hapless wretches were depicted exanimate at the base—several slipping when within a footstep of their idol. It was this work which had, in a great degree, absorbed the feelings of the artist, and rendered him less susceptible of the neglect cast on him by his specious patron. Sonne, as usual, hoped largely from this work of his retirement. One morning, ere he quitted his lodgings to call at his Lordship's mansion, he gave the last touches to the picture. Filled with the triumph which the happy completion of a work of mind awards to the artist, Vandyke, as he left his room, treated his dunning landlord with some degree of scorn—and surely the young artist was to be forgiven. He had just left his work—his bosom beating with that indefinable ecstacy known only to those whose tasks are of the intellect—his fancy flushed—his feelings heightened, and all the dull, coarse, heart-crushing realities of life forgotten in the delightful dream of fame, when he was stayed by the hand, and his very heart-strings jarred by the rough queries and upbraidings of a stubborn creditor. However, escaping from his landlord, Vandyke once more struggled for the mastery of his feelings, and attended at the residence of his Lordship, when, unbeliever as he had been, he could no longer doubt the hollowness of the Peer. Pennyless and wanting food, there was no other asylum than that Hecate's cave, an unpaid-for lodging. Sonne returned home; but on entering his room, discovered that the picture was gone. He made instant inquiry, and found that the work which had beguiled him of so much wretchedness, over which he had gloated with all the exquisite fondness of a father over the opening beauties of a first child—the effort which was to have raised him to fame, and to have administered to his most pressing necessities, had that morning been sold to a sworn broker for a sum scarcely the value of the canvas. It was at this moment that the spirit of hope and charity winged its flight from the breast of Sonne, giving it up as the

eyrie to a harpy—it was at this moment he fell from the band of men, and declared himself an alien to the sorrows or affections of all human kind. Some days passed after this fatal accident ere we met the crushed and disappointed artist; and then how changed? Time seemed to have put the works of years into one short week. Sonne looked an apostate from benevolence; he also looked but a tyro misanthrope. His brow was scared—his eye shone, but with a brassy brightness—his lip was livid and tremulous—even his hair seemed to have lost its wonted gloss and freshness, and hung lank and thread-like. His beard was long, and its blackness yielded a terrible relief to the ghastly yellow of his attenuated cheek. We started back as he approached; and, without uttering a syllable, he strided past us, leering with such a glance of mingled malice, triumph, and scorn, that for a moment we thought the enemy of mankind had housed his infernal spirit in the semblance of our friend. Never again did we behold Vandyke Sonne.

Some months after, when passing through an obscure street, we observed a child fall a few paces before us. On raising the infant from the earth, we remarked in its lap, among other toys, the sketch of a babe, which we instantly recognised as the work of Sonne. Never shall we forget his remarks on the circumstance which gave rise to that picture. "There is not," he said, "to me a more touching sight than that of a mere infant seated on the grass. I am involuntarily reminded of the origin of man, and see in the crawling babe a little Adam in its early paradise. It was a lovely summer's evening when I saw the child—the original of this sketch—playing on the sward; the pure blood glowing in its cheek, its eye glistening, and its red lip pursed up at the satisfaction with which it was plunging its little hand into the sod. As I stood wrapt in meditation, the infant raising its hand, I observed an earth-worm had ringed itself around one of the child's fingers, who looked at the turning reptile with an eye of wonderment and half-smiling, half-pouting curiosity. Whether it was altogether owing to the state of my mind I know not; but at this spectacle of the infant and the worm—at this early union of ordained companions—at this contrast of childish joyousness and the grave's corruption, I could not help bursting into tears. The features of the child were impressed on my mind; and, on returning home, I took the sketch."

All this passed rapidly through our brain, as, asking of the child the place of its abode, the mother of the babe came up. On inquiring as to her possession of the picture, she informed us that it was once the property of a lodger of her's; "and a strange gentleman he was, Sir," she continued; "for although he would never speak, he would lie all night and groan as though his heart was breaking. At last, Sir, the poor gentleman died; and this picture, and a few ragged clothes, were all he left behind." "And his funeral—" "He was buried by the parish."

After some further inquiries, the good woman accompanied us to the church-yard, where we found the sexton turning up the earth from the grave of Sonne to make room for another of the dead. "For whom, sexton, is this grave?" "Why, for a man hanged last Tuesday, for burglary!"

In life an outcast, and even in death the companion of a felon! Was not Vandyke Sonne a disappointed man? J.

QUACKERY IN THE NORTH.

NEXT to the discovery of the north-west passage—of the longitude—of the quadrature of the circle—of the philosopher's stone—or of the author of Junius's Letters—what can so deeply interest the literary world, especially the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE—as the discovery of the GREAT UNKNOWN—the mighty wizard of the north—the author of the Waverley Novels! And who is this miraculous being? Why, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., &c. &c. Who could have thought it! Who ever suspected—who ever dreamed of such a thing? Ah, what an age do we live in!

"How great, how grand, how glorious, how sublime!"

Strange, however, as it may be thought, even the Letters of Junius would lose nine-tenths of their popularity, were it distinctly and incontrovertibly known who was their

author. What, then, is likely to be the fate of works that are entitled for their buoyancy—for the ephemeral wonder by which they have been surrounded—to a system of puffing, as unprecedented as it has been unprincipled? Much are we in error, if it will not be found, after one or two attempts, should such attempts be hazarded, that "The House that Jack built," by Sir Walter Scott, Bart., &c. &c. will possess none of the attractions of "The House that Jack built," by the author of Waverley, &c. It is probable, however, that we shall have no more Scotch novels from the Waverley press. At all events, we shall have no more *imitations* of the Scotch novels. They, at least, have received their death-blow: the image of clay and of brass is itself rapidly tumbling to pieces; and, in the course of a few years, will be in about as much request as Charles Wright's champaign. We certainly rejoice in the prospect. That some good has resulted from much evil, we have always been ready to admit; for, by the extraordinary success, rather than by the extraordinary merit of the Scotch novels, a spirit of emulation has been excited amongst superior writers, and a new and vigorous tone has been given to our works of fiction. But, never let it be lost sight of, that the Scotch novels and the Edinburgh Review have done more to barbarise the English language, and to introduce a false taste in literature, in morals, in politics, and in religion, than any productions that have appeared within the last century.

Is the spirit of quackery and mystification inherent in our brethren north of the Tweed? It would seem that it is. The azure and yellow of Master Jeffery has, at all times, formed a cloak for quackery and mystification. Even Blackwood mystifies; but then Blackwood has so many redeeming qualities—he is in possession of such genius and such talent—such power and such brilliancy—such vigour, such truth, such soundness of principle—that we lose sight of his foibles amidst the splendour and magnificence by which they are surrounded.

We have a great respect for genius, but a still greater respect for probity and honour. Let us put a plain question. Did it never occur, that a certain royal personage having given, as a toast, "The health of the author of the Scotch novels—Sir Walter Scott," Sir Walter arose, and, returning thanks for the intended high compliment, gave the strongest assurances that he was not the individual who had been so fortunate as to acquire that proud guerdon of literary merit—the approval of royalty? We simply ask the question.

Again. Did, or did not, Sir Walter Scott address a letter, of which the following is a copy, to M. Defauconpret, the French translator of M. Gasselin's new edition of the Scotch novels, the first *livraison* of which appeared in Paris in the course of the year 1826?

SIR:—I am favoured with your letter, which proceeds on the erroneous supposition, that I am the author of Waverley and the other novels and tales, which you have translated into French. But as this proceeds on a mistake, though a very general one, I have no title whatsoever, either to become a party to any arrangement in which that author or his works may be concerned, or to accept the very handsome compliment which you design for him.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,
WALTER SCOTT.

Edinburgh, 15th April, 1821.

If Sir Walter Scott *did* write such a letter, what has the public a right to think?

Another question—and an affirmative answer to it would be curiously in accordance with the tone of the above letter. Once upon a time, when Sir Walter Scott was in conversation with a lady (whom we could name) respecting new romances, &c., did not the lady use words to this effect:—"But, really, Sir Walter, you have so totally spoiled us by your own delightful productions, that it is impossible for us to enjoy any thing else?"—Did not Sir Walter, in reply, use words somewhat similar to these: "You really pain me by the remark—I understand you perfectly well; *but, I am not the author of those works.*" Such an answer could not be termed the mere evasion of a question—it was a distinct disavowal of an alleged or implied fact. Undoubtedly, a man ought not to be called upon to avow whatsoever he may choose to publish: he may be allowed to wear a mask, to wrap himself in the robe of secrecy, if he please; but no man—no honourable man, at least—possesses or will claim a right, for the sake of filthy lucre—for the sake of gulling the public—distinctly to assert that he *has not* done what he actually *has* done. No casuistry can enable him to go so far as this.

We are told, however, in the Edinburgh Evening Courant, of Saturday, the 24th of February, 1827, that Sir Walter Scott did, on the preceding day, after a theatrical fund dinner, and amidst a mob of Scotch lairds, Scotch literati, and Scotch player-folk, avow himself to be the total and undivided author of the Waverley novels. He was afraid, he said, to think on what he had done! Well he might be!! And is it come to this? After all the mystifying cant and puffery that have been employed respecting these productions—cant, the employment of which would have disgraced a Grub Street pamphleteer—*is* Sir Walter Scott really the author of the Waverley novels?

If the *latter* shewing be *true*, what must the *former* be? If the *former* be *true*, what must the *latter* be? Until this discrepancy be cleared up, we shall, for the moral honour of Old England, rejoice that the author of the Scotch novels is *not*

A SOUTHRON.

ADVENTURES IN PORTUGAL.

ATTACHED to the grand *dépôt* at Lisbon, during a considerable period of the Peninsular war, I was frequently subjected to indescribable fatigue of mind as well as of body. The weight of responsibility under which I laboured—the voluminous and complicated state of the public accounts—the extreme difficulty, if not absolute impossibility, of preventing peculation and plunder in the extensive stores that were under my care, by our own people as well as by the natives, were too much for me. To obtain a temporary, a merely momentary relief, as it were, I sometimes mounted my horse and galloped him for two or three hours as fast as his legs could move. Had it not been for this, and for the days of leisure which occasionally intervened, the pressure on my brain was such that I believe I should have gone mad.

It was in one of the intervals of ease alluded to, in, I think, 1811 or 1812, that the circumstances which I am about to relate occurred. I was waked one morning by a quick and incessant rapping at my chamber door; and some seconds, perhaps minutes, elapsed before the deep sleep in which I had been, suffered me to recognise the voice of my friend Thomson, one of the surgeons of the —— regiment, a division of which was then stationed in the environs of the town. "Come, come," said he, "see how the sun blazes forth—rise, let me have some breakfast—this is a grand festival among the natives—we'll take a stroll, and see some of their mummeries."

I had been enjoying a delightful ramble, the day and the evening before, amongst the beautiful gardens and villas, the rich and romantic scenery, the picturesque and sublime eminences and precipices of the mountain of Cintra. The hedge rows, lined with the towering American aloe, in the approaches to the town—the thick deep luxuriant masses of wood, exquisitely variegated with the cork-tree, the orange, and the vine, which clothed the sides of the mountain—the convent, which rears its massy front upon the summit—the mouldering remains of a once-proud and formidable castle, in the distance—the moon, high in heaven, shedding a full and strong, yet soft and tender light upon every object, were still before me, in all their evening splendour; the imagination had in sleep been peopling the scene with the heroes of past ages—when the country was inhabited by the infidel Moors—when the crescent blazed triumphantly and fiercely over the cross, in the Peninsula; and it was some time, as I have said, before I could recognise the voice of my friend, be fully satisfied even as to my own identity, or comprehend the object of this early summons. At length I arose—performed the customary ablutions—shaved, dressed, and breakfasted; and Thomson and I sallied out together in quest of adventures.

Upon a former occasion—but that was on a fast-day, not a festival—we had visited the church and monastery of S. Joaõ de Deos; a building situated in the main street of Lisbon, immediately under Buenos-Ayres-hill. It was the anniversary of the awful visitation of 1755, when a great part of the ancient capital of Portugal was destroyed by an earthquake. In England, it is known as All-Souls' Day; but, in the Peninsula, it is termed Os Defunctos, or Day of the De-

funct. This, as well as All Saints' Day, is one of the days selected for what is regarded as a grand exhibition of the bodies of defunct saints. In one of the vaults of the church of S. Joaõ de Deos, the friars, as I have seen the disgusting ceremony correctly described, in a recent work of much deserved celebrity,* drag forth from one of their sacred receptacles a considerable number of the dried carcasses of reputed saints, arrange them in erect positions against the walls of the vault, with branches of laurel between them, and then exhibit the wretched relics of humanity as those of the beatified favourites of heaven, whose bodies even have been miraculously preserved from decay and consumption. To all but pious and orthodox Catholics, however, the sight is humiliating and mortifying in the extreme. On such days the ear is deafened with the most mournful knells from the steeples of every church in Lisbon. It seems as though melancholy had commenced a reign that was to last for ever—the entire city is in mourning, deep, solemn, and appalling.

It is hardly possible to imagine a contrast more striking than that of a fast and a festival in Lisbon. On the morning alluded to, when Thomson so mercilessly awoke me from a glorious vision of the past, we were in the happiest mood—for our memory was yet full of the gloom of All Souls' Day—to estimate and enjoy the contrast. The bells, as we left the *dépôt*, were ringing merrily, joyously, riotously—the streets were thronged with people of all ranks in their gala clothes and in masquerade dresses—the higher ranks were in full court costume, with bags and swords; the peasants, in their broad-brimmed hats and gold tassels, white shirt, kelt, and sandals, and their jackets, with long ribbons instead of buttons, hanging loosely over their shoulders. Every house had its saints newly dressed and placed in conspicuous situations; the windows of the Archbishop's palace were decorated with draperies of crimson damask; and numerous processions were carrying the holy images and paintings of the different parish churches and convents to the cathedral, as a general rendezvous. To describe the whole would require a volume: for instance, there were numerous gigantic and ridiculous figures of men and women, Moors and Egyptians—dancing boys and music—Moses with the law—Aaron in pontifical robes, with the budding rod—King David with his harp—Samson with Goliath's head—Joshua with the sun in his hand—Abraham, with Isaac bearing the faggots—Noah carrying the dove—Balaam on his ass—images of saints in tawdry clothes—the seven mortal sins represented by masks, and dancing indecently to the miserable scraping of a fiddle—representations of the Trinity, and of Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise—St. Michael and the Devil—the four Evangelists in masquerade—gilt eagles, six feet high, walking in pairs—monks, of all the innumerable orders and monasteries in the city, carrying solid silver statues of their saints, with candles, and chaunting as they walked—the Host, in a lofty Gothic frame-work of gold, under a rich canopy, surrounded by a blaze of candles—the senior canons of the cathedral—the mitre on a crimson cushion—the Archbishop bareheaded, with his crosier in his hand, &c. &c. —a detachment of soldiers bringing up the rear. To give due *éclât* to this magnificent and imposing spectacle, a discharge of artillery announced the entrance of the Host into the cathedral.

Having seen enough of this, we turned away; passed the new and superb convent built by the late Queen—passed also the hospital of the British factory, with its Protestant chapel and burying ground, suitably distinguished by its lofty and mournful cypress trees, shading the silent homes of the departed—and, proceeding onward about a mile, reached the convent of S. Domingos of Bem Fica, occupying the site of an ancient country palace, to which the Kings of Portugal were accustomed to retire when they were desirous of enjoying the pleasures of the chase. This convent, richly endowed by a long succession of kings, is celebrated on many accounts; but on none more so than that of its containing the mortal remains, enclosed within a magnificent sepulchre, of the renowned Don John de Castro. Of this nobleman it would be extremely difficult to say whether he were most distinguished by his long line of ancestry—lineally descended as he was from the Condé de Arrayolas, First Constable of Portugal, and brother to the lovely, interesting, and ill-fated Inez de Castro, the murdered wife of Don Pedro the Cruel—by the splendour of

* Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Customs, and Character.

his talents, by his undaunted heroism, or by his invincible and disinterested patriotism. This was the De Castro, who, after his well-known and gallant defence of Dio, in which his son was slain, actually pawned his beard and whiskers (said to be still preserved) with the inhabitants of Goa, for the purpose of carrying on the war. "I gave orders," said he, in a letter addressed to the authorities of the town, "to exhume the body of my son, Don Fernando, killed by the Moors whilst fighting for God, and our Lord the King, in order to send you his bones as a surety; but his body was deemed in an unfit state to be for the present removed; and thus, having nothing left in this world, neither gold, silver, nor any property, excepting the beard on my face, I send it you by Diego Rodriguez de Azevedo, to remain with you as a gage." On his death-bed he swore, by the Holy Evangelists, "that he did not owe the royal property one single crusade, neither had he ever received the smallest trifle from Christian, Jew, Moor, or Gentile, under any plea whatsoever, during the whole of his career; and that his poverty was so great that he did not possess even wherewithal to purchase another mattrass." It does not appear that his fame has been indebted to royalty more than were his services. His remains were, in the first instance, interred in a convent at Goa; but, some years afterwards, they were brought over to Europe, and deposited, with great pomp, and long-protracted obsequies, in a chapel built by one of his grandsons in the convent of S. Domingos of Bem Fica. Though neglected by royalty in life, royalty itself might almost envy the magnificence of his monument.

After rambling for some time through the delightful gardens, vineyards, and orangeries of the convent, the thought struck us that, as the day was yet early, we might amuse ourselves for some hours with cock shooting, amongst the woods and villages along the banks of the Tagus. Accordingly, having returned to the store, got our sporting gear in order, and taken a substantial lunch, we were fortunate enough—a singular chance on such a day—to engage a *tegé*, or hackney chaise, to convey us to the nearest destined spot. In this wretched lumbering vehicle, drawn by a horse and a mule, guided by postilion more obstinate and stupid than either, and attended by Thomson's servant, well mounted on one of the sumpter mules attached to the division, we set out. The heat was excessive, the flies horribly annoying, and heartily glad were we to escape into the open air from the noisome effluvia of the street dunghills of Lisbon. It has been observed by one of our poets—

"That God the country made, but man the town;"

and seldom have I felt the truth of the remark more forcibly than on this occasion: it was a flight from Purgatory, at least, into the seventh heaven.

Notwithstanding the road had seemed to meander amongst vineyards and melon fields, heartily tired were we of our ride of little more than a league, when we descried the old and crumbling tower of a village church, round which were hovering several of its feathered tenants—storks, which had probably enjoyed their hereditary nests there for hundreds of generations. Here, as in Holland, the stork seems perfectly at home; and, for its fondness of church towers and steeples, as its abode, it is regarded with affection, and even veneration, by the villagers, who deem it God's own bird. In our approach, the village, with its low, antiquated, straggling cottages, presented an aspect not very dissimilar from that of many English villages; and the church, in particular, strongly resembled some of the rude and humble edifices that are here and there to be met with in our eastern counties. The body of the structure was low, with a red-tiled roof; and the square tower of reddish stone was without a steeple. All the cottages, too, with nothing but the ground-floor, had red-tiled roofs. One house only, elevated to the height of two stories, was evidently that of the resident priest, or curate.

To me, there is always a tranquillizing influence in a village church: I can saunter for hours in its lonely but verdant cemetery—count the tomb-stones, or their timber substitutes—moralise upon their rude carvings, and their quaint and uncouth rhymes—and scan the virtues of the unambitious and obscure departed. Recollections of the past arose; and, more disposed for a lounge than for any active exertion, we alighted at the entrance of the village, left the *tegé*, and directed the servant, when he had seen the one horse and two mules provided for, to follow us to the church-yard. To that spot we proceeded. Finding that the service of

the day had not yet commenced, we took one turn round the building, and then, less from devotional feelings than from those of curiosity, we resolved to enter. The interior, though plain, was neatly kept; but it contained some strange daubings that were intended for religious representations, and several huge wooden images of saints and martyrs, at the proportions and carving of which a New Zealander would be inclined to laugh—or blush. Still more ludicrous were the persons and costume of the infant Saviour and his Holy Mother: the former in a faded court-dress of pea-green velvet with satin breeches, silk clocked stockings, with knee-buckles and shoe-buckles of paste, in imitation of the topaz, diamond, and sapphire; and, to heighten the effect, a well-powdered bob wig, with a queue of more than usual length, tied with a bow of flame-coloured ribbons. The insignia of the Knight of the Order of Christ dangled from his button-hole; and, radiant with the glories of tin-foil, an enormous thalo, placed at the back of the infant's head, reflected the sun's rays over half the church. The Holy Mother, with a towering and well-powdered head-dress, looked equally divine. A gown of rose-coloured silk, rich with embroidery, but much the worse for wear, floated over an immense hoop-petticoat, stiff with innumerable flounces and furbelows. The lady too, had silk clocked stockings—somewhat of the Isabelle colour—and high-heeled shoes of blue-and-white satin embroidery.

With notions of propriety, very different from those by which many of the youthful officers of Sir John Moore's ill-fated army in Spain were influenced, I had always found the natives of Portugal, high and low, conciliated by a demeanour respectful towards their modes of religious worship. The effect did not fail in the present instance. After service, the priest, attended by the great majority of his parishioners, adjourned to a luxuriant and well-shaded spot, not far from the church, whither my friend and I were invited to accompany them. The procession, if so it may be termed, was worth a hundred of those that we had witnessed in the morning, with all their finery. The Portuguese peasantry are a noble race; the men are active and laborious, athletic and well-made; their complexion dark, their eyes fine, their hair falling in ringlets over their brawny shoulders: the women are taller than the women of the towns, dark also—not sallow or swarthy—in their complexion, with eyes full of expression; in addition to which, they have the high merit of being chaste and constant. Gibbon has somewhere expressed an opinion, that many of the Italian image-dealers in London, and elsewhere, are amongst the legitimate descendants of the patrician families of Rome, in the days of her greatness and of her glory; and certainly, if a combination of physical and moral virtues constitute nobility, the peasantry of Portugal ought to be the possessors and lords of the soil. In the dress and manners of these people there are evident remains of a Celtic origin. Instead of the broad flat hats, worn in the towns, they frequently wear caps or bonnets; and, unless I greatly mistake, the party-coloured sash of the Portuguese peasant is a relic of the ancient plaid—a part of dress which, worn as a cloak, would be too warm for this southern climate. They wear this sash round the waist; and, in it they at all times carry a dirk, or long knife. The moral virtue and pastoral simplicity of these people almost assimilate with the beautiful pictures which poets have given of the golden age. If a stranger appear amongst them, he is made welcome to their best, and the slightest offer of remuneration is almost indignantly repelled.

Thus, upon the present occasion, after the little rustic procession, composed of men and women, boys and girls, all in their holiday attire, had reached its destined retreat from the sun, their humble but plentiful meal was spread forth upon the grass, and all was cheerful social hilarity. The repast consisted of bacalhao, a kind of salted ling—some well-cured sardinhas, and exquisite fish, resembling the herring, but, whether fresh or salted, infinitely superior in its flavour—some olives, garlick, and onions—some bread made of Indian corn; and, as it was a grand festival, a tolerable supply of wine from the curate's cellar. Thomson and I had been long enough in the Peninsula to make a hearty meal on such fare.

The refreshment over, and a short interval of repose having been allowed, preparations were made for dancing; and here, again, traces of Celtic origin were apparent. The musical instrument was a bag-pipe, gracefully adorned with ribbons, exactly as it may be seen in the Highlands of Scotland,

To the sound of this ancient instrument the peasants danced a sort of reel, in twos and threes, in several of which we found no difficulty in joining them. In their lively dances, as is well known, they raise their hands above their heads, and keep time with their castanets; and it is not incurious to remark, that the Scottish Highlanders observe a similar practice, snapping their fingers loudly, in a manner that strongly resembles the stroke of the castanet. The Society of Antiquaries sometimes employs its profound researches on subjects infinitely more frivolous than this. The Irish have long been famous for their dexterous use of the shillelagh; and the Portuguese peasant is not less remarkable for the astonishing address with which he wields the *cajado*—a pole or cudgel, seven or eight feet in length, charged with lead at one end. One or two Portuguese lads, at a fair, will often make a clear space, felling even the attendant detachments of police cavalry, with as much fury and rapidity as any of the shillelagh boys at Donnybrook.

There is another dance, remotely assimilating in character with our minuets, which is a universal favourite, with the higher as well as with the lower classes, throughout Portugal. It possesses little variety of step; but it abounds with graceful cadences; and, depending less for its chief beauty of effect upon the movements of the feet, than upon the elegant and expressive attitudes of the arms and body, associated with the eloquent language of the eyes, it should never be performed but by the young and the beautiful. This dance, called the *landun*, is said to be of negro origin; but it has been so modified, refined, and elevated in sentiment by its European patrons, that it is now, amongst the higher orders, not merely inoffensive, but delightful. I have seen it danced at the theatres—in splendid assemblages of the nobility—and always accompanied by the most enthusiastic applause; but never, to my taste, was it so beautifully, so gracefully, so exquisitely performed, as by two individuals of the village group, with whose attentions we were at this time so eminently gratified.

I had observed amongst these happy peasants, a youthful female, not handsomer, indeed, than her companions; but with an air that seemed to indicate an intimate acquaintance with higher life. My eyes were incessantly attracted towards her. Thomson's appeared to be the same; and he more than once expressed his admiration at the graceful character of her steps in the dance. I observed, too, a young man who always danced with this lovely creature—who paid her the most devoted attention—and who also seemed to have more of the man of fashion than of the peasant in his manner. After a variety of reels, &c., this favoured pair stepped forward to dance the *landun*. Placing themselves at a distance from each other, and the youth holding forth a handkerchief, the parties mutually advanced, with measured steps, and modest wooing mien; the damsel appearing disposed to sympathize with the passion of her lover. Suddenly, however, and at the very moment when he was led to believe her favourable to his suit, she, with the well-assumed air of a coquet, turned from him, with a smile of affected contempt, and of astonishment at his presumption. The lover also turned away, with deep dejection in every feature—his handkerchief was applied to receive his tears—and, with disappointment bordering upon frenzy, he measured back his steps, turning, casting many a long lingering look behind, as though to excite the compassion of the cruel fair one. Moved to thoughts of mercy by his sadness—by his reiterated solicitations—she condescended to relax in her severity, and to appear pleased at his attentions. It was now his turn to play the tyrant; he treated the maiden with disdain he retreated—she pursued—she implored—she knelt—she wept—and at length received from him the handkerchief, a token of grief which she employed with a grace, a fascination, a pathos, which it would be difficult to imagine. Was it in man to resist the charm? No! No longer miserable, he conciliatingly allowed her to throw the handkerchief over his neck as an emblem of her conquest, and of their mutual forgiveness and union. The happy close of this pantomimic love-scene was most sweetly, most tenderly effective. Never was Vestris herself greeted with the thunders of more heartfelt applause, than were this charming pair, as, arm-in-arm, they retired to their grassy seat, beneath the vine tree's shade.

Some time before, Thomson and I had found ourselves so well satisfied with our entertainment, that we had sent the servant to dismiss the *sege*, and to take himself, and the sumpter mule, and the fowling-pieces, back

to Lisbon; as it was our determination to pass the remainder of the day where we were, and to walk home quietly in the cool of the evening. Our attention had been attracted by the picturesque ruin of a Moorish fortress, at a short distance from the spot where we had been regaling ourselves with song and dance, and the substantialities of life; and, availing ourselves of a brief respite from the sport, we agreed to proceed with one of the elderly peasants, as a guide and *cicerone*, to inspect the site. We had nearly reached the remains of what had once been a castle of considerable strength, when our ears were suddenly struck by the confused sound of human voices—the shrieks of women—the random firing of several shots. The sounds evidently proceeded from the quarter we had left. We abandoned the ruin to its fate, and instantly returned with all the speed we could command. Alas! how different was the scene from that which, only a few minutes before, we had left. Then, all was life, and joy, and happiness; now, all was consternation, and dismay, and horror, and blood! The women weeping, raving, and tearing their hair, over two or three of the men, who were lying wounded, groaning, and apparently dying on the earth! What could have been the cause of so dreadful a catastrophe? It was long before we could obtain any answer to our inquiries. At length we were given to understand that, shortly after our departure, a party of six or eight gallegos, or water-carriers, the hireling banditti of Lisbon, who are at all times ready to perform the office of abduction, or of murder, for a petty recompence, had suddenly rushed upon the unoffending villagers. They were armed—some with pistols, some with swords, some with the long knives of the country—and, though somewhat unusual, mounted upon mules. Their object was instantly perceived: it was to seize the person of Maria de——, the lovely girl whose dancing had afforded such intense delight. They were fiercely opposed, especially by her lover—he was shot by one of the ruffians—several of the peasants were grievously wounded in the affray—and the maiden was rapidly borne off, in a state of insensibility, by the leader of the band.

(To be continued.)

FOUNTAINS AND WELLS.

THERE is no object of inanimate nature more interestingly beautiful in itself, or with which more delicious associations are connected, than the fountain or rural well. The very sight of its clear cold water, through which the smooth pebbles glisten, and sparks of silvery air shoot upwards, is refreshment; while the margin, of soft green moss sprinkled with wild flowers, and tufted shrubs of luxuriant verdure, makes the melodious sound of the little stream, that trickles down its creviced sand-stone, doubly exhilarating.

In the deep green sequestered dell, where alders and hazels interweave their foliage into a wild bowery shade, and thymy hillocks invite the gadding bees, the natural fountain, bubbling from a sandy bottom, encircled with the tenderest of green, not pared or clipped by obtrusive art, and pouring a lucid little rill through a winding channel of reeds, is an object of simple interest which I could longer enjoy than magnificent productions of artificial scenery. It is the emblem of purity and retiring beauty, which in the wildest circumstances of nature most attracts us. It is not surprising that a rural superstition should have consecrated the natural fountains and wells with the fond belief of their possessing a healing virtue in their waters, which at certain seasons had a miraculous operation. While Christianity was young, and performing her pilgrimages in danger and privation, she often collected her followers in solitary places, where she could instruct them without disturbance, and there at the natural font converts received the first rites of her religion. Hence came those wells in many countries to bear the name of some patron saint, who, while the gorgeous temples of the earth were devoted to falsehood and licentiousness, erected on their simple margin the shrine of immortality. There were the words of that beautiful philosophy poured like the dew of heaven upon the simple heart, while the little stream that was to form a mighty river accompanied with its warbling music the services of a piety whose temple was the glorious

scenery of nature, coped by the everlasting firmament. In the romantic scenery of Ireland there is nothing more usual than to meet with one of these holy fountains or wells, in some spot lonely, green, and rich, on the verge, perhaps, of a meadow where it is skirted by a deep wood, and where the blossomed verdure, the russet grass, the wild briar, and the thymy fragrance, might afford a fitting place for the revelry of the aërial beings of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Frequently there is near at hand a stone cross carved with "uncouth sculpture," half buried in the earth, round which lie scattered, granite rocks, intermingled with shrubs of hazel, dashed with various coloured lichens and moss, through which shoot in fantastic richness the crimson balls of the fox-glove. In such a place, with blue mountains shutting out the world on one side, and on the other, vast moors with their covering of golden, brown, and purple heath, impressing the eye with what is vast and solitary, and a desolate castle, the *memento mori* to human power, flinging something like a moral gloom upon the mind, the hermit in former days quietly wore out his ascetic life. There he performed his matin and evening service, beside that clear fountain to which the fond and poetic superstition of the villagers, who venerate his traditionary fame, impute a virtue which is the *panacea* of all bodily ills, and accordingly perform pilgrimages to the spot where the strong belief, accompanied by salutary exercises, often produces those effects which keep up the medicinal reputation of the saint.

But fountains have been at all times no less the objects of poetic celebration, than of superstitious worship. Indeed, it was to a fountain that the ancients attributed the visible source of all poetic inspiration; and the *Heliconian spring* and the *Castalian fount* have, to this day, real or imaginary pilgrimages, from as devoted believers in their efficacy as ever knelt and told their beads at St. Bridget's well, or kissed, with the fervour of anticipated renovation, the holy spa of St. John of Jerusalem. The difference between the virtues of the two descriptions of fountain, is, however, very great; the latter heals only the infirmities of the body, the former confers immortality on the mind. The latter is not content with a mere profession of faith, it must have a *bona-fide* service, a real *overt act* of devotion, and operates only by actual contact. The latter requires no weary pilgrimage; it is propitiated by imaginary homage, and diffuses its subtle and penetrating virtue over land and sea, to the bosom of the votary at thousands of miles distance, whether he reclines like Tityrus under the beech tree, or occupies a more aërial abode in some stellated attic, where his muse, like Danaë, is nightly visited by the gods; though the heavenly visitation seldom comes in the shape of a shower of gold. There is one point, indeed, in which the votaries of both somewhat differ; the drinkers of the *health-giving* fountain are satisfied with the contents of a phial or two, as being quite enough for effect, and more than sufficient for pleasure; whereas those, whose mental beverage is the Castalian water, never think they can too copiously indulge in their favourite beverage, on the principle, it is to be presumed, that—

"Its shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking deeply sobers it again."

Original Poetry.

TRANSLATION FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

Balmy gale! I prithee say,
Whence those wings in fragrance dyed?
"O'er thy love, they chanced to stray;
She, the perfumed breath supplied!"

Balmy gale! such thefts forbear;
Other sports from hence pursue;—
With the tresses of her hair,
What have you, rash gale, to do?

Lovely Rose! how dull your wreaths,
With her lovelier face compared!
She, of musk, inviting, breathes—
Roughest thorns your beauties guard!

Myrtle! yield to her the prize!
Softer is her cheek of down;
There, perpetual freshness lies;
You, alas, must perish soon!

Yield, Narcissus!—In her eye,
See what liquid brightness swims,

There, delicious languors lie!—
Drooping grief your lustre dims.

Cypress! in the stately grove
What thy value or delight,
When the maid I fondly love
Rivals thine, in graceful height?

Wisdom! were you left to choose,
What is sweetest, what is best,
All things else you would refuse,
If with her you might be blest!

Hafiz! on your am'rous way,
Journey on with fond content!
Time will bring a favoured day,
When the fair shall smile consent.

TO MARY.

When countless stars are bright,
And glancing o'er the sea,
I turn from their pale light,
To think awhile on thee, Mary!
On thee, as in life's sunny morn,
Ere youth's first dreams were o'er;
Ere every light of joy was gone,
That beams on life's dull shore, Mary!

Thy fragile form, e'en now,
Arises to my view;
The same pale marble brow,
As in our last adieu, Mary!
Though every spark of hope has perished,
Yet memory will recall
Each thought, each feeling that I cherished;
And thee, thee, most of all, Mary!

E. M. P.

SONG.

A bubble rose on yon stream but now,
And glided along in the sunbeams bright;
The stream rolled on with a quicker flow,
And hurried the bubble away from sight.
And thus, thought I, like a dream of youth,
The passion of love in a young heart glows;
Beaming awhile in the smile of truth,
Then as rapidly out of sight it flows.

A flower grew on yon sunny bank,
Its blossoms were cheered by the morning's sun,
Beneath the first storm that flower sank,
Its life of sweetness and beauty was done.
So love oft glows in a careless breast,
And blooms till thither come sorrow and care;
And then it leaves that bosom unblest,
To wither and perish in cold despair.

W. H. L.

TO

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE 15TH OF MARCH, 1824.

Oh! 'twas an eve of such pure joy,
Such unalloyed delight,
As Time may never more bring forth,
In his unceasing flight.

Bright beaming eyes, and joyous hearts,
And graceful forms were there;
And music's softly-swelling tones
Came on the fragrant air.

But, 'twas not these that made that hour
An age of bliss to me—
Oh, no! it was not these that chain'd
Heart, soul, pulse, memory.

Thou, thou wast there!—upon thy brow
Joy's radiant image dwelt;
And told the undissembled mirth
Which thy young spirit felt;

Whilst each expressive feature shone
With that peculiar grace,
Which an approving heart depicts
On woman's lovely face:

And soft and soothing accents fell
On my enraptured ear,
From lips, more musical and sweet
Than all yon starry sphere.

Ah! pensive Memory oft looks back,
With fond and wistful gaze;
And loves, in Fancy's potent hour,
Those moments to retrace;

While Hope erects her starry brow,
Expands her rainbow wing;
And from Futurity's dim waste
Bids brightest flow'rets spring.

Though three long tedious years are past,
My feelings are unchang'd—
My heart from thine, its earliest shrine,
Can never be estrang'd.

And thou art still the same fair girl,
As gentle and as good;
Belov'd by all, by whom true worth
Is felt or understood—

By none more so than he who here
Records, in humble lay,
That dawn of bliss, which yet *may* ope
Into a brighter day.

March 15, 1827. B. N.

THE ECHO OF MY HARP.

From the French of Madame Tastu.

My lonely harp! long hast thou hung,
Soiled by the dust, thy chords unstrung;
Yet, when the night-breeze gently sighs
Amid thy strings, low tones arise,
Telling how once, in brighter days,
In joyance flowed thy thrilling lays.
So, in this blighted bosom, deep,
The minstrel harp shall ever sleep;
Yet, should the perfume of a flower,
A sound, a word, with magic power,
The record of past hours recall,
Its chords vibrate; enraptured all,
My spirit treasures up that sigh,
The echo of that melody!

A. L. H——.

LINES TO SOME WITHERED FLOWERS.

Ye flowerets, flowerets, why do ye die?
Who can behold ye, and not breathe a sigh?
When your fragrance is fleeting, and gone is your bloom,
And ye fall to your parent earth, seeking a tomb?
Ye children of nature, why could she not give
Some spark of eternity, that ye might live?
She still is the same, roll time as it may,
While ye in your beauty are fading away;
So evanescent, that even the sigh
Of the night-wind will blight as it passes ye by;
And the first sun of morning that welcomes your birth,
Ere the eve, will behold ye all strewn on the earth.

E. M. P.

LINES

ON A PICTURE PAINTED BY THEODORE LANE, NOW IN THE GALLERY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, ENTITLED, "AN HOUR BEFORE THE DUEL."

'Tis morning! and its pale and fitful light
Falls upon one whose sad and bitter thoughts
Are working in his heart to agony!
Alas! Alas! and must it still be thus,
That for some heedless speech, some word, perchance,
Expressed in haste, mistaken honour's laws
Have power to make men murderers!
Come hither, ye who ne'er have felt the pangs
A duel bears with it—and view this scene!
Behold yon anxious form!
Night, which brings sweet repose to weary souls,
Has brought no rest to *him!* Despair and woe
Are in his face, for, in a short hour more,
Death may close over all his earthly hopes.
He fain would read, to soothe his troubled mind,
But cannot.—Oh! how sad the thoughts of home,
And of his native village—where his days
Were passed in peace amid his parent's love,
Ere he sought glory "in the tented field"
There lies a letter, sealed.—Ah! should he fall,
What bitter tidings its contents will bear
To those dear parents!—
Papers lie scatter'd at his feet—his watch
Is near him—and the minutes seem to fly
That soon *must* bring the fated hour for strife.
One hand is on the instrument of death;
And in the other is a portrait case,
From which fond woman's features seem as though
They looked reproach and agony upon him.—
It cannot be—he dares not now relent—
His word is pledg'd—and the world's scornful laugh,
If now he fail'd, would brand him as a coward.

Mrs H— —.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Oh bonny is the laughing bairn,
While at its mother's knee;
And little dreads its careless heart
What weird it yet may dree.

Oh bonny is its rosie lip,
An' its hair like the rings o' gowd;
And bonnie is its bright blue ee,
Like the tint o' the morning cloud.

But that rosie lip and that bright blue ee
Maun yet lie beneath the sod;—
Then may it take tent o' the time to come,
An gae spotless up to God.

B. B. B.

THE ROSE OF DECEMBER.

Upon December's gloomy morning,
A rose I saw embalmed in dew;
Though flowers around lay dead, still dawning,
Like love's own banner, there it grew.

I kissed away each lucid tear
Enshrined within its tinted vest;
And thought young Love had cradled there,
And wept his radiant eyes to rest

His sighs had given the soft perfume
In living folds we vainly seek;
His kisses left the vivid bloom
That blushes through a maiden's cheek.

Couldst thou not sleep till spring's soft wind
To nature wafts the year new born?
Then rest within this heart enshrined,
Sweet emblem of a brighter morn.

S S.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1827.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Evening Dress.

A dress of violet-coloured satin, with a broad white satin border, over which is a very full and broad flounce of black *blond*. The skirt is finished down the front in the Bavarian style, with straps across of gold lace. These extend from the waist, downwards, as low as to the top of the flounce, which is headed by a *cordon* of gold. The body made quite plain, to fit the shape, with a falling tucker of black *blond*. Long, full sleeves of white *tulle*, surmounted by very plain and wide short sleeves of violet satin. Head-dress composed of a very full plumage of white feathers, so grouped, as to have the appearance of a turban with a gold *bandeau* and ornaments. Necklace of large gold beads, in three drop-rows. Ear-rings of gold, and very broad gold bracelets, fastened with a cameo.

No. 2.—Concert Dress.

A dress of white *tulle* richly embroidered, over a slip of white satin, on which, appearing below the *tulle* dress, is a border next the shoe, formed of white satin, edged with black, *en dents de loups*. Two *blond* flounces, in festoons, ornament the border of the *tulle* dress above. The body *en gerbe*, with short, full sleeves, formed of *jabots* in *blond*, with *mancherons à la Psyche*, in *blond*, of which material is a triple falling tucker round the bust. The hair arranged in curls and bows, and ornamented with white feathers and wheat-ears. A round, long fur tippet of marten. Necklace of pearls, beautifully set in festoons. Ear-pendants of turquoise-stones.

No. 3.—Evening, or Ball-Dress.

A dress of amber-coloured taffety, with a very full puckering of crape, of the same colour as the dress, elegantly confined by clustered half-wreaths of full-blown red roses. The *corsage* is of a novel description; partly *à la Sevigné*, and partly in the Anglo-Greek style; the *Sevigné* drapery being confined to the upper part of the bust, and the Anglo-Greek stomacher formed by *rouleaux* of satin. Long sleeves of white *tulle* are appendages to this dress, and are confined at the wrists with Hindoostanee bracelets of plain, pure gold, fastened with a large oval brooch of red cornelian, set in chased gold. The *mancherons* are formed of alternate scalloped trimmings, about six in number, of amber sarcenet, and narrow white *blond*. The tucker is of double-edged *blond*, quilled in the middle, round the outside of the bust. The hair arranged in rich curls and bows, with a half wreath of roses, or other flowers of the same pink hue. The ear-pendants are formed of pear-pearls, and the necklace, of two rows of pearls, twisted; the upper one fastened in front with a cameo. White carved ivory fan, and white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

We may now pronounce the mourning, which every one wore with unfeigned and deep regret, entirely at an end. Even at court, and amongst the higher orders of which the court is composed, the outward garb of sorrow, except in the presence of royalty, appears no longer. Such, indeed, is the wish of our gracious sovereign, who, amidst his own private sorrows, has, from a patriotic feeling—sensible of the injury that want of variety in attire may bring on trade—kindly reduced the term of general mourning to six weeks.

Pelisses of black and coloured levantine are seen gracing the morning walks: they are elegantly finished at the bust, yet without any elaborate ornament. The sleeves are of a moderate width, and are surmounted with double *mancherons, à la Psyche*. Silk mantles, of brown, fawn, and slate, are lined with some striking colour, and prevail much, both for the carriage and the promenade. Pelerines are also very general over high

dresses of *gros de Naples*. Fur pelerines have given place to those that are lined with satin, the same colour and material as the gown; a few plain *pelerines*, of black velvet, are seen when the weather is chilly.

Bonnets for walking-dress are plain, and usually of the colour of the pelisse; trimmed with bows of the same material of which the bonnet is made. These bonnets have an air of perfect gentility to recommend them. Black hats and bonnets, with superb plumage, are yet in request; but they are now of satin, or figured *gros de Naples*, in preference to velvet. The coloured bonnets for promenade costume, tie down close: they are generally trimmed with bows of suitable ribbons, richly striped; though on some a few early spring flowers have been remarked. A few carriage-hats have appeared of white watered *gros de Naples*: they were lined with cherry or some other conspicuous colour: the ribbons were shaded, in which the colour of the lining predominated; and the plumage was of the same shades.

Ball dresses are trimmed with rosettes of satin ribbon, at the border, placed at equal distances; the rosettes have long ends, which appear to fasten up a few delicate *bouquets* of small flowers. Round the waist is a ribbon with three ends depending in front. Among the materials used for gowns at dress parties, is white *tulle*, richly embroidered, for young persons; taffety, levantine, and satin for married ladies. Black satin is seen ornamented with white *blond*. On the silk dresses are often seen a great number of flounces the same as the dress: these flounces are laid down in firm, full plaits, the effect of which is very beautiful. Dresses of rich materials, such as tabinet, &c., are generally trimmed with a broad handsome fringe, formed of *chenille*. This is a novel sort of trimming, and some of these fringes are extremely elegant. Pelerines of *blond*, with long ends in front, are worn over dresses, as are gauze handkerchiefs, carelessly thrown over the shoulders: these handkerchiefs ar of white gauze, with coloured borders in beautiful brocaded patterns. We have seen a ball-dress, lately finished for a young lad of fashion; the border of which was trimmed with roses in *crêpe-lisse*, with green foliage in satin: the *corsage* was of satin, trimmed with *roulcaux*; but the skirt of the dress was of white *tulle*. Some *corsages* to whit ball-dresses are of coloured satin. For very splendid dress ball, we saw a white dress of Japanese gauze, ornamented with *nuquets* of gold wheat-ears: the *corsage* was of white velvet, laced in the form of a *corset*. For home costume, and half dress, *gros de Naples* gowns, of various colours, are, at present, the reigning mode: some are trimmed with several *roulcaux*, in festoons reversed; others with bias folds of an extraordinary breadth: these bias folds are, however, of a novel description: at the head they are notched; and the notches are trimmed at the edge with a narrow *rouleau* of satin. The boddice are made quite plain; and, in home costume, ribbons, tied round the wrists, are more generally worn than bracelets. Many young ladies, at evening parties, wear dresses of pink gauze with satin stripes: these dresses often have two flounces, and the bust is ornamented all round with a falling tucker of *blond*.

Very elegant caps of gauze, *tulle*, or *blond*, ornamented with coloured gauze, satin, or flowers, are now very prevalent in home-dress, though *berets* of every colour are still in favour. When these *berets* are of black they are generally slightly ornamented with gold *cordon*: there is an opening on one side, which seems to be tied together again by two rosettes of coloured satin ribbon. Plumage of a very short kind is sparingly scattered over the *beret*, and does honour to the taste of the milliner in the manner she has taught it to play. A very large Turkish turban is also in favour for half-dress. Those that are the most fashionable have a caul, the colour of *poussiere-de-ruines*; of which colour, with that of a bright jonquil, in sarcenet, the folds of the turban are formed. Bows of ribbon, and small flowers, or half-wreaths of larger flowers, formed of feathers, adorn the tresses of young people in the afternoon, or in the dress-circles at the theatres. Several white Turkish turbans have an *esprit* in front composed of very small flowers, whence issue delicate sprays of feathers, enriched with beads of polished steel. These elegant ornaments vibrate, as they glitter, at the smallest movement of the head on which they are placed. A *toque* of *crêpe-lisse*, shaded with ostrich feathers, is a favourite evening headdress. Some dress-hats of crape are ornamented with a bird-of-paradise plume: several small bows of coloured satin are placed in a row next the hair, under the

brim; these satin bows should be edged with narrow *blond*. Several ladies, with dark hair, have appeared at evening parties with a *bandeau* of pearls for a head-dress: some rows of these valuable articles, entwined among the bows of the hair, form a charming addition, and produce a most exquisite effect.

The favourite colours are blue, pink, marsh-mallow-blossom, laurel-green, and *ponçeau*.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THERE requires but little change in dress to set off a pretty woman. The few mild days, however, that distinguished the month of March, particularly in its advance, caused some pleasing diversities, and the spring fashions began, partially, to peep out.

In lent, the high black dress of *gros de Naples*, especially if the weather were warm enough, formed the favourite out-door costume. It was bordered with broad flounces, and a rose-coloured scarf-shawl was tied carelessly round the throat. Fur tippets were very seldom seen, and are now almost totally laid aside. I can tell you yet nothing decided as to the pelisses and mantles: they remain much the same since my last despatches, except that a few pelisses have appeared of taffety of the most lively spring colours, made in a very simple style; and the mantles are now confined to the theatres, and the quitting of evening parties.

The new hats are quite round, and the brim is finished by a broad ribbon, whence falls a *blond* of about four fingers in breadth: the strings tie under the chin, in a bow; yet there are two additional strings which float over the shoulders. This hat loses by description; but it is extremely elegant and becoming. Rose-coloured satin hats are very frequent in the public walks; and are usually worn with black dresses, to which they impart a liveliness, and form a pleasing association. Light brown hats, with white feathers, prevail much in carriages; the brown having a reddish tint like that of the partly a[illegible]ut. White hats are lined with Greek st[illegible]lour, green, or pink; the ribbons re white, but the feathers are most admired when of the same colour as the lining. Green satin hats, of every shade, but more generally of the spring-bud-green, are in great request: the latter are chiefly for the promenade, and have seldom any other ornament than a few bows, of the same colour and material as the hat. Coloured hats, whether of dark or light tints, are almost always trimmed at the edge with a broad white *blond*. Close bonnets, of Spanish snuff brown, are sometimes seen in retired morning walks: they are trimmed with numerous bows, and have strings of crape which tie in a rosette at the left ear: these bonnets have sometimes the addition of a wreath of jessamine, which looks well on the Spanish brown.

Ball dresses are ornamented with very unappropriate heavy trimming: the *bouillons*, puckerings, and puffs, are immense; yet these are styled *indispensable* ornaments; though a ball-dress cannot, in the estimation of any person of correct taste, be too light. The skirts of these ball-dresses do not add to the grace of the figure, as they are gathered next the waist, all round, equally full. Some ladies, however, are still resolved to adopt a more pastoral style for dancing, and the trimming at the border of their dresses is as imple as possible: the waist is whimsical enough; and eight ribbons issue from the sash, which fall down to the first row of trimming, whatsoever it may be: three are placed before, and five behind. The *corsages* are plain, but they have a drapery of gauze, in separate pieces, which form a heart on the back and front of the body, as they cross over just before they reach the small of the waist. On the top of each sleeve is placed a bunch of ribbons, the ends of which are fringed; sometimes there are only several short ends of ribbon, but always fringed. At a ball given lately by the Princess Talleyrand, one lady had a dozen ribbons round her waist; which made it, at the first glance, appear as though the *corsage* were made of shaded ribbon; and the long ends falling down the skirt presented the appearance of a *tulle* dress with ribbon-stripes: the slightest movement, however, agitated these ribbons, and it was easily seen that they were a part of those encircling the waist. When flowers are used amongst the trimming on ball dresses, the blossoms of the clematis are most in favour. This being the prime season



EVENING DRESS. CONCERT DRESS.

Published by G. B. Whittaker, 66 La Belle Assemblée, N. S. M. [illegible]



EVENING DRESS.

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for balls in Paris, renders me somewhat prolix in my account of the different dresses; but they comprise the chief novelties in the gown department. One young lady, at a very splendid ball, given last week, had the trimming on her dress formed of a number of little stars; from the rays of which issued small *marabouts*, and in the centre of each star was a *rosace* of blue. A white dress was also remarkable for its splendour, the body being ornamented with pearls of immense value. The epaulettes were covered by straps, which were also enriched with pearls. Among the favourite materials for evening dresses, are cherry-coloured taffety chequered with black, or bright jonquil, figured in the same manner: they are generally trimmed with flounces of the same material. When dresses are of a richer article, they are trimmed with satin *rouleaux*; each *rouleau* entwined with *chenille*. *Corsages* of velvet have been much worn in evening *parure*, and are not yet entirely laid aside. There is a newly-invented material, in imitation of velvet, but which is much lighter: these *corsages*, when the dress is white, are generally coloured; they are made *à la Sevigné*.

The most extraordinary fashion of dressing the head has prevailed for some time; yet I am happy to say it is not *implicitly* followed by those ladies who frequent the best balls, or by those who mingle in that society which may be deemed the higher orders. The *toque* still reigns triumphant; and several ladies have insured it favour by ornamenting it with long and full feathers. The dancing ladies find them inconvenient; but those who are contented with two or three country dances, find this head-dress do very well: there certainly is no other so capable of giving dignity to the face and figure. Ribbons, flowers, ears of corn, either in diamonds, gold, or silver, are worn placed on the very summit of the highest bows of hair, in full dress. These flowers have long stalks, and are agitated by the slightest movement. At balls, ladies who do not dance, generally wear a *toque* of *crêpe-lisse*, with ostrich feathers, and a gold *bandeau* across the hair, clasped with precious stones. Peruvian wreaths, composed of marabouts, are equally in favour for the evening party or for the ball-room: over the forehead is a bow of valuable pearls, in the middle of which is a superb diamond. A blue *beret*, ornamented with silver and a plume of blue feathers, has excited universal admiration: it was invented by Madame Mure, one of our most distinguished *marchandes des modes*. Another new *beret* is of gauze; the colour, bird-of-paradise-yellow. It is ornamented with several black *aigrettes*, made to imitate the tail of the bird-of-paradise. Small caps of black *blond*, having a net-work caul, formed of narrow *rouleaux* of satin, and a wreath of roses or of blue flowers in front, are much admired for home costume. The manner of fixing feathers on *toques* or *berets*, is not on the crown, or caul, as formerly, but below it, so that the tip of the feathers, which used to fall over the shoulder, now ascends towards the crown: very long, and full ostrich feathers obtain the preference. Some *ponçeau*-coloured *toques* are indented all round, and a *rouleau* of black satin is introduced between these indentations: on the right side is an *aigrette* of light feathers, black and *ponçeau*. Blue and yellow bows, mingled with bows of hair, is a favourite *coiffeure* on dress-nights at the theatres.

The favourite colours are blue, pink, cherry-colour, *ponçeau*, yellow, and rose-leaf-green.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

We were always exceedingly puzzled in our attempts to divine upon what principle a person so utterly unqualified for the task as Mr. Weber, could have been selected as editor of an edition of the labours of Ford, one of our most valued ancient dramatists. If by possibility a doubt could have remained in any mind respecting the incompetence of that gentleman, satisfactorily to perform the duty assigned, it must be removed by the appearance, in two 8vo. volumes, of "*The Dramatic Works of John Ford, with Note*

Critical and Explanatory, by William Gifford, Esq., &c. &c." This long desired publication had, for some years, occupied much of the attention of its learned and able editor; and, from the admirable manner in which it is executed, it will reflect enduring honour upon his name. We could have wished, indeed, that, in the treatment of some of his contemporaries, Mr. Gifford had shewn less bitterness of spirit; but, mild and amiable as were his manners in private life, the late editor of the Quarterly Review was a man who never spared the lash. In the present instance, he has exercised the knout without mercy and without remorse. In his critical efforts, however, he has at once done justice to a great name, and rendered an invaluable service to the dramatic literature of his country.

Although the work is more of a scientific than of a general nature, it is proper to announce the appearance of a "*Narrative of a Survey of the Inter-Tropical and Western Coasts of Australia, performed between the Years* 1818 *and* 1822, *by Captain Philip Parker King, R.N., F.R.S., F.L.S., and Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London, with an Appendix, containing Various Subjects relating to Hydrography and Natural History; in two volumes, Illustrated by Plates, Charts, and Woodcuts.*" The most interesting passages in these volumes—at least to the general reader—are those which relate to the appearance and conduct of the New Hollanders, in the respective interviews which were obtained with them by Captain King and his ship's company. These savages are, as all accounts concur in describing them, a most disgusting race, and as unprincipled as they are disgusting.

A thin 4to. volume, under the title of "*Voyage of H.M.S. Blonde to the Sandwich Islands in* 1824-5; *Captain Lord Byron, Commander,*" will be read with some interest, for the affecting details which it presents of the late unfortunate King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who died during their visit to England, and whose remains the Blonde was employed to convey to their native country. The particulars of the voyage itself are not very important. We select the following brief passage, simply to shew that the remains of idol worship are rapidly disappearing in the Sandwich Islands. The son of the person who officiated as priest, when Captain Cook was at these islands, is represented as the narrator of the subjoined statement:—

One morning his father had placed the usual offering of fish and poi before the Nui Akua, or Great Spirit. The son having spent a long day in an unsuccessful fishing expedition, returned, and, tempted by hunger, devoured the food of the gods. But, first, he placed his hands on the eyes of the idol, and found they saw not; and then his hand into its mouth, but it did not bite; and then he threw his mantle over the image, and ate; and replacing the bowl, removed the mantle, and went his way. Being reproved by his father, he said, "Father, I spoke to him, and he heard not; I put my hand into his mouth, and he felt not; I placed tapa over his eyes, and he saw not: I therefore laughed and ate." "Son," said the old priest, "thou hast done unwisely: 'tis true the wood neither sees nor hears, but the spirit above observes all our actions."

This priest opposed, with propriety, the offering any indignity to the bones of the deceased chiefs, but in every thing else assisted us with civility, though with reluctance, to spoil the morai of its most precious contents; and the Blonde soon received on board almost all that remained of the ancient deities of the islands.

Another more bulky 4to. attracts our attention: it is entitled "*A Winter in Lapland and Sweden, with various Observations relating to Finmark, and its Inhabitants; made during a Residence at Hammerfest, near the North Cape; by A. De Capell Brooke, &c.*" This volume contains much curious, and even valuable information, respecting the inhabitants of these northern regions, their manners, customs, &c. We shall confine ourselves to a few particulars, respecting the modes of eating, drinking, &c., amongst the mercantile or higher classes in Finmark. The drinking and smoking parties, which, upon a larger or smaller scale, are carried on throughout the year, are extremely well described by Mr. Brooke. These parties, comprising the whole little society of Hammerfest, generally commence, in the summer, about six o'clock, and in winter, about four. Every one brings his pipe, and the room is soon filled with a smoke so dense, that it is difficult to distinguish one person from another. Most of the company engage deeply in their favourite game of whist. "*Gammel Norge*" (Old Norway) the first toast, is always an-

nounced by the master of the house, and never fails to produce an electrical effect. "The whole party instantaneously rise—the capacious glasses are filled to the brim—every one then touches with his own the top of each in the room, which is called *klinking*, and is similar to our old-fashioned custom of hob-nobbing; and the contents are drunk off, and smoking resumed, till the national song of Norway is commenced, and sung in loud chorus, by all, with the greatest enthusiasm." During the concluding stanzas of the song, the fishery of Finmark, upon the success of which their welfare so much depends, is invariably drunk with loud acclamations.

Tea is generally taken at the commencement of these entertainments; and about three hours afterwards, the *mellem mad* served. This, which means the middle meal, and is merely a kind of interlude, is brought in on a tray, and handed round to all, consisting of brandy, smoked salmon, or halibut, with sandwiches made of thin slices of German sausages. It proves not the least interruption to what is going forward; and about ten o'clock, the *aftens mad*, or supper, is announced; upon which the party retire to an adjoining room, if there happen to be one, to partake of it. The *aftens mad* consists almost invariably, of a large dish of boiled fish, accompanied in summer by a *reen stek*, or piece of rein deer venison, roasted, and eaten with jam of the preserved möltæbeer, or cloud berry (*rubus chamæmorus*), and different pickles. Nothing but punch is drunk during this time, and the cloth being removed, the bowls are replenished, and the carousal seldom ends before midnight.

The wives and daughters here, are invariably the attendants upon the guests at meals, waiting behind them, and refusing to taste a morsel till every one has nearly finished. So far it is fortunate for the company, as the female servants are represented as the merest drudges, and utterly deficient in all the habits of cleanliness. The ladies, on the contrary, are the best and the most notable house-wives in the world. Amongst other domestic offices, they rise at an early hour in the morning, to prepare the coffee for the male part of the family, which is taken by every one in bed.

The merchant is awakened at an early hour, generally about seven o'clock; and on opening his eyes he sees the *kuusjomfrue*, or young lady of the house, standing by his bed-side with a cup of very strong and hot coffee, which she presents to him. This being received with a look of complacency, and quickly swallowed, he again sinks into his nest of down. During the short operation of sweetening the reviving draught, he asks his fair companion concerning the state of the weather or the wind; after which she lays his pipe ready for him, and disappears to perform the same friendly office for the rest of the family. Sitting, or half reclining in his bed, and well *bolstered* up with *pillows* [this is an *English* not an *Irish* bull] he smokes one pipe; then finding himself in fit order to recommence his slumbers, he again composes himself, and sleeps undisturbed for several hours. The custom which the Norwegians have of taking a cup of hot coffee at an early hour, is by no means an unpleasant one, however laughable it may appear; and to a stranger is very captivating. It is true you are awakened out of a sound sleep some hours before the usual time of rising; but in what manner? You raise your half-opened eyes, and see close to you what appears a vision of the most agreeable nature, in the form of a young beauty, with a lovely complexion and light flowing ringlets. Possibly your dreams may have been presenting such a one to your imagination at the very moment, and you now deem it suddenly realised. You are, however, soon convinced that it is an earthly substance, from her gently rousing you by the shoulder, and seeing that you are hardly in a state of sufficient animation to attend to her summons. You then discover that the pretty intruder is the daughter of the mistress of the house, who, with the most captivating smile imaginable, invites you to partake of the refreshing beverage she has brought; and which being accepted by you with the usual expression of gratitude common in Norway, *tusin de tak*, a thousand thanks, your fair attendant retreats, and leaves you to present a pleasant addition, in her own image, to the scenes of fancy you had perhaps been before indulging in. The *frokost*, or breakfast, which is quite a separate meal, consists likewise of coffee, but with the more substantial accompaniment of a hot dish of some kind of roast or hashed meat, either rein-deer or mutton; which, with the addition of a glass of brandy, enables you without much difficulty, to support nature till one o'clock, when the dinner-hour arrives. What is eaten at this meal lasts you till the coffee in the evening, about four; after which you begin to feel some symptoms of returning appetite for the *mad*, which makes its appearance

bout seven, and is only to prepare the stomach against the meal that concludes the round of eating, the supper, which is as substantial as the dinner; after which nothing further is taken till the approach of morning, which begins with what has just been mentioned. The above is the constant routine of eating and drinking, agreeably diversified with a little occupation just sufficient to create an appetite.

Sorry are we that we cannot be more liberal in quotation.

A volume of "*Scenes and Occurrences in Albany and Caffer Land, South Africa,*" is evidently, and avowedly, not the production of a professed author; but, although the sentences are not very regularly constructed, nor the arrangement of material the best that might be imagined, it is full of life, spirit, and information. Buck-shooting, elephant-shooting, and lion-hunting, as practised at the Cape, are all circumstantially, and very effectively described.—As several of our countrymen emigrated to Algoa Bay four or five years ago, the particulars which the author furnishes of that settlement, the cheap living of the residents, &c., the volume cannot prove otherwise than very acceptable to their friends remaining in England.

Paradoxical as the remark may be deemed, we have been really very much amused by a very unreadable book, in two volumes, bearing the quaint title of "*Two Hundred and Nine Days; or, the Journal of a Traveller on the Continent; by Thomas Jefferson Hogg, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister at Law.*" In his preface, Mr. Hogg observes, that he is so fond of books of voyages and travels, that he feels no compunction in adding to their number, and that, "so long as the volumes can be piled up in such a manner as to leave a sufficient portion of the surface of the earth clear for the pasture of cattle, and the cultivation of corn and wine, there can never be too many." With the laudable desire, therefore, of increasing the valuable stock, Mr. Hogg embarked, on the morning of Wednesday, August 3, 1825, on board the Earl of Liverpool steam-packet, for Ostend. At Ostend, after encountering many difficulties, it is his good fortune to arrive in safety; and thence pursuing his route, he visits Ghent, Brussells, Aix-la-Chapelle Frankfort, Zurich, Berne, Mount St. Bernhard, Geneva, Milan, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Pompeii, Naples, Venice, Mantua, Turin, Lyons, Fontainbleau, and Paris; and, on the morning of Sunday, February 26, 1826, he embarks on board the steam-packet at Calais, for London, where, on his arrival, on the following day, he finds all things in his chambers exactly as he had left them, and discovers, to his great surprise, that he has been able to exist two hundred and nine days, without either "law, Greek, or an English newspaper." But we are anticipating. Many times, in the course of his travels, Mr. Hogg is in imminent danger of being starved to death; and he frequently assures us, that rising at six o'clock on a frosty morning, and partaking of a hasty and not very substantial breakfast, is too much for poor human nature to endure. —"I felt some difficulty," says he, "in writing down my remarks, on such matters as struck me, during my tour on the continent; because the exoterical and external reflections on buildings, and streets, and the face of the country," "may already be found in Guides and Manuals for Travellers; and exoterical and inward thoughts, respecting men and manners, generally involve personal observations on the conduct and character of individuals." After this—from an author, too, who dedicates his book to "Henry Brougham, Esq., in testimony of esteem, and of gratitude, for his singular zeal in the great cause of the education of the people"—we certainly expected something very new, and very striking; and—we found it. We dip at random, no matter where—*all* is new; genius will find "tongues in trees, sermons in stones, and good in every thing."—First, for some poetical thoughts upon sun-rise, &c., on the picturesque banks of the Rhine.

Persons who have never seen it say and believe, that the sun-rise is a fine thing: much finer than the sun-set; I, who have seen it oftener than I wished, beg leave to assure them, that the cold morning, streaming and reeking with mists and vapours, is by no means so pleasant as a good bed. The sun-set is splendid, because the air has been filled with warmth and light all the day; in these northern climates, at least, after a dark cold night, there is no brilliancy in the sun-rise. I never desire to see the rising sun except in the winter, at seven or eight o'clock; and in London, where that great luminary appears, through the smoke of the city, like a slice of red beet-root.

Now for a bit of criticism :—

The church [at Ouchy] of which the tower was set on fire by the lightning last year, is ancient, curious, neat, and heavy; the dead, or their survivors, seem to delight in long Latin epitaphs. The monument of the Countess Walmoden is simple, but on too large a scale: that of Mrs. Stratford Canning is pretty, but the urn being too large for the pedestal, it is top-heavy; it is said to have been designed by Canova. His designs are often deficient in breadth, sharpness, depth, and projection, and tame as a clipped yew hedge.

The following is beautifully descriptive. Whether it be witty, withal, we must leave to the reader's determination :—

In reading Euclid we meet with a proposition, and afterwards with the converse of it; sometimes immediately, sometimes long after. So it is with manners and customs; one finds the converse of them, sometimes soon, sometimes after much travel. To-day, for the first time in my life, I saw the converse of the washing-tub theorem. In the common case, the washing-tub contains water and the linen, but not the washer-woman, who is at some point without the tub: in this case the tub contained the washer-woman, but neither water nor linen. The women were standing in tubs on the lake, and were washing clothes which were on the outside of the tub in the water; it must be much less uncomfortable for the women to stand thus in the dry tub, than in the water, as they do in the Rhine and other rivers. This mode of washing in lakes and rivers, and smacking the linen on the stones, is a most uncharitable and unchristian proceeding; far from hiding the defects of an old shirt, it puts them in a very shining light, and makes the most of all its little weaknesses. A worn-out shirt, or—as the stump-distributing poet would call it—to squeeze out a rhyme, a shirt "out-worn,"

"A Pagan suckled in a creed out-worn—

in unsympathising hands, soon becomes, what the Pagan's creed is not, a most holy thing; and stockings, which are still more susceptible of unkindness, and require perpetual fostering, fare even worse. When the traveller contemplates his shattered and tattered wardrobe, it needs more patience and forgiveness than are usually found near lakes, to abstain from wishing the rude naiads and limnads at the devil, down-knocked or up-tied, beaten or hanged.

Descriptive — sentimental — almost pathetic—

The public walk by the edge of the lake would be an agreeable promenade, if it had fair play; on the side next the water were two rows of lines covered with linen; so that we could see nothing except all the sheets, shirts, and shifts in the town, which the barbarians suffer to be hung up to dry there. I observed many confectioners' shops in Vevay, which seemed to contain some good things: I suppose when people come here from the country, the children expect to be remembered, and that a present should be taken home for the pretty dears.

Profoundly moralizing, and political in the bargain :—

I remember that I used to see sometimes, when I was a boy, a long white greyhound that had stolen a shoulder of mutton, and buried it in the garden; I was struck by the slinking look of the animal; and I also remember that the wife of a respectable linen-draper, who knew of his crime, and chanced to be in a moralizing mood, once said to me, "See there, that is guilt; what a guilty look he has!" The dog certainly seemed to look upon all mankind as having a special mission to punish him, and to regard the cook, not as a nice tidy girl, who, when her labours were over, washed and cleaned herself against tea, and who dressed plainly and saved her money, that she might send a one pound note now and then to her old mother—not as a useful servant, who skilfully prepared meat for the enjoyment of others—not as a Christian having a soul to be saved—not as a British subject, whose life could not be taken away without the intervention of two juries—not as a citizeness, possessing a sacred and indefeasible right to a full, fair, and free representation, whether actual or virtual, and to be taxed thereby to the utmost—not as a portly person, the crumby object in which all the soft wishes of the coachman were centered—but as the abstract enemy of his loins, whose only end in life was to stave in his ribs with the handle of a brush, or to transfix him with one of the largest spits. In like manner the white Austrian regards the curious traveller as a person who will, some day or other, have a hand in turning him out of Italy, if not in hanging the puritanical-looking Emperor.

Dreaming and carpentering :—

I was entertained all night with a dream, that I was a carpenter, and had made a door, so accurately, that I kept fitting together the various parts; taking it to pieces, and joining them again, with new pleasure. If the trade of a carpenter be as agreeable waking as sleeping, it is an enviable employment.

Cheap and good—the epicure in heaven :—

As there was nothing to eat at my hotel, I was conducted to a *traiteur's*, a cook-shop; the fire was out, and there was no one but a youth in black, like a lawyer's clerk—it seemed as hopeless to apply to him, as to go to chambers in the Temple and call for a dinner. He placed on the table some wine, more drinkable than usual, and bread, for which the city is famous. I supposed that I must wait a long time—I therefore took out a book to pass an hour—before I had opened it, the common soup appeared—three cold roast sparrows followed, slender fare, but they were savoury, and helped the good bread down—then came—then came the quarter of a boiled capon, so large, so juicy, so white, so tender, that it was quite an event; the very liver was in itself quite a blessing—then some fried pig's feet; but in eating these, I can never forget that they stood all their lives in a sty: they offered some other dishes, which I declined; I paid a small sum for an unexpectedly good dinner.

Comparisons, compliments, historical and witty reminiscences, &c.:—

The habits of the Englishman resemble those of a goldfinch; I once kept a goldfinch for some years, till he chose to fly away. I used to let him out of his cage, and he was always at the top of the room, rubbing his wings against the ceiling; and when in his cage, he was always at the top, scraping his bill against the wires. An Englishman will always ascend the highest mountains, and ascend towers and steeples; an Englishman will always pay well for being taken up in a balloon; and, if he could get so high, would always be found rubbing his nose against the sky. I cannot bring myself to doubt, that the people who built the tower of Babel were English, with a small sprinkling, perhaps, of Irish labourers.

Mr. Hogg, it should be remarked, is a very economical traveller; and, as economy is a virtue that harmonizes most admirably with the pockets of many people, we shall transcribe a few lines, most wittily conceived and expressed, and, at the same time, conveying some very valuable hints. After seeing some dried dead bodies, and other pleasant varieties, in a church, on the tip-top of the mountain of Kreutzberg, and, after indulging in a joke upon the *dryness* of some of his acquaintance, he says—

Such was the solemnity of the sacristan, who exhibited these sacred rights—his manner was so sepulchral and so extortionate—that, as we learn things from their opposites, his gravity taught me to be jocose; and his seeming to demand a large fee as a matter of right, to give him a small one as a matter of choice: his lugubrious aspect reminded me of school-boy tricks; and I felt irresistibly impelled to *nick* the old fellow, as it is technically called. I saw, therefore, patiently and slowly, all he had to show; and when he held out his hand for a reward, I gave him the smallest piece of money I could find, and left him petrified with horror, and silent through dismay. He had such a church-yard air that I own I felt great pleasure in this frolic: it was like nicking Proserpine, diddling Death, and cheating the grave of its due. Having tied the sexton up short, I descended to Bonn, to supper and to bed.

However, lest our readers may think we are indulging them with too many of our author's good things at once—"events" and "blessings," like his own roast sparrows, juicy capon, liver, and pig's feet—we shall introduce only one more excerpt: it is all but sublime:—

We reached Martigny at six; I was not sorry to dismount. It is inconceivable how any creature that walked (in a trot all things are possible) could be so uneasy as my mule. It must have come into the world for a great end, and was doubtless produced to fulfil some ancient prophecy of the country; the beast must have been long foretold, and predicted in the olden time. His name shall be called the Wrench, and he shall be the aversion of all nations. I consoled myself, however, as I jolted along, with the reflection, that, at worst, they can only split a man in two like a walnut. If I had an enemy, which, thank heaven I have not, I would have him ride this mule for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. The editor of the John Bull, for his execrable attacks upon women, ought to be condemned to ride him for evermore, about the roads and lanes of purgatory.

Amusement, of a very different character, will be found in "*The Gold-Headed Cane*; a little volume, very ingeniously constructed upon this idea:—"A short time before the opening of the new College of Physicians, Mrs. Baillie presented to that learned body a gold-headed cane, which had been successively carried by Drs. Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and her own lamented husband." The cane is made to relate its own adventures, or rather some of the adventures of its successive possessors; and thus, as it may readily be imagined, a fund of in-

teresting anecdotes is collected. We shall, however, extract only a few lines, to show the extraordinarily lucrative nature of Dr. Radcliffe's practice, at a period when, it should be remembered, one guinea must have been worth three in the present day. In the course of some remarks, on presenting the cane to Dr. Mead, Dr. Radcliffe says—

Thanks to Providence, I have been very successful, from the very beginning of my professional life; and I had not been settled a year in London, when I got twenty guineas a-day by my practice; and even Dandridge, the apothecary whom I patronized, died, as I am informed, worth more than £50,000. The liberality of my patients enabled me to live and act in a generous manner. My fees were good: of which you may form some notion, when I mention, that to go from Bloomsbury Square to Bow, I received five guineas. I do not tell this to you, my good friend, out of ostentation; but that it may serve as an encouragement to you to hear how the practice of physic has been remunerated.

A companion to this volume may be found in a pamphlet, entitled, "*Nugæ Canoræ; or, Epitaphian Mementos (in Stone-cutter's verse) of the Medici Family of Modern Times: by Unu Quorum.*" Partly in prose, partly in verse, we have here some light, pleasant reading; though little, we believe, that is positively new.

We cannot admire the taste, in which grave and religious subjects are mingled with those of a light, airy, and comic nature, in a volume denominated "*The Living and the Dead; by a Country Curate.*" The work, however, displays much talent in the writer—contains some smart strokes of satire—and abounds with lively anecdote. Leaving the more serious parts of the volume to their fate, we shall make free with a few passages of an opposite cast. Crabbe, the poet of the poor, is thus shewn up:—

I have been diverted this morning almost against my will. A poor woman came to me from Trowbridge, to request my interference with the secretary of a benefit club, to which her husband belonged, and from which, though disabled by disease, he could obtain no relief. After some preliminary conversation, I observed, "You are very fortunate at Trowbridge, in having for your minister so celebrated and so gifted an individual as Mr. Crabbe." "It's in what that I'm fortunate?" asked she, with her sharp, blue, interrogatory nose. "In the ministry of a man so justly famed as Mr. Crabbe." "Ah! Mr. Crabbe! You've heard of him, I dare say; he's a great *pote*. Perhaps you've read his books of verses? I never did, I haven't time. They say he's made a mint of money by his *potery*. I'm sure it's more than he'll ever make by his sermons. They are so very d—r—y:" and she pursed up her thin, spare, skinny lips, till her mouth was like the top of a vinegar cruet. "Besides, he is so stiff and solemn; no life in him." "Well, but that does not affect the matter of his sermons." "O! ah! he's a great scholar, I dare say. Too much learning by far for me; for I can't understand him half my time. There was a sermon he preached us all about the Queen of Sheba—very fine, I make no doubt—I'm sure there wasn't one word in ten that I ever heard before! Then it's nothing but question and answer. Quite provoking! I said to him one day, it's a shame for your reverence to stand up in the pulpit and put question after question, when you know it's an *unpossible* thing for any poor creature to get up and give an answer to ye. It's all on one side, as a body may say. You have it all your own way. Ay, ay, it's very well for the great folks in London, but poor creatures so illiterate about their future state as I am would'nt care if they was never to hear again one of your *pote* parsons."

The late Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge—Archdeacon Daubeny—and the Rev. Mr. Benson, Rector of St. Giles's, the "very antipodes," as he is described, of Mr. Irving, the Scotch preacher, are also very spiritedly sketched; but we have not room for their portraits. There is much, too, about Lady Byron, which seems to have made a considerable stir amongst her ladyship's friends. In the feeling expressed, respecting Lord Byron's Memoirs, and Lady Byron's conduct towards Moore, we perfectly sympathise; but the facts related are not very new. The subjoined has more interest:—

I knew a good deal of Lady B. when she lived at ——; I forget the name of the place now, but it's not far from Bromley—and thought her a woman of masculine understanding, great conversational powers, and strong natural good sense—but not altogether the wife for Lord Byron. She showed her admirable sense of propriety by the seclusion to which she consigned herself, and the dignified silence she inviolably maintained respecting what may be termed "her case." I believe, to her most intimate associates, Lady Byron never breathed her husband's name;

never alluded, in the most casual manner, to her own peculiar situation. On the contrary, she appeared studiously to avoid all reference to the subject. Her daughter, Ada Byron, to whom such a touching interest attaches, strongly resembles her gifted father. There is, in particular, an expression about the mouth—a curl, when she is displeased, in her youthful lip—a fire and *fierté* in her eye—which those who had ever an opportunity of watching the poet's features, in a moment of irritation, would instantly recognise. The likeness is singularly striking. It is hardly fair to judge of her at such tender years; but I thought I discovered germs of talent, and—shall I add—a spice of Lord Byron's disposition—a large leaven of self-indulgence and self-will. Lady Byron was passionately attached to her, and paid the most vigilant attention to those grand essentials in a woman's happiness—temper and disposition. There was one thing in particular which struck me very forcibly. It is a rule worthy the adoption of every mother. I had dined alone with Sir Ralph and herself—little Ada was with us at tea—but at its conclusion, Lady Byron rose and said, "You must excuse me: I always give an hour to my daughter every night before she goes to bed, when we talk over the events of the day. I find it by far the best hour in the twenty-four for affecting and correcting the heart!"

If she *was* "learned" and "mathematical, most assuredly it never appeared in her conversation. It was that—and that only—of a highly accomplished and very well-informed woman. An incident occurred—I don't choose to divulge it—which was perfectly conclusive to my mind that Lady B. was still fondly attached to him. And from the accounts of others who knew the facts, I am thoroughly satisfied that Lord and Lady Byron might have been living together at this very hour—had his life been spared—but for the intervention of a third person. Lady Noel never could endure him; and the feeling was reciprocal. She was perpetually haunted by the idea that his Lordship was an unfaithful husband. On the other hand, he never spared her; and, unhappily, Lady Noel's temper and unguarded expressions afforded ample scope for the most biting satire and caustic irony. Whatever his Lordship might have been previous to his marriage, or since the separation in the particular instance so continually quoted, he was grossly misrepresented. I have reason to believe—though not from her own lips—that Lady Byron now feels this.

We had marked several other passages; but our space will admit only the following:—

Whoever has visited Cambridge can hardly fail of recollecting Lady ——. The leading idea of *her* life is evidently to do the pretty, say civil things, and make agreeable speeches. But alas! her Ladyship was not infallible; and sometimes, with the very best intentions, she would fail desperately. They relate of her, at Cambridge, the two following stories: I have no reason to discredit either. During a series of concerts which Catalani gave at the last grand commencement, this queen of song was staying with her friend Mrs. F—. At an evening party at D—— Lodge, Lady —— was invited to meet her. "My dear Madame Catalani, how delighted, how transported I am to see you! When did you arrive? How is Monsieur Valbrague? And your dear little boy?" Catalani changed colour. Her lip quivered, and her fine dark eye filled with tears, as she murmured, "Ah, pauvre petit! je l'ai perdu!" "What an engaging, interesting, elegant little creature he is!" "Je l'ai perdu!" shrieked the foreigner, in a tone of agony, "Is he indeed?"—Lady —— has *forgotten* her French—"I'm very happy to hear it! I always said he would turn out something extraordinary." "Je l'ai perdu! je l'ai perdu!" said poor Catalani, in a more piercing tone, and with increasing emotion. "Don't exert yourself: yes, yes, I understand you perfectly; well, pray remember me to him very kindly, since he's not with you, and say that I offer him my congratulations." "He's dead—he's dead, Lady ——," said Mrs. F——, impatiently. "Dead! why did not *somebody* tell me so? Poor little fellow, and so he's dead! Well, I declare, I'm very sorry for him! Dead! *That's very surprising!*"

As a companion to this, the knowing ones relate a scene, which is credibly affirmed to have been witnessed between her Ladyship and Mrs. Siddons, on her late visit to Cambridge. During the early part of November 1825, the tragic muse was staying for a fortnight or three weeks at —— Lodge. She was stated to be much depressed in spirits, rather shattered in constitution, and at times to mourn very deeply over the loss of her brother. She rallied, however, amid the joyous stirring spirit of the university, and was prevailed upon to indulge the gownsmen with one or two of her readings from Shakspeare. Her celebrated scene in Henry VIII. was one. At one of these delicious treats to the lovers of the drama, Lady —— was present. Intent on being agreeable, she began thus:—"Ah, my dear Mrs. Siddons, what an unexpected grati-

fication to see you at Cambridge! And how do you do? How do you do?" "Better—much better, I'm obliged to ye." "Ah! but you're altered, when one comes to look at you—ve-r-y much altered. Let me see, it must be thirty years ago since poor Sir B—— and myself were first delighted with your Lady Randolph. How life ebbs away! What changes we see!" Mrs. Siddons looked uneasy, and made a faint attempt to escape. "It was poor Edwin's night, I think. Surely that was the Augustan era of the British stage! Ah, poor Edwin, he's gone! And King—you remember King? he's gone! And Palmer—gentleman Palmer—he's gone! And Dodd—clever actor, Dodd—he's gone! We live in a world of changes!" Mrs. Siddons looked sad and was silent. In vain Mrs. F—— coughed, frowned, and assumed that awful scowl with which she awes the S—t into obedience; all in vain. "I've been recollecting," said this indefatigable tormenter, after a pause, "when I saw you last. It must be about fourteen years ago. You were playing your favourite character of Queen Katherine; your gifted brother John, that of Wolsey. What a treat it was! Dear John Kemble and he's gone!" Mrs. Siddons burst into tears. "Amiable creature," said Lady —— to the astounded bystanders, "what an affectionate heart she has!"

"*Vagaries in Quest of the Wild and the Whimsical; by Pierce Shafton, Gent.*"—"the confessed records of flirtations, carried on with the muses, in the hey-day of youth and levity"—constitutes a light and unpretending, but very amusing volume. We select a specimen from the Poetry:—

"Oh! come to the window, my lady-love
There's nothing to fear from me;—
No ladder have I to mount above;
I wish but thy face to see."
If she will but open and list my lay,
I'll pledge my lute and sword
That I reach her feet by an easier way
Than the steps of a slippery cord.

"Oh! lady, that cheek has the only blush
Which fades not under the moon;
Yet, ah! 'tis fleeting as twilight's flush—
Nay, leave me not, lady, so soon."
Her casement is dark, but a nearer gleam
And a shadow is on the stairs;
And her lamp, though her hand is o'er it beams
On the key that her girdle bears.

The third, fourth, and fifth volumes, of "*Vivian Grey*," just published, contain the adventures of that hero, during a part of his sojourn in Germany, whither he had retired to bury the remembrance of his blighted hopes. He is introduced to us at Frankfort, where he becomes the intimate friend of a Baron Konigstein, at whose table he meets with several remarkable characters. He proceeds to Ems, a fashionable bathing place, where he falls in love with Violet Fane, a lovely English girl, who visits the baths for the recovery of her health. The most sanguine hopes are entertained, when, after a day of mirth and hilarity, she expires in his arms, at the moment of the declaration of his passion. The character of Violet Fane, is very sweetly drawn. In the fourth volume, we find him, with his servant, benighted in a forest, in the south of Germany. He becomes an inmate of the castle of a Mediatized Prince, and is, in a short time, deeply involved in the politics of the court of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg. He falls in love with the Archduchess of Austria, the betrothed wife of the Crown Prince of Reisenburg. A private interview is effected—the parties are surprised by the Prime Minister, and Vivian Grey is dismissed from Reisenburg, with a passport of honour to Vienna. On his way thither, he is overtaken by—we know not whether it be a tempest, a whirlwind, a tornado, or an earthquake, or by a combination of all: a bridge, a castle, and a village, are buried beneath a falling rock—a tree, in which Vivian's servant has sought shelter, is struck by lightning—his own horse, terrified at the fall of the tree, becomes ungovernable, throws his rider, and falls dead! What may be the precise fate of our hero we know not; though we presume that he reached Vienna, and that his adventures, in that dissipated city, will form the subject of some future volumes of "Vivian Grey."

The effect of this work is very unequal. Several of the scenes are lively and animated, sketched with much spirit and fancy; but they are not sufficiently numerous to compensate for those of an opposite nature. The characters are too transitory, and the incidents too improbable, and unconnected, to excite any powerful interest; and the satire, though probably just, cannot be appreciated by the general reader. Howsoever the public taste may be gratified, by an exposure of the follies and vices of the higher ranks of society, it can take but little interest in the eccentricities of unknown foreigners, or in

the political intrigues of a petty German court. Yet the work will be sought with avidity, by those whose curiosity has been excited by the popularity of the preceding volumes.

"*The Zenana; or, a Nuwab's Leisure Hours; by the "Author of 'Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindoo,'"* is a work of three volumes, admirably calculated to sustain the well-earned fame of the writer. Painted in the most vivid and glowing colours, a splendid picture of Eastern manners is here presented.

"*Arwed Gyllensterna; a Tale of the early part of the Eighteenth Century; from the German of C. F. Vander Velde,*" in two volumes, is one of the most interesting continental romances that we have long read. The age to which it refers is that of Charles XII. of Sweden, whose character the author has poutrayed with the happiest effect. The translation is extremely well executed.

Works of fiction, illustrating the Irish character, manners, &c., have, of late, become exceedingly attractive. "*Holland-Tide, or Munster Popular Tales,*" in one volume, are likely to increase, rather than diminish, the demand for such productions. The writer, however, though possessing both genius and talent, is deficient in taste and judgment. These tales excite a lively interest; but they betray want of study, and appear as though they had been rapidly written, that the author might get to the end of his allotted task as soon as possible.

We took up "*National Tales, by Thomas Hood, Author of Whims and Oddities*"—a book to which we are indebted for many a hearty laugh, and much hilarious enjoyment—with strongly excited expectations of being eminently gratified. We are sorry to say, that our expectations have not been realised. The two volumes of tales before us—tales apparently formed upon the model of the minor Italian authors—afford abundant proof that the writer possesses high talent; but they as indisputably shew that his talent, in the present instance, has not been allowed to take its natural course. Of the five-and-twenty tales, of which these volumes consist, we cannot venture to say that any one of them has not disappointed us in the perusal—especially in its close. It is not merely the writing that we find fault with; for, if plot, character, and incident, were well-managed, minor defects of style might be overlooked. But, the fact is, Mr. Hood does not appear to have the least notion of carrying the interest of his story to a climax—of giving to his tales a smart, pointed, or impressive close. Perhaps we like his Fair Maid of Ludgate the best of the series; but even that is cold and ineffective in its termination. Mr. Hood's own rough sketches, coarsely cut in wood, in his "Whims and Oddities," were delightful things in their way—full of humour, spirit, and genius—calculated to elicit roars of laughter; but the tame lithographic sketches by Deighton, constituting what are given as embellishments in the volumes before us, are worse, far worse than nothing. Another fault we have to find is, that the book is exorbitantly dear.

We are glad to observe "a new edition with additions," in two volumes, of "*Poems, by Henry Neele, Esq.*" Very shortly we shall introduce Mr. Neele amongst our "Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction"

Allusively to the new gaming-house and its proprietor, in Piccadilly, a light and amusing satire has appeared, under the title of "*Crockford-House, a Rhapsody in Two Cantos.*" Mr. Luttrell, the well-known author of the "Letter to Julia," has the credit of this production. Subjoined, is a piece entitled "A Rhymer in Rome," illustrating the modern state of the great city and its inhabitants.

NEW MUSIC.

The Englishman in India, an Opera composed by H. R. Bishop. 1. "*Say what is Love,*" *a Duetto, sung by Mr. Braham and Miss Stephens;*—2. "*Oh firm as Oak and free from Care,*" *sung by Mr. Bedford;*—3 *and* 4. "*The Pride of Creation,*" *and* "*Je ne sçais Quoi,*" *sung by Mr. Braham;*—5. "*A Briton's Birthright, Liberty,*" *sung by Ditto;*—6. *and* 7. "*Brow where lofty Thought reposes,*" *and* "*To the once happy Home,*" *sung by Miss Stephens.*—Goulding, D'Almaine and Co.

The foregoing list comprises all that has yet been published of this opera; and were we to form our judgment from these specimens, we should certainly consider it as a material falling off from several of Mr. Bishop's latter productions. The general style of

the music seems to have retrograded about twenty or thirty years, to the days of Arnold and Hooke. The melodies are certainly pleasing; but after the splendid specimens of genuine operatic style, the concerted pieces, recitatives, and chorusses, to which we are accustomed of late years, even on the English stage, it strikes us that Mr. Bishop has not shewn his accustomed good taste in reverting to the old process of stringing together a number of unconnected airs, and designating them an opera. To these airs, taken respectively, we find little to object, and something to approve. The duet is modelled (particularly the last movement) on the old favourite, "When thy Bosom," a little more modernized in its harmonies, but, though very pretty, not so consistent in all its parts. "*Firm as an Oak*;" not a bad bass song in Dibdin's style; some of the passages very elegant. There are two bars *de trop* in the symphony: the breach of the rhythm produces an unpleasing effect.—No. 3, the idea borrowed from Braham's picture song in "The Devil's Bridge;" altogether very simple and pleasing. The title of "*Je ne sçais Quoi*" is a sickener to any body that recollects the loads of trash that were written under that title in the last century. Mr. Bishop has done much to rescue this unfortunate sentence from its ill name. The song is very beautiful, but we wish it had been applied to other words. No. 5, very common-place.—"*Brow where lofty Thought*;" a song of two movements, of more pretension, and perhaps more originality, than the others. The Allegro à la Rossini is effective, but will not, we think, take in private so well as the simpler melodies. "*To the once-happy home*"—an elegant plaintive ballad. We may possibly be able to notice the remainder of the pieces next month.

"*Trip with me*;" *sung by Miss Paton, by J. Barnett.*—Cramer, Addison, and Co

"*The Humming Bird*," *a Cavatina, by Do.*—Do.

Two elegant trifles; we give a preference to the first, as more characteristic and *recherché* in the harmonies. We delight in those morsels of antiquated progression with which Mr. Barnett sometimes treats us, such as the first bar of page 2. There are a few mistakes at bar 10, 17, 43, &c., but we suspect they are errors of the engraver. The composer is probably not aware of the existence of an old ballad, called "Bonni Nan," which is nearly note for note the subject of the first four bars of his air. "*The Humming Bird*" is a pretty Siciliano, with a brilliant fluttering accompaniment, but is rather too light for our taste.

"*Then, oh then, Love, think of me*;" *a Romance, by C. E. Horn.*—Cramer and Co.

This song possesses a smooth flowing melody of much elegance, but it is not very original. It is an andante in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, quite dissimilar in character to most of Mr. H.'s latter productions.

"*Nay, let not sorrow*;" *a Ballad, by W. Fitzpatrick.*—Eavestaff.

A very sweet little expressive song; the air pleasing, and beautifully harmonized. The first chord would, of itself, prove Mr. Fitzpatrick a complete master of his art.

La Sciava in Bagdad. Opera Buffa, by Pacini, arranged from the Score, by N. Bochsa.—Goulding and Co.

"*Si respira in sì bel giorno*;" *a Quartetto.* This is an elegant andante movement in $\frac{6}{8}$ time with a harp accompaniment. The vocal parts are not too florid, and the accompaniment is particularly easy; so that, on the whole, it is well adapted for amateurs.

"*Come sperar piu misero*;" *a Sestetto.* Two of the parts, the first soprana and first bass, carry a few *roulades* of easy execution; in other respects it is equally well adapted to private parties with the last. The greatest part is printed as sung on the stage without accompaniment, but this is easily supplied from the vocal score. "*Sommo cielo*," and "*Basta mia cari*;" sung by Caradori. These are both difficult songs, comprising slow and quick movements of great execution, beautiful in the mouth of Caradori, but we should think suited only to the organ of a *prima donna*. The first of these airs has a brilliant violin accompaniment, as performed by Spagnoletti, but it is ill adapted to the piano-forte, and should have been modified by the arranger.—"*Dimmi che questa core*," a duetto, sung by Caradori and Zuchelli, a very shewy and effective piece, extremely *Rossinish* in its texture. The soprano part is practicable by many amateurs; but we fear no gentleman would be hardy enough to attempt the bass. "*Papucie Papucie*;" sung by Signor de Begnis, a most capital buffo bass song: we scarcely know a better; some of the passages are almost note for note with Coccia's duetto of

"*Mentre Francesco faccia il brodo;*" indeed the whole style closely resembles that composer.—"*Sento destarmi in seno!*" sung by Zuchelli, an equally excellent song for a basso cantante. The passages are less cramped and more adapted to this species of voice, than in the other pieces, and may recommend it as within the capabilities of a gentleman bass singer: this song is by Rossini, and only introduced. He has, as usual, been borrowing from himself; the opening of the andante is a close copy of the bass song, "*Ah gia trascorso il di,*" in Zelmira; but the subject is so beautiful that it will bear many repetitions without wearying us.

Kentish Melodies; the Words and Airs by an Amateur, arranged with Symphonies, and an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte, by various Composers.

We are thus particular in the title, because we think the editor has made a slight mistake, which, for the sake of his veracity, he had better correct. Out of the fourteen airs of which the volume consists, purporting to be original melodies, we find the first, an air of Bishop's; fourth, "On the Banks of Allan Water;" thirteenth, "Gramachree Molly;" and one or two others, which we recognise as very old friends, though we are not able to recollect their titles. The gentleman will pardon us for saying that he is not quite competent to write for publication; he must study the subjects of accent, rhythm, &c. in Calcott, or some other standard musical work. We do not doubt but that his compositions, as performed by himself, are very sweet and tasteful; but he is not musician enough to commit his ideas to paper. He has in several instances introduced ornaments and cadenzas as part of the regular melody (of course completely breaking the measure) which should have been given *ad lib.* in small notes, and *vice versa*. The symphonies, &c., are of various degrees of merit, none of them, however, soaring very high; most of them scarcely doing justice to the original airs. From the various odd progressions and flaws in harmony, such as the unresolved $\frac{4}{2}$ No. 5, bar 5, we should suspect the accompaniment to proceed likewise from the hand of an amateur; therefore we will touch lightly on the subject. We hope that the next number will be submitted to some experienced professor, previously to its publication.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

THIS theatre has not been without its due share of attraction. Mdlle. Fanny Ayton seems to rise in favour, not only as a singer, but as an actress. For the purpose of introducing her in a *buffa* character, Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia* has been revived; though, with reference to some of its minor parts, not in the most satisfactory style. In hearing our new *prima donna*, our only regret is, that her voice does not possess greater volume and force. Zuchelli sang finely, and De Begnis played his old part at least as well as usual.

On Saturday, the 17th, Signora Giacinta Toso made her *début* in Rossini's serious opera of *Pietro l'Eremita*. This lady, who is said to be only nineteen, is a native of Turin. She was educated—musically—at the Conservatorio, Milan, under the celebrated Banderali. Madrid, Lisbon, and Barcelona, were contending for the temporary possession of her services, the fame of which has been resounded all over the Continent, when London stept in, and drove all competitors out of the field. Tall in stature, beautiful in proportion, and dignified in port, an intense attention was commanded the instant she appeared upon the stage. Her action is not less easy and graceful than it is imposing. Her voice is a full, clear, strong soprano her intonation perfect—her manner impassioned—her style of execution that of the best Italian school. Her duet with Curioni, in the first act, was encored with a burst of enthusiasm rarely evinced within these walls; and, fortunately, as she was in full self-possession, the repetition was given with heightened effect. Altogether, her reception was most flattering. She is a truly valuable acquisition to the theatre. On the same evening a Signor Giubilei made his *début* as *Pietro*, and was also very successful.

The dull *ballet* of *Les Noces de Tamar* has been superseded by a new *ballet* of D'Egville's, entitled *Venus and Adonis; or, the Siege of Cythera*. In this piece D'Egville has probably done all that can be done with a *corps de ballet* so defective as that of the present season.

DRURY-LANE.

AN exhibition took place at this theatre, as disgraceful to the management as insulting to a very numerous auditory assembled on the occasion. We allude to the appearance of "a gentleman," an anonymous competitor for histrionic honours, as *Othello*. As we feel

convinced that the unfortunate individual has paid, and that, doubtless, very dearly, for the painful celebrity of one night, we shall not add, by any censure of ours, to his chagrin and disappointment. When we say "paid," we would not be understood as implying by the term mental sufficiance; but a loss in hard cash; as we are convinced that managers, twenty times in a season, lend themselves to the vanity of those persons who are sufficiently wealthy to pay for the liberty of rendering themselves ridiculous. No one can for a moment doubt that the gentleman in question added to the deluded number, and, therefore, our anger becomes the just due of Mr. Price, who, from either ignorance or an unworthy spirit of money-getting, has insulted an audience by the introduction of the "silliest gentleman" that ever excited the contempt or indignation of the public. Mr. Wallack was called upon by the auditory to make an apology for the affront, when Mr. W. very adroitly disengaged himself from the dilemma by stating that he "stood there to perform an official duty, and not to wound the feelings of any individual." Next to the talent of tricking a people, is the power to divert the storm aroused within the cheated. We would advise Mr. Price not to repeat the experiment. We ought not to forget the *Desdemona* of Miss Brothers: it was a decided improvement on her *Mrs. Haller*.

Mr. Peake has accomplished his nineteenth farce in *Comfortable Lodgings, or Paris in 1750*. There is a great variety of character in the piece, much bustle, and some ridiculous puns. *Sir Hippington Miff*, a hypochondriacal knight and alderman, is admirably hit off by Liston, who, it must be confessed, lays the author under great contributions of gratitude. Indeed, the acting altogether is beyond the merits of the piece; and when we say thus much, we are not desirous of being thought to join in the common act of plucking every feather from the author, in order to "dress fine," as *Wowski* says, every person who has the charge even of a message. There was some opposition to *Comfortable Lodgings* on the first night; it has, however, been curtailed and amended, and will, doubtless, run the season. If it is not among the best of Mr. Peake's efforts, it is decidedly far from his worst.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The only novelty of the winter at this theatre is the production of one of Shirley's comedies, altered to the "modern taste" by Mr. Poole. *The Gamester* was the original title of this comedy, which, under the mutations, and from the pilferings of divers adaptators and authors, has been made to assume a hundred different titles; the last of these, however, is *The Wife's Stratagem; or, More Frightened than Hurt*. Whilst we are inclined to applaud every endeavour to re-produce on the stage the long-neglected works of many of our elder dramatists, we cannot but remember that the task is full of the most conflicting difficulties. By a lamentable perversion of wit—a perversion called for by the grossness of the age, a due seasoning or immorality being necessary for the success of either play or poem—we fear that the objectionable thoughts of the dramatists are so embodied in their endeavours, as to form even a part of their strength and excellence, and which, when extracted, leave nothing but fruitless innocence. Much of this is evident in the revival in question, which, although treated with great dramatic skill—and there are few men who have had more experience in adaptation and in general stage business than Mr. Poole—discovers a degree of weakness disappointing to those who have ever held Shirley as one of the most powerful dramatists of his time. However, by the force of very excellent acting, the comedy has been well received; and although we do not contemplate the probability of its becoming a stock piece, it will doubtless well re-pay the manager for the expence of its production. Jones and Warde (the brace of gamesters) are, as *Volatile* and *Wilding*, all that can be desired—they never let the interest fall for an instant. Farren's *Old Barnacle* is full of the excellent peculiarities of the actor, with few of his defects. We are happy to find that time takes off a certain meagreness which was wont to qualify the efforts of this performer, and adds a degree of richness to his humour. Keeley is whimsical enough as the *Nephew*, full of bluster and pusillanimity. The *Arabella* of Madame Vestris is highly playful and vivacious; and Mrs. Chatterley, in *Mrs. Wilding*, plays with considerable respectability. This lady is, in general, no favourite of ours; she is so fanciful, specious, and artificial; on the present occasion, however, we must allow her every praise.

LENT AMUSEMENTS.

The Oratorios are conducted at both houses with considerable spirit.

Mr Mathews has commenced his annual entertainment, under the title of *The Home*

Circuit. Having, says Mr. M., given trips through earth, air, and water, there remained nothing for the actor but a visit into the other element—and not being desirous of so sanguine an adventure, he quits the contemplation of all speculative subjects, and resolves to "look at home." Determined by this motive, Mr. Mathews takes us into what are facetiously termed the "short stages" to the Epping Hunt, to the Royal Exchange, the Royal Academy, and other "home" exhibitions. These scenes are certainly not very new; the ground has been reaped before; but, as Mr. M. says, "there are still a few ears to be gleaned," and, in a time of scarcity, every grain is of value. There are but few original characters in *The Home Circuit*. All, or nearly all, have some unfortunate similitude to by-gone individuals. The immortal *Major Longbow* is brought to our recollection by *Captain Cosmogony*, and *Spine* is but a more loquacious *Mr. Bray*. The national waterman, *Joe Hatch*, is certainly a host in himself; and *Ex-Justice Muzzle*, a worthy deeply read in our awfully voluminous acts of Parliament, contributes in no mean degree towards the general humour. With all its faults, and it has many, *The Home Circuit* is an effort of much whim; and like Sterne, we pity the man who can travel from the Dan to the Beersheba of the entertainment, and cry "all is barren."

The monopolylogue, *Mathews's Dream*, introduces the actor in his far-famed *Picture Gallery*, where he falls asleep; and whilst supposed to be reposing in an arm-chair, he by turns steps from the picture frames as Suet, Cooke, Kemble, Incledon, and King. We have also a legendary imitation of Garrick, which we observed two or three old gentlemen applaud most vehemently. Mr. Mathews also sprinkles his imitations with a few original anecdotes of actors, and, on the whole, renders the monopolylogue far superior to any of its predecessors.

Mr. Yates has his *Portraits and Sketches* at the Adelphi, concluding with a monopolylogue, in which he dresses for five or six different characters. Amongst his portraits are those of Young, Kean, Elliston, Macready, Sinclair, Braham, Mathews, &c. Yates, though decidedly inferior in *manner* to Mathews, proves by no means an insignificant rival to our old favourite. The rivalry, we hope, will prove favourable to both. All who visit one ought to visit the other.

At the Haymarket Theatre Mr. Henry has his *Table Talk*, an entertainment which every one should witness.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c

NATIONAL GALLERY.

We are glad to find that the Second Part of Mr. Ottley's "Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery, with Critical Remarks on their Merits," has been completed, and may now be obtained by visitors, the two parts forming together a 12mo volume of 100 pages. We cannot but remark, however, as extremely discreditable to the party with whom it may rest, that the Second Part is not printed uniformly with the First, on the contrary, it is printed on a coarse, dirty-looking paper, with a worn type, and a page almost one-third too large. The First Part was very neatly executed; and, had the Second Part been printed in correspondence with it, the whole would have made a neat little volume, upon which most persons of taste would be inclined to bestow a binding. As far as respects the managers of the institution, there is something extremely shabby in such conduct.

Mr. Ottley has executed his task well. This Second Part of the catalogue—subdivided, indeed, into two parts—contains critical notices of the pictures which were presented to the gallery by the late Sir George Beaumont, Bart.; and also of such as have been presented by individuals, and the British Institution, and as have been recently purchased for it by Government.

Mr. Ottley, in his description of a landscape and figures by Niccolo Poussin, says:—"It is observed by Mengs, of the works of Raffaelle, that he who is incapable of perceiving their merits, through the medium of the numerous prints done from them, will be found in a great measure blind to the beauties of the original paintings; and the same may be affirmed of the landscapes of Niccolo Poussin, which are as much addressed to the intellect, as to the eye. By his genius landscape painting was raised to a rank which it had never before attained; and in viewing his pictures—replete with poetic invention and classic imagery, and studiedly correct in the *costume*—we feel ourselves transported to Arcadia, or carried back, in thought, to the famed times of Greece or Rome."

We have transcribed this passage simply for the purpose of declaring our unqualified acquiescence with the opinion which it expresses respecting the merits of Niccolo Poussin. A similar opinion was also expressed by Mr. Phillips, in his third lecture upon painting, delivered this season at the

Royal Academy.* Mr. P., however, after awarding due praise to the noble, the intense, the highly-poetic feeling of Poussin, brought forward Claude, as an artist who, in his air tints, transparency, and every atmospheric effect, had greatly improved upon, and far transcended Poussin. That Claude did much which Poussin did not do, we most readily admit; but the two painters are so essentially different from each other in all the characteristics of art—Poussin evincing such a Byronic depth and power of sentiment, and Claude displaying so much beauty, grace, and softness, as well as splendour of effect—that we should as soon think of instituting a comparison between Milton and Pope, as between Poussin and Claude.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We are very glad to find that the purchases this season are very numerous, and to a considerable amount. In proof of the increasing patronage of the fine arts, it deserves to be mentioned, that several noblemen and gentlemen have added to their collections from the present exhibition, who were never before considered as collectors or buyers of pictures. Amongst these, an Irish baronet has purchased no fewer than four.

Few subjects, we apprehend, have been selected by the painter so often as the beautiful and enchanting ruins of Tintern Abbey. Mr. Nash's production (15) does credit to his taste and to his talent. The cattle, the water, the sky, the fine aërial distance, and all the atmospheric effects, are happily imagined and executed. There is a combination of softness, mellowness, and brightness in this composition, which renders it very charming.

St. John's Gate, Bristol (27) by John Ward, is a piece of fine clear perspective.

Lonsdale's Chymist (48) is one of this artist's most success ful efforts. The expression is correct and intense the effect altogether bright, clear, and firm.

Mrs. James Hakewill has several promising little sketches: the Wood Boy (56); the Dead Bird (67); a Study from Nature (232); &c.

We like Bradley's Flower-Girl (112) and also Lewis's Study from an old Game-keeper (60).

A Scene at Berne, in Switzerland (252) by Stump, is curious for its correct portraiture of costume, &c., and generally interesting as a picture.

Woodward's French Market-Woman (362) is remarkably unobtrusive in its aspect: its beauties must be sought; and, when found, they will shew that the artist has produced a very pleasing, cleverly-painted little picture.

COSMORAMA.

The different views at this rapidly improving exhibition are, we learn, at this time undergoing a total change. We shall, therefore, take an opportunity of noticing them in our succeeding Number.

EIDOURANION.

Mr. Walker, as is usual during Lent, has been giving his astronomical lectures at the King's Concert Room. The numerous and beautiful transparencies elucidate his propositions in an eminent degree; while the elegant diction and graceful deportment of the lecturer combine to afford a gratifying treat to a select and fashionable auditory.

Mr. Bartley has, we believe, been giving his annual astronomical lectures at the English Opera House.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Lodge's Portraits.—Once more our attention is called to this valuable publication; Part XXIV of which, completing the sixth volume, has at length issued from the press in all the elegance, beauty, and spirit of its predecessors. The portraits contained in this part, are those of—Mary, Queen of England, from Holbein, by T. A. Dean;—W. Howard, Lord Stafford, from Vandyke, by T. Wright;—Thomas Stanley, first Earl of Derby, from Holbein, by W. Holl;—Sir John Moore, from Holbein, by E. Scriven;—and the Regent Murray, from a painting in Holyrood House, engraved by H. Robinson.

The Little Quiz.—This print, engraved by H. Dyer, from a painting by Edward Chatfield, represents a fine, fat, chubby girl, with the most merry, laughing, good humoured eyes, and general expression of countenance, that can be imagined We hardly know the

* Mr. Phillips delivered only four lectures, the last of which we were unfortunately prevented by indisposition from attending. His original intention was to deliver an entire course of eight lectures; but, on his third night he stated that, on his return from Italy, he found his professional engagements so much in arrear, that it had been utterly impracticable for him to devote a sufficient time to the arrangement of his materials for the whole course; the remaining four were therefore necessarily postponed till the ensuing season. The lectures already delivered, if not remarkable for their originality, reflect great credit upon Mr Phillips, for purity of taste, and soundness of principle in the art.

precise idea that the artist intended to express; but the effect produced is very pleasing. The girl's ear, we rather suspect, is a little out of drawing.

Ecce Homo.—Lithography, from the improvements which have been effected in the arts, seems to be acquiring considerable popularity. We have here, from Engelmann's press, a very successful copy of Guido's Ecce Homo, drawn by J. C. Zeitter.

Molière.—Drawn upon stone, by Gauci, from a painting by A. E. Chalon, of *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, we are here presented with another very pleasing and well-executed lithographic print.

The Orphans.—Gainsborough's Orphans, transferred to stone by R. J. Lane, and printed by Hulmandel, is a sweetly delicate and expressive effort—also in lithography.

London and its Vicinity.—Two Nos. of a work have appeared under the title of London and its Vicinity to the extent of about twenty miles. Each No. contains four finely-engraved views, by George Cooke, from original drawings. Four of the drawings have been aided by the pencil of Calcott. The plates are as follow:—1. Stratford-le-Bow;—2. London Bridge;—3. Hornsey;—4. Prison Ship, Deptford;—5 Clock House, St. Alban's;—6. Windsor;—7. Ship-breaking, at Wapping;—8. The Sessions House, Clerkenwell. This work is eminently deserving of success.

Yorkshire Scenery.—Mr. E. Rhodes, author of Peak Scenery, has just published the First part, in 4to., of a work entitled Yorkshire Scenery, or Excursions in Yorkshire, &c. In this part, are three beautiful engravings, relating to Conisbrough; three to Roche Abbey; and one to Rotherham. The letter-press is not merely a slight illustrative appendage to the plates, but is copious, well-written, and full of information.

Views of Falmouth.—From the pencil of W. Daniell, R.A., we have two tinted views of Falmouth; the one from, and the other with, Pendennis Castle. The views themselves are in their composition very beautiful, and the engraver has done them ample justice.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery.—The first part of this beautiful work of Capt. Batty's was published more than twelve months ago*. The engravings are so exquisite that we should rejoice to see the publication make a more rapid progress.

Picturesque Tour in Spain.—A picturesque tour in Spain, Portugal, and along the coast of Africa, from Tangier to Tetuan, by J. Taylor, Esq., &c. of the Legion of Honour, and one of the authors of the Voyage Pittoresque dans l'Ancienne France, is now in the course of publication, in parts, at Paris, and also in London. According to the taste or purse of different purchasers, it may be had of a large or small size, each part comprising five well-engraved views. Part I. presents the following subjects—engraved by W. R. Smith, R. Brandred, J. Lewis, and T. Barber:—1 The Royal Palace at Madrid;—2. The Tomb of the Scipios;—3. The Alcasar of Seville;—4. Travelling in Portugal;—5. The Alhambra, at Grenada. From the specimens before us, this tour, when completed, promises to be a very pleasing and valuable work.

The Rivals.—Here, again, we come to lithography. Leslie's picture of the Rivals, drawn upon stone by R. J. Lane, and printed by Hulmandel, is managed with so much delicacy, that it has the air of a mezzotint scraping, aided by the branch of art denominated stipple.

Dr. Birkbeck.—People fond of running after the *illuminati* of the age, may perhaps like to be informed that a mezzotint portrait of Dr. Birkbeck—a person of much mechanic-institute celebrity—can be obtained. The engraving is by Henry Dawe, from a picture, said to be a good likeness, by Samuel Lane.

Liston.—A lithographic sketch by Lane, printed by Hulmandel, of Liston, another really great man in his way, will be very acceptable to those who have seen him as a broom girl at the Haymarket theatre. Lithography has the merit of very often enabling us to obtain, upon easy terms, what we should not be permitted to obtain at all through the medium of any other process.

* *Vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. iii. p. 89.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

IT is reported that Sir Humphrey Davy intends to resign the Presidentship of the Royal Society.

The Directors of the Royal Institution are this season making greater efforts than usual. The lectures are particularly well-attended; and the Friday evening meetings are, perhaps, the most rational and agreeable assemblies in the metropolis.

The Russel Institution seems also to be more than usually active.

At the general annual meeting of the Liter-

ary Fund, on Wednesday, the 14th of March, the officers, committees, &c. for the following year, were elected.—President (in the room of the late Marquess of Hastings) the Duke of Somerset; Vice-Presidents, Marquess of Lansdowne, Earl of Radnor, Earl Spencer, Earl of Mountnorris, Viscounts Torrington, Dudley and Ward, Lords Brandon, De Dunstanville, Carrington, John Russell, the Right Hon. G. Canning, Sir W. Clayton, Sir R. Peel, Sir B. Hobhouse, Owen Williams, Saville Onley, John Symmons, Alderman Ansley, W. T. Fitzgerald, and T. Snodgrass, Esqrs. The Rev. Mr. Croly was elected one of the Registrars, in the place of the late Dr. Symmons. A provisional committee, consisting of the three registrars, and Messrs. Britton, Jerdan, and Blanshard, were appointed to make arrangements for the ensuing anniversary.

A meeting of the Members of the Zoological Society took place at their house in Bruton-street, on the 7th of March, for the purpose of electing a President in the place of the late Sir Thos. Stamford Raffles, Lord Auckland in the chair, when the Marquess of Lansdowne was unanimously chosen. The report announced, that the museum, consisting of extensive collections in every branch of zoology, was open in Bruton street to the members; also, that the Society's establishment in the Regent's Park was rapidly advancing. It is expected that the gardens, with plantations, promenades, aviaries, and sheds for the more interesting animals, ponds for fish and wild fowle, &c. will be open early in the approaching summer.

The 17th Series of Concerts of the Philharmonic Society are proceeding this season with great spirit, under the direction of Bishop, as conductor, and Spagnoletti as leader.

A Concert of Sacred Music has been established at Paris, under the patronage of the king.

A splendid Medal has been struck at Naples in honour of Madame Pasta.

Mr Pratt, of Bond-street and Regent-street, has obtained a patent for a library chair, luxurious in its ease and accommodation. The stuffing is of spring wire, instead of horse hair. He has also obtained a patent for a ship couch or chair, the object of which is to prevent sea-sickness. The springs of this chair are so admirably contrived as completely to neutralize the effect of a ship's motion.

Mr. Bartholomew has invented an elegant revolving shade, which may be applied to all lamps or chandeliers of French construction. The shades are in the form of florid Gothic or Grecian temples, Chinese pagodas, &c. The flame of the lamp at once illuminates the transparent compartments of the design, and gives a slow rotatory motion, which continues as long as the lamp will burn. By this invention a most amusing and beautiful ornament for drawing-rooms, &c. is produced.

Mr. Sheele has effected some improvements in the diving bell, by means of which men may, without inconvenience, remain at any depth beneath the water, work with increased safety and effect, and maintain uninterrupted communication with those above.

Mr. Sheele has also constructed an optical instrument, for illuminating objects under water, &c.

A Spaniard of Old Castile has invented a steam gun, which discharges a hundred balls per minute.

Dr. Lyall has been appointed to a situation at the Court of Radamah, King of Madagascar.

It is now more confidently asserted than ever in the American Journals, that the notorious John Dunn Hunter, who, a few years ago, persuaded John Bull that he had been bred amongst the Indians, was a rank impostor.

Works in the Press, &c.

Captain Andrews, who went out as a Commissioner from the Chilian Peruvian Mining Company, to engage mines in South America, has prepared a Narrative of his Journey from the Rio de la Plata, by the United Provinces, into Upper Peru, and thence by the Deserts of Coranja to the Pacific; which will shortly appear.

Nearly ready, a volume of Poems, entitled Tales of the Harem, by Mrs. Pickersgill.

A Translation of Niebuhr's Roman History, by the Rev. Julius Hare, and C. Thirlwall, Esq.

Heraldic Notices of Canterbury Cathedral, with Genealogical and Topographical Notes, by Thomas Willement, author of Regal Heraldry.

The Cousin's Gift, or Stories in Verse.

An Encyclopædic Account, alphabetically arranged, of the ancient Remains in Asia, Africa, Europe (England excepted) and America, by the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke.

By Mr Britton, the Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, exemplified in a Series of Illustrations of, and descriptive Dissertations on, the House and Museum of J. Soane, Esq. in Lincoln's-inn Fields.

In one quarto volume, illustrated by upwards of 100 wood cuts of arms, the Siege of Caerlaverock, a French Poem, containing an Account of the Siege and Capture of Caerlaverock Castle, in Scotland, by King Edward the First, in June, 1301, &c.; with a Translation; an Historical and Topographical Account of the Castle; and Memoirs of all the Individuals who are mentioned. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, F.A.S., &c.

The History and Antiquities of the Town and Honour of Woodstock; including Biographical Anecdotes, &c. By J. Graves, &c.

Absurdities in Prose and Verse, with humorous Designs.

The Castle of Villeroy, or the Bandit Chief. By Anne of Kent.

The First Number of a work, to be entitled The Quarterly Juvenile Review; or a Periodical Guide for Parents and Instructors in their selection of new Publications, is expected to appear in the course of the present month.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—The lady of H Willoughby, Esq M. P.—The lady of Col. Sir George Berkeley, K.C.B.—The Marchioness of Exeter.—The lady of Capt. Alfred Chapman.—The lady of Lieut.-Gen. Darling, Governor of New South Wales.—The lady of Sir John Powlett Orde, Bart.—The Hon. Lady Colville.—The Lady of Major General Ashworth.

Of Daughters.—The lady of Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, Esq. M. P.—The lady of the Right Hon. H. W. Wynn.—The Hon. Mrs. George Phillips.—Lady Barbara.

MARRIAGES.

At Dublin, Capt. Blois, R N., second son of Sir Charles Blois, Bart., of Cuckfield Hall, Suffolk, to Eliza Knox, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Barrett, Rector of Inniskeel, Donegal

A. W Callcott, R. A , to Mrs. Graham.

Lewis Agassiz, Esq., of Stour Lodge, Bradfield, to Sarah Eliza, second daughter of Thomas Nunn, jun. Esq., of Mistley, Essex.

Edmund White, Esq., of the War Office, to Sarah, youngest daughter of J. R Parker, Esq , of Upper Harley Street, and of Kermincham Hall, Cheshire.

John Samuel, only son of the late Admiral Graves, to Maria, second unmarried daughter of Lieut.-General Molineux.

Capt. William Henry Foy, to Mary, eldest daughter of Colonel W. A. S. Boscawen

The Rev. Henry Gunning, second son of the late Sir George Gunning, Bart., to Mary Catherine, daughter of W. R. Cartwright, Esq. M. P.

William Stratford, only son of D. S. Dugdale, Esq M. P, to Harriet Ella, youngest daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq M P.

John T. Kelsall, Esq. R N , to Elizabeth Ann, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Stephens.

DEATHS.

At Naples, Lady Emily Montagu, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

Mrs. Hibbert, relict of Thomas Hibbert, Esq , of Chalfont House, Buckinghamshire.

At East Anstruther, Fifeshire, Mrs. Elizabeth Chalmers, mother of the Rev. Dr. Chalmers.

At Brighton, Charlotte, wife of Thomas Lockwood, Esq. and third daughter of the late Lord George Manners, Sutton.

Catherine Maria, wife of Walker Ferrand, Esq., and only child of General Twiss, of the Royal Engineers.

Aged 54, Amelia, wife of Major Charles Stewart and sister of Sir Orford Gordon, Bart.

At Worcester, aged 72 the Rev. Matthew Surtees, Prebendary of Canterbury, brother-in-law of the Lord Chancellor.

At Clandon Park, Surrey, aged 72, the Earl of Onslow

At the Earl Ferrers's Villa, Paddington, Elizabeth, Countess Ferrers.

The lady of Lieut.-General Sir John Oswald, G C.B., of Dunniker.

Aged 33, Lieut.-Colonel Radclyffe, seven days after his lady.

Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. Rowland Berkeley, LL.D , of Writtle, Essex.

In Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, aged 54, Dr. Kitchiner, M. D., author of the Cook's Oracle, &c. &c &c.

At Paris, aged 54, M Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza.

At Rio Janeiro, in child-birth, Leopoldine Caroline, Empress of Brazil, daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

The lady of Lieut.-General J. Hickes.

At Banstead, Surrey, Lieut.-General Sir E Howorth, K.C B. and G. C. H.

W H Legge, youngest son of the Hon. and Rev A. G Legge.

At Naples, Admiral Markham

Mrs Richards, sister of the late Lord Chief Baron.

At Richmond, Lady Dundas, relict of Sir David Dundas, Bart

Aged 61, Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart

Aged 81, Mrs. Madan, relict of Spencer Madan, Bishop of Peterborough.

At Lyndhurst, the Countess of Effingham.

At Exeter, aged 23, Lucy, wife of the Hon Henry B. Arundell

At Sidmouth, aged 40, Lady Maria Caulfield, eldest daughter of Lord Charlemont

Aged 82, Admiral Dilkes.

At Bath, Admiral Williams.

At Bath, aged 84, Mrs. Huna, mother of the Right Hon. George Canning.

Frances, youngest daughter of Sir Humphry P. Davy, Bart.

In France, aged 78, the Marquis de la Place, a celebrated astronomer.

At Brugg, in Switzerland, aged 82, Pestalozzi, author of the interrogative system of education, which bears his name.

In Switzerland, aged 56, M. Fellenberg, founder of the celebrated agricultural establishment at Hofwyl, in Switzerland.

At Wells, Dr. King, Bishop of Rochester.

Aged 83, William Mitford, Esq., author of "The History of Greece," eldest brother of Lord Redesdale.

Aged 64, Miss Fanny Fust, daughter of the late Denton Fust, Esq., and niece of Sir John Fust, Bart.

At Harden Grange, Yorkshire, aged 82, General Twiss, Colonel Commandant of the Royal Engineers.

At Dublin, Mrs. Gorges, relict of Dean Gorges, sister-in-law to Lady Charleville, and aunt to the Marchioness of Thomond.

At East Moulsey Park, aged 61, the Dowager Lady Crewe, relict of Sir Henry Harpur Crewe, Bart., of Calke Abbey, Derbyshire.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXIX., FOR MAY, 1827.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable LADY KATHARINE STEWART, engraved by J. THOMSON, from a Miniature by MRS. MEE.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Afternoon Costume.

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BIRTHS—MARRIAGES—DEATHS. 240

1700, George, first Earl of Cromarty. On her death, in 1705, the Earl erected to her memory a bronze statue, thus inscribed:

"Pulchra Venus, Pallas sapiens, et casta Diana,
Trina sub hoc uno cernitur ære Dea, &c."

The Countess was succeeded (1705) by her son David, the third Earl, who was one of the Lords of the privy council to Queen Anne. In the year 1706, he was constituted Lord High Admiral of Scotland, and one of the commissioners for the Treaty of Union with England. Afterwards he was appointed Vice Admiral; a post which he enjoyed till the death of the Queen. He sat as one of the sixteen peers in the first and second British Parliaments. His Lordship married, *first*, the Lady Anne Douglas, daughter of William, the first, and sister of James, the second Duke of Queensberry, and first Earl of March, by whom he had two sons: 1. David, Lord Elcho, who died unmarried; 2. James, the fourth Earl, born in 1699.* By his *second* marriage, with Mary, daughter of Sir John Robinson, of Farmingwood, in the county of Northampton, Bart., he had no issue. His Lordship married, *thirdly*, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, seventh Lord Sinclair, by whom he had two daughters: 1. Elizabeth, married to William, sixteenth Earl of Sutherland; 2. Margaret, married to James, ninth Earl of Moray. His Lordship was succeeded (1720) by his son,

James, the fourth Earl, who married, in 1720, Janet, only daughter of Colonel Francis Charteris, by whom he had issue—

1. David, Lord Elcho;—2. Francis, the fifth Earl;—3. James, married, 1757, his cousin Lady Elizabeth Sutherland, daughter of William, Earl of Sutherland, and sister of the late Earl of Sutherland;—4. Frances, married to Sir James Stewart, Bart.;—5. Walpole, married to M. Chastel de la Barthe, a French gentleman of distinction;—6. Anne, married to John Hamilton, Esq.;—7. Helen, married to Hugh Dalrymple, of Fordel, Esq.

* These noblemen were placed under the tuition of Andrew Ramsay, styled Chevalier Ramsay, author of The Travels of Cyrus who, in a letter, dated Isleworth, Februar 25, 1709, says:—"I have nothing to interrupt me but an hour or two attendance at night upon two of the most innocent, sweet, sprightl[y] [boy]s I ever knew. All my ambition [is] forgotten by all, doing all the real se[rvice] [in my] power."

David, Lord Elcho, the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, took part in the rebellion of 1745. He, with many others, was, in consequence, attainted. After the battle of Culloden, he escaped into France. During his life-time, the dignity of the family was suspended; but, upon his death, without issue, in 1787, it devolved upon his next brother, the Earl's second son, Francis. James, the third son, succeeded to his father's estate.

Francis, fifth Earl of Wemyss, born in 1723, enjoyed the great estate of his maternal grandfather, Colonel Charteris, and assumed his name. He married, in 1745, Katharine, daughter of Alexander, second Duke of Gordon (by Henrietta Mordaunt, daughter of Charles, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth) by whom he had issue—

1. Francis, Lord Elcho;—2. Henrietta;—3. Katharine, died in 1812;—4. Janet;—5. Frances, married, in 1799, the Rev. William Trail, D.D.;—6. Anne.

Francis, Lord Elcho, the Earl's eldest son, married, in 1771, Susan, daughter of Anthony Tracy Keck, Esq. (by Lady Susan Hamilton, daughter of James, fourth Duke of Hamilton) by whom he had issue—

1. Francis, sixth and present Earl of Wemyss;—2 Henrietta Charlotte Elizabeth, married, December 28, 1797, George Harry, Earl of Stamford and Warrington;—3. Susan, married, November 23, 1799, Lieutenant General Sir William Henry Clinton, G.C.B., died August 17, 1816;—4. Katharine, the lady whose portrait is here presented to the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, married, in November, 1805, the Honourable Edward Richard Stewart, seventh son of John, eighth Earl of Galloway;—5. Augusta, married, June 3, 1819, to Warner William, Lord Rossmore.

Lord Elcho died on the 20th of January, 1808, seven months before his father, who died on the 24th of August following.* His

* His Lordship purchased several estates in the county of Haddington, where he built the house of Amisfield, and the magnificent seat of Gosford, now called Wemyss-house. At the commencement of the year 1808, his Lordship was the oldest member of the Scotch peerage, and enjoyed the rare felicity of beholding three generations lineally descending from him in the male line, all existing at once.—His Lordship was succeeded by his grandson, Francis Wemyss Charteris Douglas,

Lordship was greatly attached to agricultural and horticultural pursuits.

His present Majesty, then Prince Regent, was graciously pleased (January 2, 1813) to grant to the offspring of Lord Elcho the same precedence that they would have enjoyed had their father succeeded to the Earldom of Wemyss.

We now proceed briefly to sketch the family descent of the Honourable Edward Richard Stewart, the husband of Lady Katharine.

Alan Fitz-Fleald, one of the associates of the Norman Conqueror, had three sons:—1. William, ancestor of the Fitz-Allans, Earls of Arundel, in England;—2. Walter, who settled in Scotland, and obtained from King David I. the office of Lord High Steward, whence his descendants adopted the name of Stewart; 3. Simon, who also settled in Scotland, and was progenitor of the family of Boyd.—Alexander, Lord High Steward of Scotland, great-grandson of Walter, had two sons:—1. James, whose grandson, Robert, ascended the throne of Scotland in 1371, and whose male line ended in the person of James V. father of Mary Queen of Scots;—2. Sir John, of Bonkyll. This Sir John had four sons:—1. Alexander, ancestor of the Earls of Angus, whose male line became extinct in 1377;—2. Alan, ancestor of the house of Darnley, Earls and Dukes of Lennox, and of the Kings of Scotland and England;—3. Walter, of Garlies, whose great-grand-daughter and heir married the ancestor of the Earl of Galloway;—4. James, ancestor of the Earls of Atholl, Buchan, and Traquair, and the Lords Lorn and Innermeath.

The Galloway branch of the house of Stewart appears to have "descended from Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, who lived in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and whose precise connection with the royal line has been the subject of much and warm controversy. On the part of the Earl, it is contended, that the above Sir William was second son of Sir Alexander Stewart, of Darnley, who was grand-father of the first Stewart, Earl of Lennox; and in that case, the whole male line of Sir John Stewart, Sir Alexander's eldest son, having failed on the death of Cardinal York, in 1807, the Earl of Galloway must be the undoubted male heir and representative of the Darnley family."—Sir John Stewart, son of Sir William, married Marion, daughter and heir of Sir Walter Stewart, of Dalswinton, who was son of Sir John Stewart, of Dalswinton, one of the hostages for King David II. in 1357, and grandson of Sir Walter Stewart, of Garlies, third son of Sir John Stewart, of Bonkyll, abovementioned. The issue of this marriage was—Sir William Stewart, of Dalswinton and Garlies, who had three sons:—1. Alexander, his successor;—2. Thomas, of Minto, ancestor of Lord Blantyre, and of the Earls of Londonderry;—3. Walter, of Tonderghie. Sir Alexander Stewart, the eldest of these three brothers, left an only surviving son, Sir Alexander, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Archibald Douglas, of Cavers, by whom he had two sons:—1. Alexander, his successor;—2. Archibald, ancestor of the Stewarts, Earls of Blessinton, and Viscounts Mountjoy, in Ireland.—Alexander, the elder son, married Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Kennedy, of Blairquhan, Esq., by whom he had sixteen daughters, and a son, Alexander, who was great-grandfather of

Alexander, first Earl of Galloway. He was created Lord Garlies in the year 1607, chiefly in consideration of his descent from the noble house of Lennox. In 1623, he was created Earl of Galloway, and appointed one of the privy-council to James I. He married Grizel, daughter of John Gordon, of Lochinvar, ancestor of the Viscounts Kenmure, by whom he had two sons—Alexander, who died before him; and his successor,

James, the second Earl, who, by his wife,

sixth and present Earl of Wemyss and March, Baron Elcho. He was created, on the 17th of July, 1821, a peer of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron Wemyss, of Wemyss. He was born in 1772. On the 31st of May, 1794, he married Margaret, fourth daughter of Walter Campbell, of Shawfield, Esq. (by Eleanor, daughter of Robert Kerr, of Newfield, Esq, eldest son of Lord Charles Kerr, second son of Robert, first Marquess of Lothian) by whom he has had issue:—1. Francis, Lord Elcho, married, in 1817, Lady Louisa Bingham (third daughter of the Earl of Lucan) by whom he has issue, three sons and one daughter;—2. Eleanor, married, in January, 1820, to W. F Campbell, Esq.;—3. Walter, died in August, 1818;—4. Susan, died young;—5. Margaret;—6. Katharine;—7 Charlotte;—8. Louisa Antoinetta;—9. Harriet;—10. Jane;—11. Caroline, born January 12, 1816.

Nichola, had three sons, and a daughter, Grizel, who was married to Alexander Gordon, fifth Viscount Kenmure. His eldest son and successor was

Alexander, the third Earl. He married Mary Douglas, daughter of James, second Earl of Queensberry, by whom he had three sons. The eldest, who succeeded him, was

Alexander, the fourth Earl; who, dying unmarried, in 1694, was succeeded by his next brother,

James, the fifth Earl. He married Katharine Montgomery, daughter of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglinton, by whom he had four sons and three daughters. His eldest daughter, Margaret, married, *first*, James Carnegie, Earl of Northesk; *secondly*, John, eldest son of Henry, Lord Sinclair. His Lordship's eldest son, who succeeded him in 1747, was

Alexander, the seventh Earl. His Lordship married, *first*, Anne Keith, daughter of William, the eighth Earl Marischal, by whom he had two sons, who died young; and a daughter, who married Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, son of the attainted Earl of Seaforth. By his *second* wife, the Lady Katharine, daughter of John Cochrane, fourth Earl of Dundonald (who died in 1716) the Earl had issue—

1 John, his successor;—2. George, killed at Ticonderago, in 1758;—3. Keith, an Admiral, married Miss Dagguillar;—4. Katharine, married to James Murray, of Broughton, Esq, died in 1816;—5. Susanna, married, in 1761, to Granville, first Marquess of Stafford, K G, died in 1805;—6. Margaret, married to Charles Gordon, fourth Earl of Aboyne;—7. Euphemia, died in 1818;—8. Harriet, married to Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton, died in 1788;—9. Charlotte, married to William, fifth Earl of Dunmore, died in 1818.

His Lordship died in 1773, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

John, eighth Earl of Galloway, K.T., and a lord of the bedchamber to His Majesty George III. He married, *first*, the Lady Charlotte Mary Greville, daughter of Francis, first Earl of Warwick, by whom (who died in 1763) he had only one son, who did not long survive his mother. His Lordship married, *secondly*, Anne, daughter of the late Sir James Dashwood, Bart., by whom he had issue—

1 Alexander, died young;—2. George, his successor, the present Earl;*—3. Leveson, died young;—4. Sir William, G.C.B., a Lieutenant General in the army, and Colonel Commandant of the rifle brigade;—5. Charles James;—6. Montgomery Granville John;—7. Edward Richard, who married, as already stated, in November, 1805, the Lady Katharine Charteris, third daughter of the late Francis Lord Elcho;—8. James, C.B., a Lieutenant Colonel in the army, married, August 10, 1819, Henrietta Anne, third daughter of the Rev Spencer Madan, D.D.;—9. Katharine, married to Sir James Graham, of Netherby, Bart.;—10. Susan, married, September 15, 1791, to George, present Duke of Marlborough;—11. Harriet, married, August 8, 1795, to Lord Spencer Chichester, brother of the Marquess of Donegal;—12. Elizabeth, married, in January, 1798, to W. P. Inge, Esq.;—13. Georgiana;—14. Charlotte, married, September 12, 1801, to the Hon. Sir Edward Crofton, Bart., eldest son of the Baroness Crofton;—15. Caroline, married, January 10, 1803, to the Hon. and Rev. George Rushout, brother of Lord Northwick, died May 22, 1818;—16. Sophia, married, July 2, 1806, to the Hon. William Bligh, brother of the Earl of Darnley, died July 25, 1809.

The Earl was, on the 6th of June, 1796, created Baron Stewart, of Garlies, in the peerage of England. His Lordship died on the 13th of November, 1806, and was succeeded by his son, the present Earl.

* George Stewart, Earl of Galloway, Lord Garlies, and Baron Stewart, of Garlies, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, K.T, Vice Admiral of the White Squadron of His Majesty's Fleet, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Wigtoun and of the county of Kirkcudbright, succeeded his father on the 13th of November, 1806. His Lordship married, on the 19th of April, 1797, the Lady Jane Paget, second daughter of Henry Bayley, first Earl of Uxbridge, and sister of Henry William, Marquess of Anglesey, K B. and G.C.B., by whom he has issue:—1. Jane, born March 29, 1798, married, January 11, 1819, her cousin, George, Marquess of Blandford, eldest son of George, Duke of Marlborough;—2. Caroline, born August 16, 1799;—3. Randolph, Lord Garlies, born September 16, 1800;—4. Louisa, born March 18, 1804, married 1823, William Duncombe, Esq., M.P. for the borough of Grimsby;—5. Arthur, died January 1, 1806;—6. Alan, died May 1, 1808;—7. Helen, died January 26, 1813;—8. Keith, born January 3, 1814.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XVII.—Henry Neele.

Mr. Neele's ideas respecting the ode, the grandest and most sublime species of poetical composition, seem to us very correct. "If," says he, "poetry be indeed the power of giving to 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' then lyric poetry is of all others that which best deserves the title. It dwells in a creation of its own; its actors are the visionary and unsubstantial train of fancy; and the companions by which it is surrounded are

> 'Calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
> And airy tongues that syllable men's names.'

When it descends to humanity, its intercourse is with the heart, and not with the actions of man; with its abstract feelings and passions, and not with the part which he plays on the world's great theatre. Fancy is its dominion, and the deep and abundant sources of description, allegory and sentiment, are peculiarly its own." Under this view of the ode—and a view might be taken in which its attendant difficulties would be seen in a yet stronger light—we cannot wonder at the smallness of the number of those who succeed in its composition. To publish a volume of poems, the greater part of which consisted of odes, written at the early age of from fourteen to seventeen, was a perilous step. Mr. Neele's success, however, proves that he felt his ground—that he had a knowledge of his own powers. Dr. Drake's eulogistic opinions, pronounced in his "Winter Nights," upon Mr. Neele's efforts, must have been abundantly gratifying to the feelings of the youthful poet; and the correctness of those opinions has been long since established by the voice of the public. The third edition of the volume alluded to, and the second edition of a volume subsequently written, have recently come before us in a very neat and compact form.

Mr. Neele's Odes, first given to the world more than ten years ago, are too well and too generally known, and their merits are too correctly estimated, to render it necessary for us here to enlarge upon them. Simply, however, as a specimen of the writer's manner, for the advantage of the few who may not happen to be acquainted with his productions, we transcribe the closing stanza from his Ode to Time, bearing the date of 1815:—

> A few more lays be sung and o'er,
> The hand is cold, the harp unstrung;
> The hand that swept shall sweep no more,
> The harp that rang no more be rung.
> The sun that warm'd the minstrel's heart,
> And kindred fervour would impart,
> Then gleams upon his sod;
> The breeze that used around him wave,
> Shakes the lorn thistle o'er his grave,
> But cannot wake the clod:
> Tir'd Nature nestles in the shroud,
> Tho' requiem winds are piping loud.

Amongst the miscellaneous poems in the first volume, the sweetly tender and pathetic stanzas commencing "And where is he?" from a passage in the book of Job, "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" are, as they deserve to be, in the memory of every one.

To address Death under the personification of a beautiful maid, seems a licence almost too violent even for poetry; yet there is something very fanciful in "A Love Song, from a MS. Drama:" we are strongly tempted to transcribe it:—

> Beautiful maid! I court thy smiles,
> I woo that breast which ne'er beguiles.
> The warmest love is soonest past,
> But ours with heaven and earth shall last;
> Hands fastest knit will often sever,
> But ours once joined, are joined for ever!
>
> Do I not love thee? read this brow—
> Lines of thy own are traced there now;
> This cheek has caught thy pallid hue,
> This lip thy bitter smiling too,
> And this sunk eye, this wasted frame,
> The mistress whom I serve proclaim.
>
> •
>
> Alas! the bride I should have wed,
> Young Hope, my early love, is dead;
> I mourned from one so fair to part;
> I buried her in a broken heart;
> The stone that marks her lowly place,
> Oh! read its lines in this wan face!
>
> But thou'rt far fairer! thou alone
> Canst soothe the breast she taught to groan;
> One clasp in those embraces chill
> Will bid this throbbing breast be still;
> One kiss from that lip's treasured store,
> And this hot pulse will boil no more.
>
> Come, come! the cypress for thy head
> Is twined; the bridal couch is spread;
> The mandrake's voice is raised to bless it,
> The night-shade sheds its leaves to dress it,
> The worm's our guide, and that stern knell
> Sweet maid, 'tis but our marriage-bell.

Ah! now I press thy earthy cheek;
And now these tortured heart-strings break;
And now I feel thy icy breast
Rocking my weary thoughts to rest;
And now thy cold arms round me twine,
And thou art mine—and I am thine.

The dramatic fragment, entitled "Oliver Cromwell's Last Interview with his Daughter (Mrs. Claypole), immediately previous to her Death," has the air of an experiment—a tolerably successful one—in altogether a different walk of poetry.

In passing to the second volume, we venture the remark that, in his little dramas, Mr. Neele has more than performed the promise of excellence, given in his Odes and earlier poems. Deeming it "somewhat unreasonable that the dramatist should be arbitrarily assigned his limits, and that he should be compelled, by elisions or expansions more barbarous than those of Procrustes, to contract or extend his subject to five acts," Mr. Neele has constructed these pieces—The Secret Bridal, David Rizzio, and Antiochus—in one act each. The result, in these instances, is perfectly satisfactory in its effect; though, we apprehend that, upon the stage, a single act, would rarely, if ever, allow sufficient scope for the development of highly-wrought action.

The Secret Bridal—probably a second experiment—is less to our taste than either of the others; for the point upon which it turns is of a horrible character; and the diction, even, is not equal to that of the others.

In David Rizzio, there is much beauty, much talent, and considerable power; though feeling, as we have always felt, the firmest conviction of the innocence of the unfortunate Mary, we are pained by the turn which Mr. Neele has given to the subject. "In constructing the story of this little drama," observes Mr. Neele, "I have committed what I trust will be deemed a venial crime. I have founded it upon the uncharitable details and conjectures of Buchanan, which, with whatever scepticism they may be regarded by the historian, are, it is hoped, legitimate materials for poetry." The truth of history seems to be violated by Mr. Neele, without much advantage. He makes the Queen exclaim to Rizzio, "So young, and yet so sorrowful!" Now, so far from being young, Rizzio was well stricken in years; and, unless grossly libelled, nature had not blessed him with a form likely to captivate the heart of the fair. Rizzio might have been in love with Mary; but, under an impression of Mary's innocence and purity, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the idea of her being in love with Rizzio. However, Rizzio's style of making love to his royal mistress is conceived and expressed in good taste, and with much feeling. The first scene is "Moonlight—a Terrace in the Garden of the Palace—Rizzio discovered playing on his Harp, and singing—the Queen behind, listening." After the song the Queen comes forward, and Rizzio drops his harp in confusion. The Queen questions him, ascertains that he is in love, and requires a description of his mistress—whether the idol of his worship is

— Some fair form
Treading the golden fields of Italy,
With eyes in whose warm beams Love suns himself,
And raven ringlets clustering o'er a cheek,
On which the God of Day has printed charms
Bright as his own Aurora's.

Rizzio answers:—

——— Oh! no, no—
The idol of my heart is one, compared
With whom, the fairest cheek in Italy
Would wane into the dimness of the stars,
When the moon shines in splendour.

Subsequently, on being told to nurse his heart's unfledged hopes,

——— ——— until they learn
Those songs which make the hearts of mortals long
To hear them ever,

Rizzio says:—

——— Lady, mark yon moon,
Without whom, heaven itself would not be bright;
Such is she whom I love—and as that orb
With its soft influence sways the restless tides,
Though throned so high above them—so she rules
The motions of my heart, and so she mocks them,
As cold, as pure, as lovely, and as far
Above my hope or aim.

The Queen, still affecting not to understand that she is herself the object of Rizzio's passion, observes that

——— This is mere weakness:
Love, like the grave, levels earth's vain distinctions;
Hearts blend beneath his influence, as the colours
Blend in the rainbow, where each separate hue
Grows faint and fainter, till its varied tints
Fade from our wondering eyes, and we behold
Nothing but heaven.

She then asks him whether he can paint to her those wondrous charms which have thus rapt his soul; and he replies—

Ah! gracious madam, could you read my heart,
There you might see her image, limn'd indeed
In colours like the life—but my weak wit
Fails in the utterance. How can it pourtray
Her brow?—another Ida, on whose top
Beauty, and majesty, and wisdom sit,
Contending for the prize; her radiant locks,
That o'er her forehead's white float gracefully,
Like waves of gold chafing an ivory shore;
Her lovely lids, fair as those fleecy clouds

Whose dazzling whiteness gems the summer sky,
And, like them, only chided at, because
'Tis heaven's own blue they hide; her eyes, whose lustre
A tender melancholy seems to shade;
Save when deep thought or deeper feeling fills
Those spirit-searching orbs—and then they flash
The mind's magnificent lightnings, and her face
Grows spiritually fine, as though her soul,
(Like a bright flame enshrined in alabaster)
Shone through her delicate and transparent skin,
Revealing all its glory. Then her mind—
Oh! 'tis a sacred hive of hoarded sweets,
Whence her thoughts wander but to cull fresh honey,
And make their dwelling richer: and her heart,
Kind and compassionate to all save one,
Is like the sun, that on the meanest flower
Beams life and warmth, but kills the aspiring flame
That mounts towards it adoringly.

There is much more of rejoinder and reply, till Rizzio at last avows his passion in direct terms, and throws himself at Mary's feet, imploring pity and pardon. The Queen, somewhat *too comingly* we think, under all the circumstances of the case, even were she as frail as her enemies would persuade us she was, thus encourages her prostrate lover:—

——. —— —— Prithee, rise:—
Thou know'st thy sorrows have not been unshared,
Or thou hadst spared this boldness—long, long since
I felt my heart's wreck, yet I strove to hide it
Ev'n from myself; but like the steps of one
Who treads a desolate pile, each sigh of thine
Has woke an echo there, that tells too truly,
Its hollowness and ruin.

This is not placing Mary's character in a favourable light; it is unnecessarily, at least in our estimation, the contrary: a better and a truer view might have been given without lessening the interest of the scene. Darnley is rendered too amiable. However, there is great beauty in this dramatic effort. We would willingly transcribe Darnley's dream; the idea of which Mr. Neele tells us was suggested by a passage in No. C. of the Tatler; but, after the extracts which we have already given, the whole of it is too long for our purpose. We give the close:—

The form approaching me—*me*, Mary—(nay,
Wherefore that shudder?) held the mirror full
Before my face, and in it as I gazed
I read my own heart's painful history.
There the sweet hopes, which I had fondly cherish'd,
Lay torn and bleeding all; there my affections,
Like the vine's tendrils, when the branch, round which
They twine, proves faithless and gives way, were crush'd
And trampled into ruin; there pale sorrow,
And agony, and horror, number'd o'er
The remnant of my years, while clouds and darkness
Blacken'd around their close. I look'd again,
And saw three shadowy forms, which gradually
Grew more distinctly visible. One was fair
As thou—nay more—now that that ashy hue
Rifles the roses on thy cheek. She plighted
Unchanging love to me who gazed on her,
As though her bright eyes were the fires which kindled
All his heart's incense—but she played the wanton,
And on a worthless minion lavishing
The treasures of her love, broke the fond heart
That only beat for her. As I gazed nearer,
Strange horror seized me: for the face of each
Was pictured with such damning verity,
I dared not harbour doubt. I will not breathe
The minion's name—the dirt on which we tread
As well deserves a record—but I traced
My own too well remember'd traits in him
Who was thus foully injured—while the features
Of that pernicious, trait'rous fair one—Mary,
Were thine!—were thine!—Now read my dream to me.

Antiochus is the most delightful of the three dramas. It is founded upon that well-known relation in Plutarch of Antiochus, the son of Seleucus, King of Assyria, falling in love with Stratonice, his father's wife; but here, whilst the pathos is infinitely heightened by the change, we lose all the indelicacy and grossness of the ancients in the tenderness and purity of the moderns. In Mr. Neele's drama, Stratonice is only the affianced bride, not the actual wife of Seleucus. This is very sweetly and touchingly expressed:—

—— Dear Stratonice!
I love thee! Do not start—for I am fleeting
Fast to the silent mansions of my fathers,
And all that's gross and guilty in that love
Is separating from it, as the dross
Parts from the melting ore. Soon, soon, 'twill be
The sinless passion of a guardian spirit,
Blessing and hovering round thee. • • •
• • • I loved thee then,
And felt my heart's change, which had seem'd before
A treasury of waste affections—flowers
Run wild and withering. But then my soul
Glow'd, like an altar which has long been piled
For worship, when the sacred fire at once
Descends and kindles it. And need I tell
The sorrowful sequel? Need I paint my heart
When first I knew my father's destined bride?
Thou know'st that, with the many, grief soon heals,
And Love full often, like a peevish child,
Sleeps while its tears are wet. But thou behold'st
The thing I am. This 'tis to love, as I
Have loved, and love thee still, Stratonice,
And must till death. This 'tis to let the heart
Be fed on by wild hopes, which, like the bee,
Murmur their treacherous songs, while they are riding
All the flower's sweetness.

Seleucus's resignation on resigning Stratonice to Antiochus is full of feeling:—

—— Mar not thy soul's full bliss by deeming
The heart which now resigns so much for thee
Breaks with the effort. No, no—I am happy—
Am very happy. *Tears will steal into*
Joy's wildest laughter. They're the dew of mirth.
Bless thee, my child! Oh! Gods, take pity on me!

Delicacy, purity, and tenderness form the leading characteristics of Mr. Neele's poetry.

H.

THE SMUGGLERS.

I HAD been a soldier even from my childhood—I had been in many a battle—upon my breast, upon my brow, deep scars were visible. I lost a limb, and I bethought me of my mountain-home—the stream—the dark woods—the cottage on the green hill side. I returned to that pleasant home—I took to my bosom a fair young wife—she made me the father of a beauteous boy: on her white breast she nursed that boy, and she fondly cradled him in her arms. I forgot that I had been a man of blood, and was happy in my peaceful cottage. Our neighbours were peasants; their limbs were brawny and muscular. Many of them were smugglers; nor did they regard their calling as criminal. Their fathers had lived and had died in its practice: they regarded the wretched trade of smuggling as a birthright; and they loved it the better for its dangers. In the sides of the hills, near to the clear streams, they dug themselves huts, where, in the darkness of the night, amidst the storm, in the wild wind, they met to prosecute their lawless calling.

It was winter: snow was upon the hill—upon the wood—upon the ice-bound river. In every village arose smoke from distilleries licensed by the law; but no smoke arose from the fireless hearth of the wretched smuggler; and even had there been fuel, there was no food for the smuggler's board: a draught of water from the half-frozen spring—a cake of oaten bread—such was his children's fare. Yet would the young mother raise her meek eyes to heaven; and, ere she broke the bread, would bless it with a mother's blessing. The arm of the law was now stretched forth to desolate the smugglers' huts. From the arms of the fond wife, from the breast of the pale bride, those miserable, those wild uneducated men, were dragged, to become things of shame. With tears did the wife water her lone couch—with tears did the babe call upon its father's name: he was in prison—ay, in prison; and when those mourners assembled at their sad meal, their hearts were broken. Yet, the smugglers, those dwellers of the hills, were peaceful men; and from their thatched roofs I have oft times heard arise the sounds of heart-ejaculated prayer.

Sarah Beaton was a maiden of rare loveliness: meekness and purity beamed forth from her face of beauty—from her dark loving eyes: her long black hair fell in braided tresses. To the old pair with whom she lived, Sarah was somewhat between a child and a domestic. They loved her much—who would not have loved her, that gentle girl? and dearly they did love her, as they beheld her in the light—the loveliness of her young charms!—Sarah was the daughter of a smuggler: dear to her were those law-forgetting people; and she wept in purity and in maiden pity over their proscribed and desolated state. I had heard that a party of soldiers were about to be sent into our quiet glen. I felt for those devoted men; for I had seen dark unquiet looks among them; and I feared that they would rise up in wrath, and that blood would be shed. One of the peasants—I knew him well—wandered from house to house, begging for alms. He seemed to be lame and maimed; but, under the disguising beard, the matted hair, I recognised the fiery eye, the wide nostril, like that of the war-horse—the high manly forehead of Alan Grahame. He was a youth of much promise: gentle to the guiding hand, when in kindness it was extended; but, were insult offered to his young blood, his bold spirit, like that of the wood-lion, would rise up within him. I saw him wandering, from hut to hut, in secresy and in disguise. I spoke mildly to him: with a dark look he turned away. On the morning the soldiers were expected in our glen; there was a spirit of mystery stirring abroad; and as I stood in the door of my cottage, groups of men passed by. They seemed restless and troubled: they spake in low whispering; their eyes glared, and they looked as though they thirsted for blood. They were armed in something of warlike fashion; a rusty sword—a broken musket—an oaken staff; the weapon mattered not. They passed onward, firmly, steadily; bounding, with active strength, across the brook—over the hanging cliff—on—on to the dark wood. Before the hour of noon sixty men were concealed beneath its branches. Then came upon the ear strains of martial music—the hoarse thunders of the drum—the shrill whistle of the fife; and then, over the high hill, was seen a file of

soldiers, marching with the firm step of British veterans, their muskets glittering in the sun, the scarlet of their dress gleaming up richly from the white snow.—They have crossed the ford—they are beyond the mill—they are in the dark wood; and now the smugglers, those wild despairing men, fiercer than beasts of prey, rush from their lurking places, to close in the mortal struggle with their fellows—with men who, like themselves, have homes, and loving partners, and children.—Now, the firing has ceased—the soldiers are fleeing down the hill—the smugglers, with mad glee, are returning to their huts to clasp their wives in their blood-stained arms. From their frantic joy, I turned away sadly and in silence. I went up to the dark wood: blood, blood, was all around me: the earth was crimsoned with that life-stream: I heard low heart-rending moans; they were uttered by a wounded soldier. I took him to my home—I laid him upon my bed—I dressed his wounds—and I prayed to the giver of life that he might live.

Ere that night fell, I saw Alan pass my door. Irons were on his wrists; he was guarded by soldiers; his head had sunk down low on his broad chest; he walked feebly, supported by a soldier's arm. Whither had his young strength fled! After some time, the judge came to the trial of his wretched prisoner. He was a mild, melancholy man—his forehead was pale and calm—his large and downcast eyes told that he was occupied with inward musings—his stooping figure indicated by-gone sorrow—it might be sin.—Many witnesses were examined; but on the evidence of Sarah Beaton hung Alan's life. It matters not to my story how this happened. She was there, that sad maiden—pale, motionless as marble. Had it not been for the convulsive movements about her mouth, she would not have looked like a thing of life. The counsel and the judge questioned her; and there was a working in her breast, and in her throat, as though she felt the death-struggle within her heart; but she had to speak the truth before her God, and her words were fatal to the unhappy man. She spake in low broken sounds: once even her large lustrous eyes turned towards Alan. His head was bent upon his folded hands; from his forehead started the sweat-drops till they ran down his cheeks like rain. Upon his face Sarah once looked—the soul of a sorrowing loving woman was in her gaze—then she bent low her head, and folded her arms upon her breast, and left the court with a sad step.

Alan's brother was a fierce unhappy lad: his passions were wild as the course of the mountain stream; and, as Sarah passed him, his dark brow was bent frowningly upon her, and his wide chest heaved like a sea, and he uttered curses and threats of vengeance. She hears him not! Sarah Beaton had nothing now to do with life. On the following morning she went forth—in her beauty she went: as in our fathers' days went the damsel, Rachael, to the well of Haran, so went Sarah Beaton to draw water from the spring. In summer, it was a place of wild loveliness; those clear waters bubbling up from the rock in the depth of the lone glade, the birch trees bending in their leafy fragrance over the cool stream: now, the trees were leafless, like ghosts of their former selves, and the clouds lowered, and the wind blew. Sarah moved slowly on in her pale sweetness; her black hair waved in the blast: ere she stooped the pitcher into the well, she threw back her arms to bind up those long tresses; from the wood came a flash—a sound—a bullet—another—and the maiden fell back upon the earth, and the blood gushed from her breast, and its crimson tide mingled with the snow!

B. B. B.

HAPPINESS.

It has been the fashion to write very long, very grave, and doubtlessly very instructive essays upon the vanity, unprofitableness, and disappointment attending a search after happiness; a state of being, we are told by the sages, denied to the inhabitants of this terrestrial globe during the little hour in which they strut and fret upon the stage. These erudite personages, however, are all wrong; for, setting aside that grand bestower of all happiness, religion, as too deep and too sublime a subject for a light paper

intended merely for the amusement of an idle moment, there are abundant sources of happiness to be found, in this busy world of ours, suitable to all ranks and conditions of men, and of women also. The latter sex are generally supposed, and with some justice, to be the happier of the two, as they derive pleasure from more innocent, if not more frivolous amusements. Gentlemen allow that there is a possibility of female happiness, since the fair weak creatures can enjoy a paradise of delight in constructing some new piece of finery, or in the manufacture of bread seals. But the subject may admit of much dispute; for it is not always that the lords of the creation seek for the grand object of human life in wise, learned, or even rational pursuits. Indeed it is a question whether women, if seldom rising to the most sublime and intellectual enjoyments, ever descend to such absurd and contemptible things as are found to please their male friends: for instance, howsoever gay and mirthful an assembly of ladies may be, they never attempt to increase the hilarity of the hour by such an expedient as thumping a table: they do not stand up and compliment each other and themselves in long and dull speeches; or, when wit is scarce or exhausted, find a substitute in noise and clamour. And, though naturally addicted to dress, they do not take any delight in masquerading about the streets, decked out in some *outré* uniform, or livery, after the fashion of sundry clubs and societies, whose members, albeit exceedingly wise men, tie leathern aprons round their waists, stick blue ribbons in their hats, and "walk, hand-in-hand, along the Strand," to some inappropriate strain of music, to the wonderment of the beholders; eliciting admiration, pity, and scorn, from the several classes who gaze upon the wretched mummeries of that sage body the freemasons, the strange fancies of the friendly brothers, and the imitations of these holiday fools by the lower orders, who, upon certain days of festival, are seen parading through towns and cities, knotted over with coloured cockades, and following banners and bands of music.

Some gentlemen find the summit of happiness in short whist, a bottle of St. Perey, or a *pie à la financière*, prepared by the celebrated Ude, which, as that erudite artist is wont to say, requires a genius for the composition of the forced-meat alone. And some ladies are exalted to the seventh heaven by a new robe from Paris, an opera box, the last set of quadrilles, a parrot, a lap-dog, or a monkey. The glories of old China are at an end, and India sales no longer attract the whole court eastward, and tempt *belles* of quality to ruin themselves and their husbands in vying with each other for nodding mandarins and squab divinities. A slight remnant of the ancient emulation might be seen at the sale of the late commander-in-chief's effects; but the fashionable world is grown too populous to allow one fancy to engross all their attention: it is not reckoned good taste to be enthusiastic upon any occasion; indifference is the order of the day; and the leaders of ton, instead of finding pleasure as in former times in displaying themselves to the public gaze, are happy only in being select, exclusive, and adhering religiously to their own particular set.

Perhaps the highest degree of happiness enjoyed by the human race is that of despising each other; a source of enjoyment which is nearly universal—alike the characteristic of the most civilized state of society, and of the rudest barbarism, the chief pleasure of the refined European courtier, and of the wild American savage. Whole nations feel a pride and joy in despising their neighbours, who, in turn, view them with eyes of scorn; and individuals are never so happy as when they can look down with contempt upon those persons who are not so fortunate as to possess some real or fancied advantage which they have been lucky enough to obtain. The comfort and elegance of a large establishment, a splendid table, and a magnificent equipage, howsoever conducive to personal gratification, are their chief claim to the privilege which they give their owner of disparaging those people whose houses are smaller, and whose expenditure is less profuse. Nobody in these days likes to visit at places where the company, to use a common and a vulgar phrase, is mixed; that is, where individuals of small fortune and of no fashionable celebrity are admitted. A ball at a watering-place loses its attraction if it be open to all the frequenters of the baths, or of the spa, who are eligible candidates for admission. To give satisfaction it must be confined to a certain few. The elegance of the decorations, the splendour of the supper, the excellence of the music, cannot be en-

joyed, cannot be appreciated, if of easy access to every body; and dullness is preferred to gaiety when thin rooms are occasioned by a severe system of exclusion, which enables the yawning assembly to feel the proud consciousness of triumphing over their next door neighbours. It is a strange propensity, but one which seems to be increasing daily: disdainfulness is the mark of distinction, the envied and the gratifying privilege of the rich and great; and people are estimated according to their right and title to be rude and impertinent; the pride and happiness of all classes consisting in holding themselves aloof from those whom they are pleased to style their inferiors.

When strangers meet at dinner-parties, though at the house of a mutual friend, who should be supposed to invite none save admissible guests, they scan each other from head to foot before they venture to engage in the most trivial conversation. The disgrace of arriving in a hack carriage is sufficient to exclude the delinquent from notice: people try to catch each other's names; and the inquiry—"related to such a family?"—if answered in the negative, is fatal to the unfortunate who is called a Howard, a Russell, or a Cavendish, without belonging to the illustrious house of Norfolk, of Bedford, or of Devonshire; and so, downwards, to a Baronet, or even a distinguished commoner. The Moores, of Moore Hall, will give consequence to the most distant branches of the race. Simple Mr. Smith, if he can boast of a relationship to the Whyte-Smiths, or the Black-Smiths, assumes a dignity immediately, and is entitled to give himself airs about people of no family. The dress of the parties next undergoes a strict investigation, in order, if the rank be doubtful, to ascertain the extent of the property; and here the ladies are the keenest critics. An experienced dowager, herself arrayed in all the glories of Chantilly lace, Indian cachemires, and diamonds of the first water, will detect at a glance mock *blond*, Norwich shawls, or any other contrivance which a slender purse may suggest, and treat the wearer accordingly. The younger part of the company are also often seen to eye each other's robes; and the *belle* of the French *tulle* will exult in her conscious superiority over the nymph of the plain muslin. Thus runs the world away; and though it may be said that there can be no true and legitimate source of happiness in circumstances and things which appeal only to the bad feelings of the mind, experience proves that poor degraded human nature is but too prone to take delight in that which reason, religion, and morality alike forbid. There are hundreds of very good sort of people who find their chief gratification in some petty triumph, or some mean elevation, though perhaps they will not confess, even to themselves, the secret cause of their satisfaction. A combination of rare intellectual qualities is necessary to produce a relish for the beauties of science and the charms of nature, those untiring pleasures which, comparatively speaking, are enjoyed by few. To persons who are interested in the progress of the useful arts, or who, enamoured of earth's fair creations, "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing," the fiend *ennui*, that bane of human happiness, is unknown; but these comprise only a small portion of the community. The bulk of the world are compelled to resort to less intellectual methods of filling up their spare time agreeably; and human ingenuity has never been so conspicuously displayed as in the thousand small enjoyments contrived to please persons of ordinary minds. In the country these unfortunates, if of the male sex, are frequently reduced to the poor expedient of lounging about the market-place of the next provincial town, lolling over the counter of a milliner's shop, or playing at cards or backgammon; and it is astonishing with what persevering assiduity these employments are followed up, the length of time which a man will consume in slapping his boot with his cane, and the number of successive hours and days, which, without the stimulating excitement of a high stake, can be spent over a mere game of chance. Ladies, under the same circumstances, pay gossipping visits, flourish upon canvas, work interminable borders upon muslin, or erect edifices even more extraordinary than the works of modern architecture, with card board and gilt paper; and both sexes, if incapable of relishing the admirable qualities of the great mass of modern literature, may still be accommodated with novels to suit their tastes and intellects.

It had been long matter of astonishment that, in an age in which books of mere amusement had assumed so high a character, there should still be so many of the lowest class which find publishers, and what

is still more wonderful, readers; but, during a visit in the country, a short conversation, produced by a wet day, a slight head-ache, and the corner of a novel peeping out of an old lady's work-basket, solved the mystery. The book which, in consequence of inability to take exercise, and to fly to the pen for employment, had been borrowed to beguile a vacant hour, turned out to be a romance manufactured after the commonest receipt; plot, characters, and style being all equally absurd and unintelligible. Compassionating the forlorn state of the dowager, compelled for want of a judicious guide to pore over such dull trash, the critic offered to mark in the catalogue of the neighbouring circulating library, works which would better repay the time bestowed upon their perusal—a civility which was graciously and gratefully accepted. The task was soon ended; for the "Antiquary" appearing on the first page, the remark was elicited, that it would of course be unnecessary to point out the Waverley novels; and, to the surprise and horror of all present, the old lady begged that they might be omitted in her list, as, unable to get through the first volume of "Guy Mannering," she had been compelled to send it back. Miss Austen's novels sustained the same contemptuous treatment from a reader who preferred the "Delicate Distresses," and "Sentimental Involvements," of the Minerva press, to her exquisite delineations of life and manners.

The inhabitants of the metropolis, of the same mental rank, possess a decided advantage over their country friends: there are almost numberless places of public amusement; and, to some of the denizens of London, perfect happiness is afforded by the variety of the entertainments which invite their wondering gaze; while others derive all their enjoyment from their constant attendance at one favourite haunt. Persons exist who never, by any chance, miss the Sunday promenade in Hyde Park—who pique themselves upon being acquainted with every carriage and every individual one, merely by dint of continual observation. The theatres afford an untiring resort to other worthies of this class: they are to be seen nightly in some particular row in the pit, or in some snug corner of a peculiar box; and the power of boasting that they have been present at the representation of "Love in a Village," no fewer than two hundred and fifty times, and have witnessed the performance of forty ladies in the character of Rosetta, constitutes their happiness. They count up the Macbeths, the Hamlets, the Richards, and the Belvideras in the same manner; the number, and not the merits, of the different actors being treasured up in their memories. People who possess very little musical taste have a similar enjoyment at the King's Theatre, in observing the changes which occur in the run of one opera, the transits of the stars, and even in the enumeration of the several pirouettes executed by the *prima donna* of a popular ballet in the course of her reign. These sapient personages will tell you, although they did not find it out at the time, that they were present when Cooke and Kemble, as Stukely and Beverley, played their last scene in the Gamester first; and, *vice versa*, when the character of Faulkland, in the Rivals, was altogether omitted; and when the tower in Lodoiska really took fire, and the heroine was rescued from a *bonâ fide* instead of a theatrical death. They take great credit upon having been in attendance on the nights in which two madmen attempted to shoot George III., and Miss Fanny Kelly; will tell you the whole rise and progress, decline and fall, of the O.P. war; and are quite *au fait* in the catalogue of all the accidents, sudden illnesses, and managerial speeches, which have taken place upon the stage within their remembrance.

The English nation were always proverbial for their love of sight-seeing; and the rage for extraordinary novelties, satirized by Shakspeare, and ridiculed by the wits who projected the hoax of the bottle conjurer, remains unabated. It is amazing how much bodily and mental fatigue, and what wear and tear of clothes and constitution, his Britannic Majesty's lieges will undergo to gratify their passion for spectacle, whether it be the body of a royal prince lying in state, or the counterfeit death of a Java sparrow. East, west, north, and south—to every corner of this vast metropolis—do the indefatigable lovers of exhibitions post: new buildings and old buildings, dead anatomies and living skeletons, moving automatons and real Chinese ladies, infant wonders and reverend sages, dwarfs, giants, and monsters of all kinds, wild beasts and learned pigs, are the rage and the idols of the day. Pictures attract multitudes of people who have neither

taste nor understanding for the art; and the British Museum is filled with company who see nothing to admire except the few miserable stuffed animals which are its disgrace; while public lectures are supported by the mere idlers, who stroll in just to say that they have heard the whole course given by the celebrated Mr. ———. Thousands flock to an execution, and Cato Street and Gill's Hill drew the whole population of London who could command any sort of conveyance to those scenes of treason and murder. Wanstead House and Fonthill were equally attractive; and those who stay away from any of these places, either from choice or necessity, find a pleasure and pride in saying that they did *not* see them, in fact that they never go any where, that sights bore them, occupy too much of their time, and are altogether not in good taste.

ADVENTURES IN PORTUGAL.*

Amongst the Portuguese people, love is unquestionably the prevailing passion. In nine instances out of ten, perhaps, it is love at first sight; little more, indeed, than the mere animal passion; for rarely is it in the slightest degree intellectual—rarely is it the effect of growing habit from frequent intercourse and free communication. The case of Louzenço Gonsalves, a young fidalgo, of one of the first families of Lisbon, and Inez Da Costa, the heiress of a younger branch of the ancient and noble family of that name, formed an exception to the general rule. These young people were cousins: their families had been long intimately connected by friendship, as well as by affinity; and thus, notwithstanding the usually secluded state of women in Portugal, they had enjoyed unrestrictedly a thousand opportunities of meeting, and conversing, and cherishing a growing attachment to each other. Had this attachment been observed by the parents of either party, there was no reason to imagine that it would have been opposed; for, although they were within the range of consanguinity proscribed by the Romish church, there was nothing in that obstacle to preclude their union; as, in Portugal, dispensations for the marriage not only of cousins, but of uncles and nieces, and of aunts and nephews, are every day obtained by the rich at a pecuniary price. Unfortunately, however, a quarrel, a deadly quarrel, from some insignificant cause, arose between the families of Da Costa and Gonsalves; all regular and friendly intercourse between them was at an end; and, for a length of time, unless it were by chance at the formal visiting parties of indifferent persons, Louzenço and Inez had no opportunity of seeing each other but at church. There, indeed, courtship is carried on with extraordinary facility, and to an extent that is almost incomprehensible by the colder and more correct English. The eyes of the Portuguese women—their long, dark lashes, and their finely-arched brows—are amongst the loveliest and the most eloquent in the world. Their language of the eyes is eloquence itself; in addition to which, it may be remarked, that both sexes are adepts in the art of talking with the fingers, by which means conversations of many hours' length, are not unfrequently maintained. Thus, amatory declarations are made and received at church; and the sentiments of the lovers are as freely and as scientifically inter-communicated as they are in the East by the often-described language of flowers. In this correspondence the fan, too, is a powerful auxiliary.

The father of Inez Da Costa does not appear to have been lynx-eyed on this occasion. However, through some inadvertence on the part of the lovers, or through the information of an old duenna of Da Costa's household, who, perhaps, had not received her expected complement of fees, the discovery was at last forced upon him. Nothing could exceed the rage, the spirit of vindictive fury, which he displayed. His first threats were that he would consign his daughter to a convent and compel her to take the veil. This resolve, when calmness had succeeded passion, he shrank from; for, although it is a practice much too general in Portugal, to sacrifice the young females of a

* *Vide* page 160; where, for *Maria de* ——, read *Inez Da Costa.*

family to a wretched life of conventual celibacy, when there are sons to inherit the property, and to sustain the name, Da Costa reflected that he had no male heir, and that Inez was his only child, his only hope, his only consolation.

For a time the harsh intentions of the father subsided; the lovers were lulled into a state of security, and, the sense of security generated—on the part of Louzenço at least—a degree of imprudence for which he afterwards severely suffered.

Had Louzenço acted wisely at this time, he would have made application to the tribunal which takes cognizance of such cases, and have caused the lady to be placed *em depozito*. To effect this, it was necessary only to declare that his object was marriage, that the rank of the parties was not such as to oppose their union, and that the opposition of Da Costa originated in caprice or personal feeling. This having been satisfactorily shewn, it would have been the duty of the officers of justice formally to proceed to the lady's house, demand her of her father—who would have been incapable of resisting the law—and convey her to the house of some respectable friend, where she might remain under the sacred protection of the court, until the consent of parents should be obtained, or, failing in that, till the requisite arrangements for the marriage should be completed.

Louzenço most imprudently neglected to avail himself of the advantage thus afforded by the law; and, again awakened to anger by the disobedience of his daughter, Da Costa actually, and without a moment's notice, carried her off to a *recolhimento;* a place of security and of religious seclusion, the inhabitants of which, although they are not compelled to take the veil, are kept with great strictness. From the circumstance, too, of there being a body of regular nuns connected with every house of this description, the *recolhimento* frequently proves the vestibule of the convent.

The alarm and terror of Louzenço and of Inez were now extreme. A thousand times did the former ejaculate the bitterest imprecations against his evil destiny for what was, in fact, the consequence of his own folly; and as deeply did the latter lament the deplorable situation in which she found herself placed. But love is lively in its hopes as in its fears, fertile in expedient, active and vigorous in effort. Gold, which penetrated the roof of Danäe's chamber, found its way also into the recesses of the *recolhimento*, where Inez was confined. It could not, indeed, force the bars and locks of her prison; it could not obtain access for Louzenço to the presence of his heart's idol; it could not enable her to pass forth free as air to the arms of her lover; but it obtained and secured the means of carrying on an epistolary correspondence between them. This was much. Desperate measures would have proved as unavailable as they would have been rash and imprudent. It was determined, therefore, between Louzenço and Inez, that the lady should appear to yield a reluctant acquiescence to the final separation insisted on by her father; and that, still further to tranquillise the mind of Da Costa, to convince him of his daughter's sincerity, and to shew that Louzenço was not one of those lovers who determine upon wearing the willow for ever, the report of his intended union with another should be promulgated.

Fortunately for the success of this scheme, Louzenço happened to be on friendly terms with a rich and gay young widow of Lisbon. With a spirit of generosity and disinterestedness, very rare amongst the women of Portugal in *les affaires du cœur*, she promptly met his wishes on this delicate and important point. So adroitly was the business managed —so general was the belief that the ci-devant adorer of Inez Da Costa was on the point of uniting his fate with that of the lively widow —that Louzenço was often rallied amongst his associates for the rapid transfer of his affections, and the lady was as often congratulated on her approaching happiness. The expected event was, indeed, the more probable, as it was notorious that her first marriage was entered into for money and not for love. Preparations for the union were in so forward a state, that Da Costa, whose angry feelings had again been superseded by those of affection towards his daughter, was —prematurely and imprudently in his turn— —induced to take his daughter home.

It is an old and trite proverb, that experience makes fools wise. Howsoever that may be, it is certain that even the wise do not always profit by experience. To speak again by a proverb, the burnt child, we are told, dreads the fire; but thus it proved not with Louzenço Gonsalves. Narrow as had been his escape from the final and irreme-

diable loss of his beloved Inez, through his culpable omission of not submitting his case to the only tribunal which could have put him in possession of his adored mistress, he, even now that a second chance was offered him of appealing to the law, remained inert. Not, indeed, that his passion had cooled—not, indeed, that his desire to obtain Inez for his wife had in the slightest degree abated; but, again presuming on the fancied security which the universal belief of his approaching marriage with the widow obtained, he trusted to his ingenuity of contrivance, and the hardihood of his enterprise, for carrying the lady off.

Da Costa was in great authority at his residence near Villa Franca. The lower part of his extensive mansion, as was not unusual at this period, was occupied by the British Commissariat, as a magazine for military and other stores, and as apartments for the officers under whose care they were placed. During the height of his flirtation with the widow, Louzenço Gonsalves, with his confidential friend Miguel Forjaz, had cultivated an intimacy with the chief of the *dépôt;* and many an evening they passed there in revelry, without the knowledge or suspicion of Da Costa. The character of the English, for secrecy and fidelity, was so perfectly understood by the Portuguese, that not the least hesitation was ever experienced on their part of reposing in them the most implicit confidence, whenever it happened to be demanded by an affair of love or honour. The consequence of this was, that the British officer was in full possession of Louzenço's secret, and of his views respecting Inez Da Costa.

Accompanied by her gouvernante, Inez was now again allowed to perform her devotions at church; a place at which Louzenço did not fail to be punctual in his attendance. Through the influence of magnificent presents, the old lady was at length found not to be wholly inexorable. The stake, however, was too great for the lovers to hazard greater confidence in her than was absolutely necessary. The only attempt, therefore, was a cautious renewal of conversational intercourse through the medium of the fingers and eyes. The gouvernante connived at this; and, as female virtue is not estimated at the highest possible standard in Portugal, she perhaps soothed her conscience by the idea, that, as Louzenço was on the point of being married, and as a suitable match would, in all probability, be soon found for Inez, the greatest evil that could result would be only one of those *liaisons*, which every day occur, and are thought nothing of in Lisbon. Such were not the views of Louzenço and Inez. In the heart's truth they were tenderly and devotedly attached to each other. Communication having been again opened between them, they resolved to act in concert. Through the assistance of the English officer, no difficulty was found in making an aperture in the ceiling of the magazine. The floor immediately above happened to be that in which Inez principally resided. Through a crevice of the flooring, communicating with the aperture mentioned, letters, &c., were easily interchanged. Amongst other things Inez found means to transmit to Louzenço impressions in wax of the keys of her chamber, the staircase, and the great gate, all of which Da Costa was accustomed to take into his own apartment at night. Louzenço readily obtained the services of a lock-smith, to make keys corresponding with her impressions. The keys were conveyed to Inez, and all was speedily arranged for her flight; the intention being that she should remain secreted in the house of Miguel's sister, until an opportunity should offer for carrying her into Spain, or even into England, should it be thought necessary.

On the night fixed on for her departure, the commissariat officer took due care that all was quiet at an early hour in the *dépôt;* and Louzenço and his friend Forjaz were also ready as the clock struck twelve to receive her, a carriage having been stationed at some distance for her accommodation. Inez, too, was punctual—for when does love fail in its appointment? By a fatality, as it would seem, there had been a most strange oversight in the arrangement of the night's business: Inez had left her chamber in safety—had passed quietly down the stairs—had entered the court: Lourenço, to make doubly sure, had provided himself with a duplicate key of the outer gate—the gate itself was open—when, unfortunately, an English yard-dog, which had been chained in the court for the protection of the magazine, disturbed by the steps of Inez, barked furiously, shook his chain and his kennel, and made a tremendous noise. Instantly Inez rushed through the portal—she was in her lover's arms—with the speed of lightning she was

borne to the carriage! Da Costa, unknown to his daughter, had not retired to rest. Alarmed at the barking of the dog, he snatched his sword from the wall, ascertained that Inez was not in her chamber, and in a moment he was in pursuit of the fugitives. Some night-prowling galleys, who chanced to fall in his way, apprised him of their route, and was prevailed on to join Da Costa, now desperate with rage. By another fatality, when Louzenço and his companions reached the carriage, the driver was found to have absented himself. This occasioned a delay of some minutes. The distant sound of steps was heard, but it was thought to proceed from the postillion on his return. Double steps were heard, and some alarm was felt. At length the lady had been placed in the carriage, Louzenço was stepping in after her, and Miguel was mounting the seat, intending to drive off at full speed. At this very instant, up came Da Costa and his ruffian follower. The lady shrieked, and—as has been customary from time immemorial, on such occasions — fainted. Louzenço and his friend were well armed; but the latter, having hastily and ineffectively fired one of his pistols, was dragged from his seat and secured by the bravo; and Louzenço, engaged in supporting Inez—and, had it been otherwise, he would not have aimed a blow at the father of his beloved—was also compelled to surrender.

The consequences were very serious. Assistance from a party of police was immediately obtained; Inez and her father were sent home under an escort; and Louzenço and Miguel were dragged away to the *Limoeiro*, or common jail. Incensed to the highest degree, the first step that Da Costa took was to throw his daughter into a convent, as a novice, some miles from Lisbon. He was now fully determined that, at the expiration of the term prescribed, she should take the veil. In the heat of his passion, it never once occurred to him, that, in the interim, she might be prevailed upon, as an alternative, to accept the hand of another lover, the young Condé D'Obidos, from whom an offer had some time before been made.

In the course of a few days Miguel Forjaz was discharged; but, so powerful was the interest of Da Costa, that every effort on the part of Louzenço's family to procure his liberation failed. The utmost favour that could be obtained—and even that was not till after the lapse of several weeks—was that he should be transferred from the *Limoeiro* to the castle of St. George. Months were wasted in solicitations, in the presentations of memorials to the great law functionaries, &c., to effect his release, but without effect. The British ambassador interceded in his favour; and Da Costa, fearing the success of his enemy, declared that should these attempts be persisted in, he would appeal to the general Cortes of Portugal for their frustration, and that some signal punishment might be inflicted upon the offender. All Lisbon was agitated with discussions upon the subject. The ambassador, disgusted by the inveterate opposition of Da Costa, and piqued by his own failure in the accomplishment of an object, which to him appeared of comparatively slight importance, renewed his efforts in behalf of Louzenço Gonsalves. All this time, the noviciate of Inez Da Costa was wearing on and on towards its close. The anxiety, the distress, the violent mental agitation of the lovers, respectively confined as they were, without the slightest possibility of communicating with each other, may be more easily imagined than described. The Condé D'Obidos had renewed his offers of marriage; and Da Costa, desirous, amidst all his cruelty, and tyranny, and thirst for vengeance, to preserve his daughter from the last fatal decision, had alternately, by entreaties and threats, urged them upon the unhappy Inez. She, however, in all the devotion of woman's love, was as determined in resisting, as her father was pertinacious in prosecuting the suit of the Condé. That nobleman, wounded in his feelings of self-love, became more than ever anxious to obtain the hand of Inez; and, in consequence, he united all his influence with that of Da Costa against the incarcerated Louzenço. Suddenly, however, and unexpectedly, and to the extreme mortification of Da Costa and his partizans, the energetic perseverance of the British ambassador prevailed, and Louzenço found himself at large.

One grand point was gained; but, without the accomplishment of the other, life was nothing to Louzenço. Inez, he was resolved, should be his, or he would perish in the attempt to obtain her. Disguises were assumed, spies were engaged, and gold was unsparingly circulated in every quarter. By these means, Louzenço was not long before

he discovered in which of the convents it was that his Inez was immured. His hopes revived: gold once more proved his friend; Inez was apprised of his liberation; and, by a series of contrivances altogether unnecessary to be here detailed, her escape from the convent was effected Louzenço's plans had been well laid: he and his friend Miguel were prompt and spirited in their execution. Provided with peasants' dresses for themselves and Inez, they were under the necessity, pregnant with danger as the route was, to make the best of their way from the convent walls to Lisbon. There, at the *Ribeira Velha*—the landing-place of all the boats that are constantly crossing and re-crossing the Tagus, with passengers, cattle, and merchandize—they found one of the straw boats which daily arrive at the capital from different villages on the river. This boat, and its crew of strongly-built muscular fellows, carrying large clasp knives in their girdles, had been secured for the purpose. It requires no common courage and address to risk an encounter with these *borda d'agua*, or water-side folk. Seated in their straw-boat, protected by its daring crew, and sheltered by the darkness of the night—Louzenço and Miguel also well armed—the faithful and persecuted pair seemed to feel themselves already in the haven of safety.

The ladies of Lisbon, and of other parts of Portugal, who do not perform the office of nature in rearing their children, generally select the saloias, or peasant-women, to fill the office of wet-nurse. The superior strength and well-known healthfulness of these women are strong recommendations in their favour; and, in maternal attachment to the children entrusted to their care, they deserve to be classed with the family nurses of Scotland and Ireland, whose proverbial and life-lasting devotedness to their charge is above all praise. It had been the lot of Louzenço Gonsalves to be nursed by one of these women. She and her husband were yet living in good repute in one of the villages on the Tagus—the same village in which my friend Thompson and I passed a day that was as delightful in its progress as it proved tragical in its close. In these old people Louzenço knew that he could repose entire and unbounded confidence. To them, therefore, he had stated his views and intentions respecting Inez Da Costa, and it was in their humble cottage that he had secured a temporary asylum for the dear object of his heart's affection. There they arrived in safety, and there, still in the disguise of peasants, they some time remained, untraced and unmolested.

The common friends of both families, perfectly aware that Inez had been carried off by Louzenço, now united their influence, in the hope, desperate as that hope was, of effecting a reconciliation. All was in vain: Da Costa, naturally vindictive in his disposition, considered that his privileges as a father and as a man had been grossly violated. The Condé d'Obidos, foiled by Louzenço in his attempts to secure the heiress, gave his most active assistance to Da Costa, in his endeavour to regain his daughter; and the church, feeling itself outraged, as it were, in the very sanctuary, set all its engines at work to discover the offender.

Amidst all his good and generous qualities there must have been a constitutional imprudence in Gonsalves, and also, it must be thought, in the fair object of his attachment. Louzenço, whose emissaries, opposed to those of Da Costa and the Condé, were in every quarter, well knew how keen was the vigilance employed for the purpose of discovering the place of his retreat. Every path, every road was beset by desperadoes. His hope was that time might, in some measure, wear out the watchfulness of his enemies, and that an escape might be thus ultimately effected. While waiting for this opportunity, the seclusion of Inez in the cottage of the old peasants was not sufficiently strict and guarded; and, though no remarks were publicly made by the neighbours, strange suspicions were excited amongst them. Whether the priest of the village was in the secret is not known: the probability is, that he had a shrewd guess at the quality and persons of Louzenço and Inez, but that, from his meek, and quiet, and benevolent disposition, it was not his wish to seem to know more than he was told.

Another act of imprudence on the part of Louzenço—pardonable perhaps from the extreme anxiety under which he laboured—was, that he repeatedly suffered himself to be seen of an evening in the streets and avenues of Lisbon. On one of these occasions, he was actually pursued by the Condé, at the head of a band of his *valentões*, or cut-throat lacqueys, and narrowly escaped assassination. Fortunately the darkness of the night

—Lisbon not being, like London, lighted by gas—enabled him to screen himself suddenly in a part of the arch near Isidro's eating-house. The assassins passed the place of his concealment, and, failing to discover him, they were vociferously abused by their master; when Louzenço heard one of the party answer—"It is not our fault if he escaped: your Excellency must have seen that we were close upon his heels; but he has disappeared, Nossa Senhora knows where!"

This warning, portentous as it was, did not induce the requisite caution on the part of Louzenço. In one of the villages near Lisbon, lived three brothers, notorious cut-throats, whose father had derived his cognomen Ferragudo, or Sharp-iron, from his great dexterity in the practice of assassination. His sons, worthy descendants of so noble a parent, inherited no slight portion of his skill. In fact, these worthies were of celebrated origin on both sides; for of their mother, Fragona, it is related that, after the death of her husband, she was accustomed to range, half naked, or fantastically attired, through the forests of pines—that, throwing herself in the way of travellers unacquainted with her professional habits, she would excite their jokes on the uncouthness of her appearance—and that, under the pretence of revenging the insult, she would follow them with inconceivable rapidity, draw one of the large knives of the country from her girdle, and sacrifice them to her offended modesty. Nor, after such exploits, did she fail greedily to possess herself of whatsoever valuables her victims might happen to have had in their possession.

The eldest of the brothers was at the head of a desperate band—a band in every respect worthy of so respectable a leader—of *gallegos*, and *borda d'agua*, who were not only regular practitioners of the art and mystery of plunder and assassination on their own account, but were always ready for hire to do the bidding of their betters. This was the band engaged by Da Costa, one of whose members had succeeded in tracing Louzenço Gonsalves to the retreat of Inez; and this was the band which, in consequence of that discovery, proceeded to the village on the day of the festival before described, attacked the rejoicing peasantry, seized and bore off the person of Inez da Costa, and shot her ill-fated lover.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE HERO BOLIVAR.*

(From a Lady in South America to a Friend in England.)

You have always considered me a fortunate person, in having seen two such extraordinary characters as Washington and Buonaparte; but I have now to tell you of a third. I have happily been present at the timely revisit of the famous Simon Bolivar to the city of his birth!—I say it was a happy revisit; for it brought a sense of perfect safety to the persons and properties of the inhabitants, who had found no small reason to apprehend the consequences of civil dissensions. However, that is past; and sitting quietly down to tell you the particulars of the arrival amongst us of the mighty liberator, from all these fears I feel just as secure now as if I were writing at my British home.

I described General Paez to you in my former letter, quite sufficient to give him a favourable impression with you, by telling you he is like your husband; and the more I hear of him, I am the more inclined to keep to my faith in physiognomy; for he seems to be the same sort of frank-hearted, impetuous person, full of good intentions, whatever the world may think of them; and that he is ready to submit his actions to the judgment and guidance of the man he respects as the real friend of his country, he has honestly shewn in his late conduct towards General Bolivar. When great military men

* There is something so picturesque and so dramatic in this sketch—it abounds with such good, and warm, and truly British feeling—and it must excite so lively an interest in the bosoms of all who may happen to have friends or relatives near the scene to which it refers—that no apology can be requisite for offering it to the readers of La Belle Assemblee.—Ed.

are more ambitious for themselves than for their cause, and have an army at their beck, we all know they are too envious of greater men, not to make a push for their own domination; and therefore we generally see so much bloodshed in the prosecution of revolutions: but in the present case General Paez appears only to have been making his stand for what he thought the safe-guard of his countrymen at large; therefore, when the original liberator of the whole came forward into his own place, to take the matter into his own hand, Paez was the first to hail the approach of the presiding genius of good order.

He declared to the messengers of General Bolivar, that he was ready to give immediate proof of his submission to the authority of the Liberator and the law; but he required that none of the persons who had followed him in the stand he had made, against what they had deemed a violation, should suffer harm on that account. The pledge was fully given; and I press on to describe the re-union of the heroes themselves.

They were to meet in a plain at some distance from the city of Caraccas, that city being a great point with both; but General Paez had not been there for several weeks.—At the time appointed, he awaited the Liberator in the plain, with all his staff about him, and a squadron of two hundred cavalry; a sufficient *turn out* for a guard of honour to the great man in expectation, but not enough to shew fear or intimidation. But Simon Bolivar himself advanced without any parade: two *aides-de-camp* were all he had with him; and hastening forward, at sight of Paez, who had dismounted on perceiving him, he, too, threw himself off his horse, and cast himself into the arms of his brother hero.

"General!" cried Paez, "in this embrace we extinguish the hostile flames of Colombia!"—Bolivar answered, "General Paez, this is a day of glory to you! Your devotedness to the laws, and submission to the authority of Government, have saved Colombia from the horrors of civil war!"

The acclamations of the soldiers, and other spectators, were loud, and for a long time incessant; and then the two Generals proceeded together to enter Caracoas. It was in the afternoon of the 10th of this month (January) that he reached the city. But before I come to that, I must describe to you the preparations which had been making for him. For some days preceding his impatiently anticipated arrival, the people had been busily employed, planting the streets with vistas of palm-boughs (large enough to be considered trees were they in St. James's Park!) and erecting triumphal arches at the entrance of every avenue, decorated with flowers, laurels, flag-staffs, and patriotic inscriptions, to the honour of the great Liberator. The windows and doors of every house were decked out in similar style: indeed it looked very striking; just like the old pictures of the *Cid's* triumphs, I once saw at Barcelona. So you see the ancient fashion continues yet amongst the descendants here of the first Spanish settlers! Most splendid brocaded curtains, and other costly draperies of silk and damask, with various coloured fringes, some, indeed, being gold (though rather tarnished), of a gorgeous length and richness, hung floating from the balconies; while all round and over the tops of the windows, such quantities of laurels, palms, and garlands, were disposed, that each seemed a natural bower. And there the female inhabitants of every house seated themselves by times, in their gayest attire, to witness the appearance of the avowed protector of all that is dearest to them. The males of the city, natives and foreigners, were quite as much on the alert, to bid him welcome on the road and in the streets.

About the dawn of the memorable day of his entrance, I was waked from a night of scanty sleep, by the drums and trumpets, and clattering of the mules' and horses' feet, belonging to the different processions, forming themselves into marching order; and about noon the military of the town, &c., took their posts, extending their ranks from the cathedral (which is in the middle of our city) down the principal street, all the way to the open road from Valencia, the way the Liberator must come. Meanwhile, the processions that were to meet him set forward. All of them were in their best clothes; and at the head of each that was formed of foreigners, a selected representative bore the standard of its respective country. One of the most conspicuous was a gentleman carrying a prodigiously large flag, meant to represent the colours of all Europe. Joseph Lancaster was also there, with a train of school-boys, very proud of their flags too: a far surer way, I thought, to bring up youth

in the way of rational freedom, than the nonsense I saw in France, when a girl, of children planting trees of liberty, and many other such mummeries.

After the youngster group came the magistrates, and other civil officers of the city, with their mace-bearers, and other insignia attendants; also the members of the college, and the deputation from the church; all in their grandest professional dresses.

In about two hours after these persons had proceeded forth, we heard, of a sudden, the rapturous shout of the returning multitude. Again and again it came; and, indeed, I may say, it was echoed by every voice in the city. Even we ladies could not restrain the loud *vivas* that burst from our hearts. Oh, it was such a moment!—I never felt any thing like it before! And as the crowd which preceded and followed the hero moved on, the acclamations increased; and, with that of the advancing troops, the sound, altogether, seemed like rapidly-rolling thunder, whence the clarion of trumpets, and the shouting came as if from the heights of heaven—I could not say the clouds, for there were none on that glorious day.

If, literally, I had not burst into a flood of tears, I should have fainted with excess of emotion. And if an Englishwoman felt so, you may suppose what were the feelings of the native women! But when the Liberator came in sight, it was, indeed, as if every body were looking upon their father, their deliverer! and all the females wept, as well as myself, in the midst of their rapturous joy, waving their handkerchiefs from their windows, and crying out, *viva, viva Bolivar!—viva Paez!* for they both sat together in an open barouche, which had been prepared for them at the entrance of the town.—They were both in their full General's uniform. I rivetted my eyes, you may suppose, on Bolivar; and I shall now give you the benefit of my gaze.

He is a much less man than Paez; being not tall, and also very spare; with an oval face, rather long and thin, and a general expression of deep thought. But his grave features lighted up into a placid kind of pleasure, while he occasionally turned his head towards any sudden burst of the heart's greeting, from the crowds he was passing; bowing, and holding his hat off his head, when the ladies in the balconies waved their hands, and united in the *vivas*. I could not refrain from looking on General Paez too; for he seemed as happy as the best of us; his frank countenance being all in a generous glow of smiles, and nodding recognition, as he passed along. In this way they went on to the cathedral; and the whole building was filled in an instant; windows, niches, even the very precincts of the altar, all were crammed with living human beings, joining heart and voice with the thankful *Te Deum*. Here Bolivar himself seemed much affected; and we women think it a good sign in a hero. I could be sworn, that Washington had a sympathetic tear in his eye when he took his paternal seat as President over his united brethren. But for the other great man (who found so humble a grave at St. Helena) I should much doubt his thinking of any thing but his own aggrandizement, when he looked on the people he was to govern, and put their crown upon his head!

After divine service, Simon Bolivar walked to a house, which his own family had made ready for his residence, and where many of his relations, justly proud of such a kinsman, along with his nearer and most affectionate kindred, such as sisters, &c., were assembled to meet him. But he was not long allowed to enjoy the quiet of only domestic greetings. A crowd of young female friends of his family entered, with all kinds of votive emblems; and one presented him with a wreath of mingled flowers and laurels. He smiled, and turning to Paez, placed it on his head, saying,—"This is due, from so fair a hand, to the brave Chief of Venezuela!" And another young lady, bringing forward a beautifully embroidered banner, with the word *valour* wrought on it, gave it also to the Liberator; but he transferred it, likewise, to his companion, observing—"That he who had so often conquered for Colombia well deserved the *impresse* it bore!" Paez received these public testimonies of esteem from the Liberator in the most becoming manner, shewing a manly modesty in his honest, soldier-like answers.

A magnificent dinner was given to the two heroes by the municipality of the city; and as all our foreigners of name were there, and all "the splendour and *fashion*" of Caraccas besides, you may suppose (with regard to men, for no ladies were present) the table was full enough; and, I assure you, gay enough too; for every body was

happy—strangers as well as natives. And the evening did not end the rejoicings: for we had illuminations, and fireworks, and triumphal singing, and incessant *vivas* in the streets all the night long. In short, I know not when I have ever been in such a scene. Your great days in London, after news of some great victory abroad, were nothing to the feelings here on the present occasion; because you have never known the alarm of the wolf being at your own doors: people rejoice very differently from a sense of restored safety, and one of even the proudest, when it only concerns a sort of distant fame.

All the natives here hailed the return of their adored Liberator, as their most opportune preserver, at the present moment, from a host of threatening intestine evils; so you may, in part, understand their joy. And we foreigners are so hearty in our sympathy, that I, for one, declare myself quite wild! So you must excuse me from writing, this mail, any thing in the way of friendly chit-chat. Therefore, adieu! Happiness be with you, as peace and revelling are now with us.

OUR VISIT TO THE HOPKINSES.

My sister Rebecca (of whom those who are worthy shall perchance hear more than a mere name, if they continue to read La Belle Assemblee) had for a long time persisted in soliciting me, who am somewhat bigotted to my own inclinations, to pay a week's visit to our maternal cousins, the Hopkinses, of —— shire, and my inclinations had long been turned against the project: first, because I hate to do any thing I am persuaded to; secondly, because I hate travelling far from home, even with Beckey to accompany me; thirdly, because I do not like the county in which these said maternal cousins reside, nor their place in that county, for it is almost like the place mentioned by Moore in one of his melodies,

"Whore man ne'er had wandered, nor sunbeams played;"

desolate and dreary, like the fogs of November, all the year round; fourthly, because, under the rose, I hate the Hopkinses, or have hated them, or may hate them, I hardly know which; and I was not very ambitious of putting myself to the test upon the subject.

Rebecca is a much more kindly-dispositioned person than I am, and hardly knows what hating and hatred are. Good soul! she loves all people and all things alike, and in truth it is well for her that she does. It saves her a great many of the disagreeable sensations I suffer.

There are so many of these Hopkinses for any reasonable man to endeavour to like. There is old Hopkins himself, and Mrs. Hopkins—he a bigotted ignoramus, who fancies nevertheless (as all people of that feather do) that his head contains the essence and sublimation of all human knowledge; and Mrs. H., who sentimentalizes over flowers, furbelows, flounces, and farm-yards, over poetry and pig-styes. Then there is Mr. Harry (hopeful) Hopkins, junior, who combines the attractive qualities and characters of both parents with a most complacent self-will of his own. Then there is Miss Hopkins (christened Hetty) No. 2 of the feminine gender, all smirks, and smiles, and small talk, with a face like a half-toasted muffin, and hands like gammons of bacon, on which are usually displayed as many rings as would find the poor of the parish with blankets and water-gruel for five successive winters. Then there is Miss Polly Hopkins—I fancy she must be the Polly Hopkins who was complimented in the song, bearing her name, some seasons since at Vauxhall—

"Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins!
How d'ye do—how d'ye do?"

for she is devoted to fantastical amusements, and doats on Vauxhall and Astley's theatre; both of which places she has to my knowledge once had the horrid felicity of visiting, and caught cold and chilblains in store for the winter, by getting wet through her kid slippers. Then there is Miss Hebe Hopkins. I wonder what could make that old fool of a mother persist in having her christened Hebe. I guess she had been rummaging through an old mythological dictionary; and though she could not exactly make out what the name meant, yet found out that the Tomkinses and Hobsons had no daughter of that name, and chose it for singularity's sake. I remember the old people used to pronounce the name *Heeb*, dropping the final vowel,

till the new curate had the friendly audacity to set them right. When I saw Miss Hebe last, she was strongly devoted to gathering cowslips and conundrums, and would run through all the meadows for five miles round, and all the annual pocket-books within the same circumference, to add to her store of each of those commodities. Dickey Hopkins was the last of this hopeful flock; and, thank heaven, I have not heard that there is any danger of an increase either in the masculine or feminine gender. Dickey was an urchin when I saw him last, and must by this time be grown to a good sized lubberly lout. At that early age he was given to music and meddling, prying and the piano-forte, and bade fair to excel in every department of each.

These were the Hopkinses, to whom my dear kind-hearted sister wished we should banish ourselves. So good-humoured was Beckey, that she would be wise with old Hopkins—sentimental and rural with Mrs. H.—wise, sentimental, and rural with Mr. Harry, the distilled compound of all the paternal and maternal virtues and graces: she could, moreover, smile, smirk, and play small-talk with Miss Hetty; sing ballads, and talk humdrum with Polly; and gather cowslips and conundrums with Hebe. She could not hit it off quite so well with Dickey, but he was a mere child, she thought, and might alter. At least Beckey, with all her good humour, would not alter herself down to his standard, for Beckey never meddled, or pryed, or played on the piano-forte.

Well—"that which cannot be eschewed must be embraced," is somewhere said by some one who knew somewhat about mundane affairs; and so said I, for I love Beckey from my heart, and it really goes against me to thwart her plans, howsoever disagreeable they may be to me, for "she doth all things with so sweet a grace." "Beckey," or rather "Rebecca, my dear," said I, one morning (for I always, in my best and worst humours, speak to her with the greatest respect) 'that which cannot be eschewed must be embraced,' and therefore name your own time for visiting the Hopkinses—write to them and apprise them of our intention, and give me three days' notice that I may undergo due preparation for such an event. I can only say, however, that I wish such an event were like the small-pox, coming only once in one's life. Beckey smiled her approbation and gratitude in my face; and the old carriage and harness were furbished up, and the old pair were trimmed, and had their manes and tails duly and reverently pulled, and were made as spruce as their age, and long standing in the profession of coach-horses, would admit of. Beckey wrote her proposal to the Hopkinses, and not a post was lost ere they grasped at us as though we had been two gudgeons, and they a shoal of jack-fish, and sent us a round-robin, signed by all the hands of all the Hopkinses, earnestly hoping that nothing would happen to prevent the execution of the project. Thus war—war upon my peace and quiet—was declared, and I had no consolation but the philosophical text with which I began my consent to Beckey's wishes.

Oh ye, who have been convicted at the bar of your country, and have heard the sentence of banishment pronounced against you, ye can partly sympathize in my feelings, but not wholly. To you the future is undefined: it may be all pain, but hope whispers it may be pain and pleasure mingled. My future was defined clearly enough. I knew what I had to endure; and the only comfort I had in store was, that I should not be banished for life. I think I am not selfish, for I did all this to please Beckey.

The day dawned—"the great, th' important day"—as Addison says, in the opening of *Cato*,—"big with the fate of" Beckey and of me—as he did not say. Nevertheless, it was so. The day dawned, the carriage was well stuffed with our *et ceteras*; and the imperial, crammed with my dear Beckey's everlasting ruffs, and frills, and farthingales, was solemnly strapped on the top. I put the best face I could on the matter, and "over the hills and far away" we went, stoutly resolving to accomplish a full five miles an hour. Two days' hard travelling at that rate brought us to Hucklebury Hall, ——shire, the retired seat of this most enchanting and delightful flock of Hopkinses. Most people write their travels. I am more modest; and besides, as mine would not, I presume, answer the purpose of Mr. Whittaker, I will not inflict them upon my readers. We arrived safely, and that is quite enough. I felt, as we came within sight of the house (or at least endeavoured to feel) that when I should have shaken old Hopkins and his wife by the

hand, and been lapped and kissed over by the girls, and leered at as an odd fish by the junior male members of the family, the worst would be over. With this I endeavoured to console myself. Scarcely was our carriage in view, but out came the whole tribe in formidable array—old Hopkins, stumping at the head of them like the grenadier gander of his own farm yard. It is but a tribute of justice due to the old fellow to say, that he gave us the most cordial welcome, hugged my hand as though he had screwed it in a vice, and seemed as though he intended to swallow Beckey in one morsel. Just as I had feared, the girls were all up at arms to try who should have the first kiss, and I was as much so to escape all. I bobbed amongst the holly-clumps to avoid them; but they, taking it for bashfulness, doubled upon me; and, after having been fairly, or rather unfairly, twice lapped over by them all, I was allowed to see the interior of Hucklebury Hall. How shocking it is to be at that age when spinsters think they have a right to kiss you with impunity, calling you the "old gentleman."—Pshaw!

Beckey, who did not mind being kissed twenty times over, looked supremely happy, and I dare say she felt so; for, between ourselves, she likes to be made much of. I was fatigued and wearied by my journey, and therefore allowed to remain tolerably quiescent for a time. It was evening—a summer's evening—and, according to Mrs. Hopkins's notion of the right sort of thing, we were to have a rural supper, a *feet shampeeter*, as Harry called it (I wish there were no such a thing as rurality in the world), under the old spreading elm before the parlour window. And the fools had set the bells a-ringing. I told them when I was there before, as plainly as I could speak, that I hated belles of all sorts, and that they might have guessed this time, if they had had any brains, by my dodging amongst the holly-clumps.—But—(as old Hopkins said upon some indifferent topic)—"*nemo mortali*"—but I will give it in English—"No mortal man is wise at all hours"—nor women neither, I opine.—I endured the rural supper as well as I could, remembering what I had said to Beckey when I consented to the visit.

I am not usually given to finessing, but the unusual situation in which I was placed rendered it absolutely necessary that I should relax my principles a little; and therefore feeling somewhat sleepy, and shamming a great deal more, added to sundry complaints of aches and pains, I was allowed at an early hour to retire to my own room for the night; and when the morning came, I almost resolved to sham sleep and head-ache all day. However, as Hopkins said over night, that he had read in a learned book one day, that it is a scene for the gods to see a great man struggling with adversity, I resolved that they who were neither gods nor goddesses (not even Miss Hebe excepted) should at least see me struggle manfully with my adversity, heavy and grievous as it was for me to bear. I therefore, in the morning, "don'd my clothes," as poor Ophelia sings, in due time, and made my appearance amongst the formidable segments of the breakfast circle. Thank heaven, kissing is not deemed necessary every morning and night at Hucklebury Hall. Poor girls! they had so few things to kiss in that secluded part of the world, that I dare say, had they not been so lucky as to get a smack at me on my arrival, they would have vented themselves on John, or the block on which he dresses my caxon every morning.

Well, however, after all there is something comfortable in a hearty welcome, even from people you do not like quite so well as others. With this feeling, I endeavoured to make myself as happy as possible. Sometimes the serene sunshine of Beckey's happy countenance reflected upon mine, and if I were not happy, at least I looked so, for "the sun's bright rays casting their brilliant lustre over the hills," and something else of the same sort, that Mrs. Hopkins, in her poetical mood, observed while handing me a new-laid egg at breakfast, came over my mind, and I looked upon Beckey as the sun, and myself as—I know not what; but Mrs. Hopkins gave me the idea, and I dare say it was a very good one. "But, farewell it."

The breakfast ordeal being over, the amusements for the day were then thought of. As a refuge, I had brought with me Izaak Walton's Angler, Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, and Francis Quarle's quaint Emblems, which contain nearly all the mental pith that I care for, and should gladly have gone a mousing amongst their con-

of art presented to the senses, there is a pretty general agreement upon true taste. But, in literature, which is in some measure the common property of the great mass of a civilized society, imbecile ambition, by its numerical superiority, throws off the yoke of the few living models, and the authority of the illustrious dead, and runs into the whimsical, the capricious, the silly, the extravagant, in the attempt to be original.—Why, it will be asked, does not the great reading mass of contemporaries spurn those absurd and feeble trammels upon taste? Because the mass of the people are not, and never have been, competent to judge. The acknowledged models in every age and country—in Greece, Rome, Italy, France, and England—and the living geniuses who bow before these immortal models, are the true guides and judges in matters of taste. Is it the taste of a Parisian audience that has given a pre-eminence of civilization, purity, and classic character to the French stage? No; but the dominion which three men of genius in that country exercised and established over the public taste, *viz.* Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. Taste is not to be found in the multitude; it is a quality of which all the world talk; which a mediocre spirit claims for its own; which a fastidious spirit concedes almost to no

Original Poetry.

STANZAS:

By H. Brandreth, Jun. Esq.

(Written for the Album of the Author of "Astarte," "Hours at Home, &c.")

Oh! call me not a stranger-bard because I ne'er have known,
Save in the music of thy verse, thy spirit's minstrel tone;
For, though amid gay fashion's crowd our eyes may ne'er have met,
They've been with kindred lightnings bright, with kindred tear-drops wet.

Souls which the lyre of feeling sways a mutual feeling claim,
And though they each strike different chords their song is still the same.
Then, lady, chase for ever hence that dull, cold word away—
Children of song 'tis our's alike to claim one common ray!

"And dost thou love the lyre?"—methinks sweet accents kindly ask;
"'Twill soothe thy grief in sorrow's hour and lighten labour's task;
'Twill heal (if aught on earth can heal) the breast love once has riven,
Or serve at least to antedate the brighter joys of heaven!"

And what, without the lyre, would be the pomp of power and pride?
A sea without one summer calm to soothe its stormy tide.
Then pearl-encircled coronet, farewell! and ermined vest;
Be mine the bay-enwreathed lyre—"I seek no prouder crest!"

I've sung beneath Spain's jasmine bower, as night began to close
Around th' Alhambra's desert halls, in grand but calm repose;
France, Italy, have heard my song, and if there is a spell
In moon-lit lyre for woman's ear, oh! let *their* maidens tell!

Yet though a wandering bard, 'tis mine to other lands to stray
From Scotland's heathery hills to where Spain's orange-breezes play;
From Stamboul's glitt'ring minaret to Moscow's swelling dome—
It will but render doubly dear love's social hours at home.

Temple, Feb. 21, 1827.

LOVE DREAMS.

I DREAMED that I was a milk-white steed,
And I bore my love away,
To a beautiful isle, all crown'd with flowers,
And that shone in endless day!

I dreamed that I was a fairy queen,
And lived in fairy land;
And I dreamed my love was the bravest knight
In all my Elfin band!

I dreamed that I was a beauteous flower,
And grew in a garden fair;
And I dreamed my love was a gentle sylph,
And tended me with care!

I dreamed that I was a nightingale,
And sang in the green-wood tree;
And I told to my love my plaintive tale,
And he came and sang with me!

I dreamed that I was a violet,
That shunn'd the glare of day;
And I dreamed my love was a drop of dew
That in my bosom lay!

I dreamed that I was an Eastern queen,
And liv'd in a world of light;
And I dream'd my love was a gentle slave,
That serv'd me day and night.

And *were* I the queen of an eastern land,
Still, still, he my slave should be;
And his chains should be flowers, and his bonds should be love,
And I would not set him free!

B. B. B.

TO MARY LEAVING ENGLAND.

When kindred hearts are parting,
And tears from fond eyes starting,
Wilt thou remember me?
When sailing o'er yon azure main,
Think that we yet may meet again,
Beyond that western sea?

When moonlight on the wave is glancing,
And white tipped billows round thee dancing,
And fretful breezes sleep—
Let Fancy whisper in thine ear
The sighs of those thou canst not hear,
The prayers of those who weep;

Or paint the blissful meeting,
The tender heartfelt greeting,
Of mutual sympathy:
The tears which, on thy pensive cheek,
Tell but the words thou canst not speak—
I yet am dear to thee!

S. S.

SONG.

How fondly, dearly, still I love thee,
Oh let these weeping eyes declare,
Whose gaze of love shall ne'er reprove thee,
Though me thou leav'st for ev'ry fair.
This heart, though blooming once, is blighted,
And all its hopes of peace are gone;
Its dream of love too coldly slighted,
Before its brightest beams e'er shone.

Ah, can I e'er again believe thee,
Or hear a tongue so false as thine?
The breast, whose sigh can now relieve thee,
Must own another heart than mine:
For mine no beam of joy can sever
From that dark cloud grief round it throws;
Then cease thy cruel cares, for never
A love like thine can soothe my woes.

No longer seek with vain endeavour
To bid my heart for thee to glow,
With love so pure that thou canst never
Half its thrilling pleasures know;
But bid some other heart to cherish
A love as true as mine for thee,
And leave that heart as mine to perish,
But ne'er again return to me.

W. H. L.

STANZAS.

Breathe that strain no more,
For its wild sweet air
Rekindles in my breast
The embers of despair!

I heard it long ago,
At a gay and festive scene,
When I was happier far
Than I have since been.

Many friends were round me
Upon that joyous day,
Some are now no more,
And the rest far away.

She who breathed that song
No longer breathes for me,
Her heart is wholly changed
From what it used to be.

We shall not meet again—
And I would fain forget
That my heart was ever her's,
That we have ever met.

Yet the tear now on my eye
Still only serves to prove,
That I have ceased to hope,
But cannot cease to love!

Then breathe that strain no more,
For its wild sweet air
Rekindles in my breast
The embers of despair!

January, 1827. W. G. M.

TOUCH ME NOT.

A little flower I oft have seen
Blooming in the summer's sun;
It tower'd above its leaves' deep green,
Seeming their dark hue to shun.

That flow'r, they call it "Touch me not;"
Justly by that name 'tis known:
To me it shews the hopeless lot
O'er life's path too often thrown.

I reach'd across to pluck the flow'r—
Quickly from my touch it fled;
Often so, in life's bright hour,
Love's young hopes are withered.

For, when life's morning sun is bright,
Hope its gladness o'er us throws;
False as the flow'r we find love's light
Bright for us no longer glows.

W. H. L.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1827.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Walking Dress.

A dress of *gros de Naples*, of cachou-nut-brown, ornamented at the border with two Mexican flounces, bound round with narrow *rouleau*-binding of the same material as the dress: body made quite plain, and sleeves moderately wide, with fluted ornaments, standing upwards from the wrists, over a very broad bracelet, next the hand, of white and gold enamel. A *tchu-pelerine*, of the same material and colour as the gown, is worn with it, and is finished round by a full double row of trimming pinked at the edges; the ends of the *pelerine* drawn through a belt that encircles the waist: over this appendage, from the throat, falls a *colerette* of fine India muslin, scalloped at the edge, and trimmed with narrow lace. A hat of pink satin, elegantly trimmed with puffings of the same; the puffs edged with narrow *blond*. A rich silk shawl, of *pongeau*-colour, with a broad amber border, is generally thrown over this dress.

No. 2.—Afternoon Costume.

A dress of very fine jacconot muslin, with one broad flounce, embroidered in a rich and splendid pattern. The body plain, and made exactly to fit the shape, but encircled round the upper part of the bust by a broad fallin tucker of fine lace, or of muslin, beautifully embroidered, to answer the flounce on the border of the skirt. The sleeves are long, and confined at the wrists by gold jointed bracelets; the different partitions of which are in points, finely wrought, and finished in the most masterly style. The hair is arranged in full clustered curls and bows, among which are mingled puffs of pink gauze with those of canary-yellow. From the puffs depend long lappets, one of pink, the other of canary-yellow, each terminated by two rich tassels of silk. A belt of canary-yellow satin encircles the waist, and is fastened in front with a square gold buckle. The ear-rings worn with this dress are of wrought gold, and the necklace is formed of two rows of large pearls.

We have seen a dress similar in fashion to that above described, for an evening party; but then the dress was of *tulle* over white satin, and the flounce was of *blond*; the body of white satin; the sleeves short, and the tassels on the lappets were formed of pearls. The whole style, however, is better adapted, according to our first description, for receiving afternoon parties at home.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It is now that the first metropolis in the world is completely thronged with all those who rank highest in fashionable life; the parks, the morning divertissements, and the tasteful repositories of *nouveautés*, present to the admiring eye, bevies of elegant women, arrayed in that most attractive costume, *demi-parure*. The opera, well attended, is a *coup-d'œil* of magnificence and splendour; where the display of the most brilliant diamonds and valuable pearls rivals all the gorgeous pomp of the east, and almost inclines one to regard the tales of the "Arabian Nights" as no fable.

For the out-door morning costume, we find high dresses of *gros de Naples* as much in request as pelisses: they are made high, and with but little ornament; neatness and simplicity generally characterizing the dress of the British ladies at the mild commencement of spring. Over these high dresses, which often form the home costume through the day, is worn a handsome cachemire shawl, with a plain white ground, and rich border of variegated palm-leaves. Pelisses, however, yet prevail, but not so much for the promenade as the high gowns above mentioned: the pelisses are more confined to the carriage, and are of *gros de Naples* of the most charming summer colours: the favourite is a novel kind of brown, partaking of the cachou-nut-brown, and the milk cho-

colate. These elegant envelopes are more conspicuous for the neatness of their finish- than for the fancy of their trimming. Pelerine tippets, of the *fichu* kind, of the same colour and material of the dress with which they are worn, are in high estimation when the weather is mild enough to render such a covering of sufficient warmth for the promenade; but not till the middle, and often the latter end of May, can the weather be said to be settled: when that period arrives, muslin pelerines, and silk *fichus*, will, no doubt, succeed to those worn at present.

Coloured silk hats and bonnets, with rich satin stripes, have succeeded to the black velvet, so much in favour for the four last months. These hats are generally lined with some very striking colour predominant in the stripe, with ribbons beautifully shaded, of which there are bows, with a few sprigs of mountain heath and other light flowers interspersed. These hats have been seen in the public walks, but they are fit only for the carriage. The Leghorn bonnets that have appeared are of a new shape, but we do not hesitate to pronounce them frightful; and we sincerely hope a reform will be effected in these useful and appropriate head-coverings the summer. At present their size is enormous, and the shape so unbecoming and *outré*, that there is no difference in this disguise between fifteen and fifty.

A white silk bonnet, of a beautiful pearl tint, rather close, but not too much so, has been lately completed for a very amiable young lady, about to enter into a second engagement: a long white veil of lace, of English manufacture, but of the finest texture, and most beautiful pattern, is added to this elegant bonnet. Bonnets, in the cottage form, but rather too large, are, when worn for walking, generally of watered *gros de Naples;* but oftener coloured than white: these have a *ruche* at the edge of pinked ribbon the colour of the bonnet: those that are plain at the edge, are finished by a broad blond, forming a curtain-veil.

The evening dresses are superb. Not content with the display of jewellery round the head and arms, nor with the most magnificent necklaces and ear-rings, our ladies of fashion have their gowns caught up at the sleeve with clasps with pearls of the finest size and water. We remarked at the opera a lady who wore her shoulders *fichu*-bracers, with Mexican points on the shoulders; between each of which was a splendid tassel of fine pearls; her hair, her arms, neck, and ears, were also plentifully adorned with the same valuable articles. Another lady, in a dress of black satin trimmed with white *blond*, had a rich display of diamonds: her *beret* turban of black, was profusely ornamented with them, and as if she really had more of these intrinsic gems than she knew what to do with, a splendid *esprit*, entirely of diamonds, was stuck at the back of her turban on the left side, and, except by her own party, was seen by the audience only when she turned her back to it. Dresses of coloured crape are much worn at balls: they are trimmed in a very elegant manner, *en serpentine*, with *rouleaux* of satin and white *blond*. A new mode of trimming ball-dresses is also as pretty as it is simple; it consists of one very broad bias fold; so broad, that it almost approaches the knee: it is headed by a *ruche* of *blond* or *tulle*, or with a *rouleau* of satin surmounted by *blond*. Printed muslins and chintzes prevail again this year for morning dress: the patterns are new, and in very charming variety; but white is expected soon to be preferred; and the favourite trimming for such dresses, it is said, will be several narrow flounces of muslin. The present evening dresses, when of crape, are generally flounced, and the flounces bound with narrow bias in satin. It takes now twelve or fourteen yards to make a full dress of *gros de Naples* for an evening party. The sleeves, though short, are immensely wide, and when they are long, they are in the *gigot* shape, and more capacious than ever. Flounces, full, pointed, and headed with superb ornaments at the top, take up a prodigious quantity of silk; and if a full-dress gown, made low, with short sleeves, will sometimes require fourteen yards of silk to make it handsome; it is not unusual for a pelisse, handsomely trimmed with pelerine capes, *mancherons*, and Bavarian straps, to take thirty yards. The Japanese rose-colour, in taffety, is yet seen, but less at evening parties than at family meetings and social dinners: the colour, though somewhat refulgent, is very becoming, and though well suited for candle-light, never looks amiss, even in summer. During the season of last lent we never saw black so prevalent; even the theatres evinced but little gaiety in the ladies' attire; for the

death of the Empress of Brazil caused court mourning very generally to prevail till the fifth of April. We cannot say we greatly admire the fashion of sashes with three or four ends; it is as unmeaning as it is frippery and extravagant. We have seen a very pretty dinner-party dress of *gros de Naples*, the colour *boue de Paris*. It was trimmed at the border with double *jabots*, in bias of the same material. The body made partially low, and finished down the front of the bust with rich braided ornaments in silk *cordon*: the sleeves were short, and rather too much ornamented with straps, *languettes*, and plaitings, which gave them a heavy appearance, that was somewhat relieved by long sleeves of white *tulle*, with antique points of *blond* at the wrists.

The turbans are remarkably elegant as to shape, and very becoming, either in silk, crape, or gauze; with or without feathers: but for half-dress, caps have now a decided preference: they have much taste displayed in their make and ornaments; and our ladies discover infinite judgment in the putting them on. They are generally placed very backward; and as their texture is light, and the cauls frequently formed of open treillage work, they do not obscure the beauty of a fine head of hair, and are devoid of that dowdy appearance which formerly characterized them, especially when they were of the *cornette* kind. The dress hats worn at the Opera, and sometimes at evening parties, are now of crape; either white or coloured: the crowns are sometimes ornamented with festoons of *blond*, in the hollows of which are placed hyacinths, Parma violets, primroses, or a sprig of lilacs, and the whole finished by a plume of *marabout*-white feathers. Pearls and flowers are mingled amongst the hair of young persons, in evening dress, and diamonds are much in request with matrons in full dress. When turbans are adorned with feathers, the plume is generally formed of the tail of the bird-of-paradise. Puffs of figured gauze of various colours, mingled on the bows of hair, are much in request. The *beret* turbans are remarkably wide, and are rendered yet more so by the feathers being stuck out at the extent of the turban on each side, horizontally. The hair is dressed very low on the forehead, especially when it is ornamented with wreaths of flowers. Feathers at evening parties, at least head-dresses entirely composed of feathers, are worn only in *grande parure*.

Our attention has lately been attracted by the novelty of a bonnet, manufactured in this country, from grass imported from Italy, which, combining durability with much elegance, is likely to become a favourite in the fashionable world. In addition to its beautiful appearance, the Tuscan grass bonnet has also a powerful claim to the patronage of the ladies, from the circumstance of its giving employment to many thousands of British manufacturers who are principally females.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FORRIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

I AM aware that the majority of your fair readers class among the most fashionable; but even for these there is much to be learnt from our varying modes, many Parisian fashions, of which they may yet be ignorant, especially those ladies who reside chiefly in the country, and have never been at Paris. For such, and indeed for all your noble and fashionable patronesses who are not now here, I am about to impart, as usual with me every month, the quickest information possible, relative to the most novel mode.

For out-door spring costume, the *marchandes des modes* are preparing some beautiful pelerines of embroidered muslin, which will soon supersede those now worn, of the same colour and material as the silk dress or pelisse to which they are added. The pelisses are of *gros de Naples*, of pale yellow, or some such spring-like hue: they fasten down the front with bows, which are partly of the same colour as the pelisse, and partly of a very dark colour, marking strongly the contrast. The novelty of the trimming down the sides, in front, and round the border, consists in bias folds, terminated by a quilling of the same two colours as the bows. A triple pelerine cape is trimmed to correspond. Muslin pelisses, lined with coloured sarcenet, are expected to be much in request as the warm weather advances.

Chip hats are now to be seen in all the principal *magasins des modes*: the brims

are as large behind as in front. They are lined with *gros de Naples* of a bright blue the crown low, and encircled by a bias band of *gros de Naples*. At right and left, at the base of the crown, are two rosettes of gauze ribbon with satin stripes. To these rosettes is fixed a loose string. There are neither flowers nor feathers on these hats. The coloured hats are ornamented with early spring flowers, such as white-thorn lilacs and violets. Black and white *blonds* are worn at the edges of morning bonnets, as best pleases the fancy of the wearer: with a pink bonnet, the curtain-veil is generally black The patterns of these broad *blonds* are exquisite; they are very expensive, and are more than four times the value of the bonnet which they trim. *Grande dépense pour un accessoire.* A white bonnet, with a plume of variegated feathers, white and *ponçeau*, is one of the latest novelties in the hat department, and forms a very attractive out-door head covering for young ladies. Carriage hats are often seen ornamented with two *esprit* feathers of some very striking colour; for the public walks, nothing is thought so tasteful as a bonnet of white satin, with a deep *blond* at the edge, forming a demi-veil. Large capotes, or close bonnets, for the morning walks, are generally of light-coloured silks checquered with black; the checquers very large; they are trimmed at the edge with a double *ruche*, pinked. The covering in front of the brim is quite plain; whereas at the back of the bonnet it is in innumerable plaits.

The dress-makers have lately introduced a material for gowns, called *veloutine*: generally, the article is checquered of two colours, that is to say, the ground is of one tint, the squares of another. The trimming of the dress consists of two deep flounces, one only of which is headed: this ornament is generally a row of cocks'-combs, or of shell-work. When a dress is trimmed with bias folds, their folds are generally half a foot in breadth. Among other spring articles for dresses are muslins of different colours, sprinkled all over with various kinds of birds. The moralizing wits of the day remark that this sort of pattern is peculiarly suitable to the females of this country, since it is an emblem of the melody of their voice, the light airiness of their character, and the variety of their caprices. Without exactly adhering to these observations, I cannot avoid recommending these dresses as becoming, and as appropriate to the coming season. It is expected that the borders of dresses this spring will be chiefly trimmed with flounces. I believe that in your country, as well as in my own, this fashion for bordering gowns and petticoats has lasted longer than any other. The new flounces are headed with a *ruche*, or *chicorée*, when of crape or silk. Some ball-dresses have the skirts full all round the waist, like the *blouses*. Tall ladies appear to advantage in these dresses, especially when, according to a new fashion, the skirt is trimmed round with a simple bias fold; while the upper part of the petticoat is ornamented with rows of ribbon, at equal distances from each other, as high as the waist. When evening dresses are of coloured *gros de Naples*, it is not unusual to have them trimmed at the border with two very full broad puckerings of gauze, of the same colour as the dress; the fulness confined by straps of satin, placed in bias across the gauze puckering. Full dress gowns for evening parties have very broad flounces of *blond*, particularly when of satin; and these are made in the fanciful style of Arcadian robes, ornamented round and across with foliage in satin, and *bouquets* of flowers. A favourite dress for the theatres is of taffety, of the colour of bird-of-paradise-yellow, with two broad flounces at the border, pinked in scalops, the body made plain, with a cestus, the same as the dress, fastening in front with a beautifully-wrought buckle of mother-o'-pearl; the sleeves short and full: many ladies prefer with these dresses a *corsage à la Sevigné*, with long sleeves of white *tulle*. Poplins, of light colours, are still in favour for half-dress: they have two broad flounces of gauze, or crape of the same colour as the dress. Muslin pelerines, or those of thread *tulle*, richly embroidered, are generally worn with these dresses. The home dresses that are of *gros de Naples*, are generally made in the style of pelisse robes; the bodies only partially high, and slightly *en gerbe*.

The ball head-dresses are so high that they appear like a scaffolding; and this enormity increases, rather than diminishes. On the bows of hair, are often seen towering a complete forest of feathers, and a thicket of flowers, and gold and silver oats; in short, a multiplicity of ornaments, all placed one above the other, resembling those Chinese head-dresses, which were heretofore cast off,

with a degree of horror; but which, thanks to the caprice of fashion, are now surpassed by our most modish females. Birds-of-paradise are perched on the summit of the head, as if holding dominion over the pearls, flowers, and diamonds, that are mingled among the rest of the tresses. There is taste, however, displayed in this *coiffeure*, for the tails of the birds hang over the back of the head, therefore the elegant head of this superb little creature appearing only in front, when the other ornaments are well disposed, forms a head-dress becoming to some countenances. Long dark hair, also fastened on the summit of the head, with a diamond comb, having a double diadem of those precious gems, is a fashionable head-dress for grand costume, and looks well at evening parties, where full dress is required: the hair is, at the same time, bound over the forehead with a *bandeau* of diamonds. The crowns of the *berets* are all in treillage work; one side of the brim is hollowed out, so that one of the corners is brought over one side, while the more elevated part rises on the other in a conical form. *Marabouts* and short feathers fill up the space which is cut away, and droop over the neck; on the other side a tuft of feathers supports the brim, and lies on the hair.

I cannot yet reconcile to my taste, the silk stockings with coloured clocks: they are particularly in favour with black dresses. Some ladies embroider their stockings, themselves, all over with coloured stars round the ankles and on the instep.

The favourite colours are rose-colour, green, yellow, marine-blue, pearl-grey, primrose, and Parma-violet.

Dress of the Women in the Provinces of Holland.

In the country round about Amsterdam, the favourite head-dress is a *bandeau*, of silver gilt, encircling the forehead, with large plates of silver, or silver gilt, at each side of the head over the ear. Those who cannot afford to decorate themselves with this precious metal are contented with imitations of copper or tin; yet so much are silver ornaments coveted, that they are frequently found on females in very humble stations of life, purchased with their savings, or handed down from generation to generation. The effect of this head-dress is very much like that of a cuirassier's helmet, except that the Dutch beauty is very anxious to display a great number of little distinct curls over the forehead, which are there secured by the *bandeau*. Their petticoats are short, and when white, rival the lily; the body is red, or some other striking colour; and a lace muslin tucker is modestly drawn over the neck.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Last month we noticed with considerable approbation, a work entitled "Scenes and Occurrences in Albany and Caffer Land, South Africa;" and now we have before us a more imposing, and, as far as paper, print, and embellishments are concerned, a truly elegant quarto volume treating of and illustrating subjects of a similar class—"*Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa; by George Thompson, Esq., Eight Years a Resident at the Cape; comprising a View of the present State of the Colony, with Observations on the Progress and Prospects of the British Emigrants.*" This work, as well as the former, is the production of a plain, practical, mercantile man—of a man, blending with his knowledge of business, extensive information on general subjects, a soundness of judgment, and a talent for observation not often surpassed. To all who have a local interest in the affairs of the Cape, his volume will prove a treasure. Regularly divided and arranged, it comprises narratives of excursions to the eastern frontier—to the countries of the Bechuanas, Bushmen, Korannas, and Namaquas—remarks on the establishments, colonization, &c. of the territories; with an extensive appendix, containing many strikingly curious anecdotes, descriptions, &c. Interspersed, there is also a consider-

able portion of spirited and original poetry, by the author's friend, a Mr. Pringle. The maps, plates, wood-cuts, &c., are interesting and useful. Amongst the views, we are particularly pleased with one of Cape Town, taken from a point different from any that we have before seen; *viz.* from the Table Mountain. The effect is uncommonly good.

Our space is, this month—in consequence of pressing claims of the Fine Arts—more narrowly circumscribed than usual; therefore, instead of attempting even the slightest analysis of Mr. Thompson's valuable performance, we must content ourselves with two or three little anecdotes respecting the lion of Southern Africa—anecdotes in which the appendix is peculiarly rich:—

The prodigious strength of this animal (observes Mr. T.) does not appear to have been over-rated. It is certain that he can drag the heaviest ox with ease a considerable way; and a horse, heifer, hartebeest, or lesser prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing upon his shoulder, and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient. I have myself witnessed an instance of a very young lion conveying a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it; and a more extraordinary case, which occurred in the Sneeuwberg, has been mentioned to me on good authority, where a lion, having carried off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the *spoor* or track for fully five hours, by a party on horseback, and throughout the whole distance the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground.

The story of a Hottentot, named Agter Sneeuwberg, deserves record:—

This man was out hunting, and perceiving an antelope feeding among some bushes, he approached in a creeping posture, and had rested his gun over an ant-hill to take a steady aim, when, observing that the creature's attention was suddenly and peculiarly excited by some object near him, he looked up and perceived with horror that an enormous lion was at that instant creeping forward and ready to spring upon himself. Before he could change his posture, and direct his aim upon this antagonist, the savage beast bounded forward, seized him with his talons, and crushed his left hand, as he endeavoured to guard him off with it, between his monstrous jaws. In this extremity, the Hottentot had the presence of mind to turn the muzzle of the gun, which he still held in his right hand, into the lion's mouth, and then drawing the trigger, shot him dead through the brain. He lost his hand, but happily escaped without farther injury

The following, with a very different catastrophe, is yet more remarkable:—

Poor Gert Schepers, a vee-boor of the Cradock district, was out hunting in company with a neighbour—whose name, as he is yet alive, and has perhaps been sufficiently punished, I shall not make more notorious. Coming to a fountain, surrounded, as is common, with tall reeds and rushes, Gert handed his gun to his comrade, and alighted to search for water. But he no sooner approached the fountain, than an enormous lion started up close at his side, and seized him by the left arm. The man, though taken by surprise, stood stock still without struggling, aware that the least attempt to escape would ensure his instant destruction. The animal also remained motionless, holding fast the boor's arm in his fangs, but without biting it severely, and shutting his eyes at the same time, as if he could not withstand the countenance of his victim. As they stood in this position, Gert, collecting his presence of mind, began to beckon to his comrade to advance and shoot the lion in the forehead. This might have been easily effected, as the animal not only continued still with closed eyes, but Gert's body concealed from his notice any object advancing in front of him. But the fellow was a vile poltroon, and in place of complying with his friend's directions, or making any other attempt to save him, he began cautiously to retreat to the top of a neighbouring rock. Gert continued earnestly to beckon for assistance for a long time, the lion continuing perfectly quiet; and the lion-hunters affirm, that if he had but persevered a little longer, the animal would have at length relaxed his hold, and left him uninjured. Such cases, at least, they maintain, have occasionally occurred. But Gert, indignant at the pusillanimity of his comrade, and losing patience with the lion, at last drew his knife (a weapon which every back-country colonist wears sheathed at his side) and with the utmost force of his right arm, plunged it into the animal's breast. The thrust was a deadly one, for Gert was a bold and powerful man; but it did not prove effectual in time to save his own life—for the enraged savage striving to grapple with him, and held at arm's length by the utmost efforts of Gert's strength and desperation, so dreadfully lacerated the breast and arms of the unfortunate man with his talons, that his bare bones were laid open. The lion fell at last from loss of blood, and Gert fell along with him. The cowardly companion who had wit-

nessed this fearful struggle from the rock, now, however, took courage to advance, and succeeded in carrying his mangled friend to the nearest house—where such surgical aid as the neighbours could give, was immediately but vainly applied. Poor Gert expired on the third day after, of a locked jaw.

The late eruption in Portugal, which seems not yet to have entirely subsided, has again imparted a lively interest to every thing connected with former scenes of British exertion and British glory. In consequence, a moderate-sized volume, entitled "*Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula, during the War in* 1812-1813, *by an Officer, late in the Staff Corps Regiment of Cavalry,*" will find abundance of readers: it deserves them, too, for many of its statements are of a striking and original character.

Two volumes of "*Minutes of Remarks on Subjects Picturesque, Moral, and Miscellaneous, made in a Course along the Rhine, and during a Residence in Switzerland and Italy, in the Years* 1822 *and* 23: *by W. Webb, Esq., M.R.I.A., Deputy Commissary General to the Forces,*" will be found an admirable companion to Mr. Hogg's "Two Hundred and Nine Days," noticed at page 170, excepting that it is not altogether so offensively egotistical, so ridiculously stupid and absurd, as that work.

A single volume of "*Sketches in Ireland, descriptive of interesting and hitherto unnoticed Districts in the North and South,*" will afford a morning's pleasant reading. Irish anecdotes, tales, fairy legends, &c., are at this time in high favour.

If a time can be imagined in which such a novel as "*De Vere, or the Man of Independence, by the Author of 'Tremaine,'*" would be read with a deep and agitating interest, superadded to its own; it is the time present—the time when, by the political demise of that respected, esteemed, and revered statesman, the Earl of Liverpool, the keystone of the administration has been withdrawn, and the whole structure has, in consequence, crumbled, as it were, into ruins. The fortuitous circumstances contemporary with the publication of these four volumes, are of a very extraordinary character. Their author—Mr. Robert Ward, it is said—appears to be fully aware of the nature and tendency of these circumstances—aware that, in occupying his pages with the subject of political ambition, he treads upon dangerous ground. "He therefore desires, most seriously, distinctly, and without a reserve, to declare in the outset, once and for ever, that no particular person is meant to be pourtrayed by any of the Dramatis Personæ of this work. He declares, once and for ever, that he knows no such individuals as Wentworth or Beaufort; Mowbray or Cleveland; Lord Oldcastle or Clayton." It may be so; we believe it to be so; yet every reader of common information, or common observation, will *instantly* fix upon prototypes for those declaredly fictitious characters. It is not for us to furnish the key; but we repeat that, *living* originals will promptly be found for these *fancy* portraits. The illness, too, of a great statesman is a striking and pervading feature of the volumes before us. Alluding, in a note, to the indisposition of Lord Liverpool, the writer says—"*This illness may possibly lead to a most important resignation in the present time.* It might really, therefore, require some candour, if left unexplained, to believe that what is described of the same nature, in the work, may not have been intended with particular allusions to the present day. *All that can be said upon it is, that the scene in the book was furnished fourteen months ago, and actually in the press, before this last most sudden as well as unhappy event could have been even contemplated.*" This statement is very remarkable; but it *is*, and *must be* true. With reference to the characters, and the keen political satire of the work, we firmly believe that, without any *intention* on the part of the author to render them personal, they *are* personal; that is, they have, without the writer's knowledge even, become personal, from his habits of intercourse, observation, and delineation of character.

To the mere novel reader, "De Vere" will present few charms; whilst to those who delight in the development of the hidden springs of human action, and in watching the various aspects assumed by the same passion in different individuals, it offers a rich and never-ending treat. The story, embracing no forced incidents or striking situations, is briefly thus:—Lady Eleanor, the daughter of the Earl of Mowbray, incurred the lasting displeasure of that nobleman by her union with Colonel De Vere, whom a high sense of honour in the discharge of his father's debts had reduced to comparative poverty. Colonel De Vere is

killed in battle, leaving to the elder of his two sons the whole of his property, with the exception of £500 to the younger. On the death of his elder brother, the fortunes of Mortimer De Vere, over whom he had exercised the greatest tyranny, are under the guidance of the Earl of Mowbray, the brother of Lady Eleanor, whose only child is the Lady Constance, and with this fair cousin Mortimer falls in love. Urged by a desire to retrieve the ruined fortunes of his house, Mortimer eagerly enters public life, and, aided by Lord Mowbray, a minister high in office, might speedily have attained his object, had not his spirit of independence been a constant stumbling-block in the path of his preferment. His refusal to become the tool of a party, his attachment to a fallen minister, and his unyielding integrity, which forbids him to vote against measures from personal motives, draw upon him the displeasure of his uncle and of his uncle's party. De Vere quits England in disgust, but is recalled by the sudden death of Lord Mowbray. By the discovery of a deed he inherits half of the estates of his Lordship, and no obstacle, but his own delicacy, opposes the offer of his hand to Lady Constance. At the conclusion this obstacle is happily surmounted.—Besides De Vere, the most important characters in the work are those of Wentworth, a statesman of original thought, towering genius, splendid eloquence, and lofty honour—Lord Cleveland, a cold, selfish, heartless man of the world—Lord Mowbray, a time-serving statesman—and Clayton, a *parvenu*, who raises himself, by his cunning, cringing, and servility to a high station in the senate. The story of "De Vere," however, as of "Tremaine," is a point of but minor consideration: it is for its sentiments and principles, for its knowledge of men and manners, of morals and politics, that the new production will be extensively read and studied.

"*Hamel, the Obeah Man*," in two volumes, is a clever, spiritedly-written novel—rather a party-work by-the-bye—the object of which is to elucidate the present state of society in the island of Jamaica, the treatment of slaves, the conduct of the missionaries, and the effects of that conduct upon the black population.

A pleasing Easter offering to our young friends, at this holiday season, presents itself in "*Fairy Tales for Youth, by Catherine Calico*." The tales, eight in number, have been selected, the author tells us, "from the voluminous authors of fairy history, entitled *Cabinet des Fées*," and in her choice she has suppressed or changed whatever she did not like, and has added whatever sentiment, incident, or relation struck her fancy at the moment. If they possess not all the brilliancy of imagination and gorgeousness of description which distinguish the fairy tales of the olden time, they are sufficiently attractive to engage the attention of youth, and inculcate many valuable and important lessons. The volume is embellished with six engravings on steel, executed in a very light, airy, tasteful style.

A brief extract from the "Introduction," to a little volume of "*Servian Popular Poetry, translated by John Bowring*," will convey to the reader a clearer idea of the nature of Servian verse, than any thing that we could offer of our own; unless, indeed, we had time and space for elaborate research.

The earliest poetry of the Servians has a heathenish character; that which follows is leagued with Christian legends. But holy deeds are always made the condition of salvation. The whole nation, to use the idea of Goëthe, is imaged in poetical superstition. Events are brought about by the agency of angels, but the footsteps of Satan can be nowhere traced;—the dead are often summoned from their tombs;—awful warnings, prophecies, and birds of evil omen bear terror to the minds of the most courageous.

Over all is spread the influence of a remarkable and, no doubt, antique mythology. An omnipresent spirit—airy and fanciful—making its dwelling in solitudes—and ruling over mountains and forests—a being called the *Vila*, is heard to issue its irresistible mandates, and pour forth its prophetic inspiration: sometimes in a form of female beauty—sometimes a wilder Diana—now a goddess gathering or dispersing the clouds, and now an owl among ruins and ivy. The Vila, always capricious, and frequently malevolent, is a most important actor in all the popular poetry of Servia. The *Trica Palonica* is sacred to her. She is equally renowned for the beauty of her person and the swiftness of her step.—'Fair as the mountain Vila,' is the higher compliment to a Servian lady—'Swift as the Vila' is the most eloquent eulogium on a Servian steed.

Of the amatory poems of the Servians, Goëthe justly remarks, that when viewed all together, they cannot but be deemed of singu-

passionate, overflowing, and contended affection; they are full of shrewdness and spirit; delight and surprise are admirably pourtrayed; and there is, in all, a marvellous sagacity in subduing difficulties and in obtaining an end; a natural, but at the same time vigorous and energetic tone; sympathies and sensibilities, without wordy exaggeration, but which, notwithstanding, are decorated with poetical imagery and imaginative beauty;—a correct picture of Servian life and manners—every thing, in short, which gives to passion the force of truth, and to external scenery the character of reality.

Mr. Bowring's volume is divided into two parts: the first consists of Historical, Traditional, and Religious Ballads; the second of Lyrics, Songs, and Occasional Poems. Rhyme, except in the shorter lyrical pieces, is seldom used by the Servians. In all the narrative pieces, therefore, Mr. B., to give as close a view as possible of the original, has disregarded rhyme; but has, as nearly as the genius of the English language will permit, preserved the Servian measure. Perhaps some of the pieces in the first part of the volume are the more striking and curious; but, as they are all too long for our purpose, and will not, without injury, admit of excerpt, we must confine ourselves to specimens from the second part. The first is entitled The Dance:—

Omer's court is near to Sarajevo;*
All around it is a woody mountain:
In the midst there is a verdant meadow;
There the maidens dance their joyous Kolo.†
In the Kolo there is Damian's loved one;
O'er the Kolo her fair head uprises,
Rises gay and lustrous in her beauty.
'Midst the Kolo Nicholas addressed her:
"Veil your face, thou Damian's best beloved!
For to-day death's summons waits on Damian;
Half thy face veil over, lovely maiden!"
Hardly the prophetic words were utter'd,
Ere a gun was heard from the green forest;
Damian, wounded, fell amidst the Kolo—
Damian fell, and thus his love addressed him:
"O my Damian! O my sun of springtime!
Wherefore, wherefore didst thou shine so brightly,
Thus so soon to sink behind the mountain?"
"My beloved! O thou rose all beauteous

* Sarajevo, a large commercial city in Bosnia, on the river Miljazka.

† The popular national dance of the Servians.

And I never can enjoy, nor wear thee?"

The next is Love:—

The youth he struck on the tambourine,
And nought was so bright as its golden sheen;
Of the hair of maidens twined together
Its strings, which he struck with a falcon's feather.
The maid look'd down from the balcony,
And thus to her inner self said she:—

"O heaven! What a noble youth is he!
Would'st thou but give this youth to me,
I would make of the garden-pinks his bed,
I would lay fair roses under his head;
And waked by perfume, with what delight
Would he kiss the maiden's forehead white!"

We conclude with Wishes:—

O that I were a little stream,
That I might flow to him—to him!
How should I dance with joy, when knowing
To whom my sparkling wave was flowing!
Beneath his window would I glide,
And linger there till morning tide;
When first he rouses him to dress
In comely garb his manliness,—
Then should he weak or thirsty be,
O he might stoop to drink of me!
Or baring there his bosom, lave
That bosom in my rippling wave.
O what a bliss, if I could bear
The cooling power of quiet there!

What is the matter with Mr. Moore? How is it that, of late, we have seen nothing from the pen of this once-charming, once-fascinating writer, that can be termed worthy of a perusal? Were we disposed to be *alliterative*, we would ask whether his muse has lost her energy by paddling in the pestilent pool of party politics? We have looked over "*Evenings in Greece—First Evening; the Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music composed and selected by H. R. Bishop and Mr. Moore.*" Of the music we shall here say nothing: the poetry, of which we subjoin one of the most favourable specimens, is sad slip-slop, totally unworthy of the author of "Lalla Rookh:"—

I saw from yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running side by side,
The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
"Oh love!" said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,
"Here, in this dark and chilly stream,
Be all my pains forgot at last."

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, "O love! whate'er my lot,
Still let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remember'd too!"

John Clare, the untaught Northamptonshire bard, whose "Poems on Rural Life," &c. have long been well known, has given to the public another volume entitled "*The Shepherd's Calendar, with Village Sketches and other Poems.*" Evincing a true and devotional feeling for the charms of nature, the production before us will at least sustain the reputation of its author.

Miss Mitford, the ever-pleasing, ever-fascinating author of "Our Village," "Julian," "Foscari," &c., has conferred another obligation upon the reading world, by presenting them with a volume of "*Dramatic Scenes, Sonnets, and other Poems.*" The Scenes, some of which display the finest, truest tact, are twelve in number; of Sonnets, the volume contains more than twenty; several Songs; a reprint of Watlington Hill, &c. We shall, next month, in another department of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, endeavour to render justice to this charming book.

In our preceding volume (page 218) we noticed, at considerable length, and with much praise, Mr. Dagley's amusing and ingenious work, entitled "*Death's Doings.*" A more successful production has seldom, of late years, come before the public. It is already in its second edition, with six additional plates, and new literary illustrations, prose and verse, by Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, N. T. Carrington, R. Montgomery, David Lester Richardson, S. Maunder, T. Hood,, W. H. Leeds, the Rev. H. Stebbing, Mrs. Hofland, &c. In its present improved form, the work consists of two handsome, elegantly printed volumes. The fronti-piece to the first volume, from a drawing by Adrian Vande Venne, in the collection of the late Paul Sandby, R.A., in which Death is exhibited as preaching from a charnel house amidst skulls and bones, is an important acquisition. The engraved title-page to the second volume forcibly reminds us of some of the designs in Hood's "Whims and Oddities:" it is a capital hit. Besides the additional plates, there are several new tail-pieces of superior design and execution.

The nature and character of "*The Excursion of a Village Curate; or, the Fruits and Gleanings of a Month's Ramble in Quest of Health,*" is conveyed to the reader in the title-page. It consists of sketches, descriptive and narrative, stage-coach adventures, and adventures with gypsies, reflections on visiting the scenes of childhood, reveries, a ghost story, &c. &c., interspersed with poetical effusions. The story of Ellen Audley is very sweetly told, and a tone of good feeling pervades the work which must recommend it to the general reader. It possesses little bustle or activity, and few striking incidents; but, it is written in a quiet yet cheerful strain, and is evidently the production of one who pursues the noiseless tenor of his way, far from the city's turmoil, and the soul-distracting din of men.

A coarse and somewhat vulgar book, but abounding with curious and amusing information, presents itself in "*Demonologia, or Natural Knowledge Revealed; being an Exposé of Ancient and Modern Superstitions, Credulity, Fanaticism, Enthusiasm, and Imposture, as connected with the Doctrine, Caballa, and Jargon, of Amulets, Apparitions, Astrology, Ghosts, Gypsies, Incantations, Jugglers, Magic, Death-Signs, Sorcery, Witchcraft, &c. &c., the whole unfolding many Singular Phenomena in the Page of Nature.*" In collecting and arranging his materials, the editor has evidently not been deficient in industry.

A very happy thought has been acted upon in a publication just commenced, under the title of "*The Road-Guide, or Traveller's Companion, from Recent Personal Surveys.*" "There are," observes the editor, "many and great objections to the existing Road-Guides: a traveller, who wishes to pass over one route, must purchase a description of all the routes in the country, which is just as absurd in principle, as though he were made to pay all the coach-fares." This objection is done away in the Road-Guide before us; the first portion of which, in a convenient pocket form, and at the insignificant cost of eighteen-pence, takes a single route: "it describes only the road from London to Birmingham; but it notices every thing along that road which can increase either the information or the comfort of the traveller." It gives a clear, neatly executed map of four pages; and, amongst other novelties, it indicates the geological

structure of the earth, which serves as a guide to indigenous plants, throughout different portions of the route. The intention of the proprietors is, at intervals of publication, as short as the labour of such an undertaking will permit, to publish similar guides for all the routes in the kingdom.

NEW MUSIC.

"Trova un sol mia bella Chlori;" Canzonetta di Mestatasio composto da F. W. Horncastle.—"Hark to yonder Milk Maid singing," a Ballad by Ditto.—Cramer and Co.

Mr. Horncastle is one of our few vocalists who is at the same time a thoroughly scientific musician: his compositions are rising rapidly in the estimation of the musical world. The Italian canzonet before us we should have imagined, from internal evidence, to have proceeded from the pen of a native, it so completely enters into the character of that style of music; and it will not be the less esteemed for bearing an elegant resemblance to that established favourite, "Vuoi che lasci," *alias*, "Cherry Ripe!" The accompaniment is particularly well managed, so as not to interfere with the melody. The second song, as may be imagined from the title, is of a light cast, simple and pleasing. The flowing accompaniment in both instances harmonizes admirably with the voice.

"Child of the Sun;" Duet, sung by Messrs. Horncastle and Welsh, composed by F. Horncastle.—Welsh and Hawes.

This duet, we should imagine, from the style, was written, not as a rival but a relief, to that everlasting butterfly duet of J. B. Sales; and we prognosticate that if well introduced, it will bid fair to drive that old stager out of the field. We like it much; it reminds us of some of Travis's best.

PIANO-FORTE.

Reminiscences of Scotland: a Fantasia on three favourite Scotch Airs, by J. B. Cramer. Op. 73. — Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

One of the three melodies which the composer has made use of, "The yellow haired Laddie," has been arranged already in such a multiplicity of ways, that we should scarcely think it possible to strike out any thing novel on the subject. Mr. Cramer has, however, constructed a most elegant movement, with more originality than we expected. The first movement, "Scots wha hae," has also been much handled, but not by any composer of such eminence: it is short and sweet. The rondo, "Kenmures, on and awa," is almost untrodden ground, and is worked up in a most brilliant manner. The whole fantasia is in the concerto style, relieved by occasional *tuttis*, a branch of composition in which Mr. C. is eminently happy. The cadenzi at the points *d'orgue*, though short, are brilliant and well constructed.

Theme, composed by C. M. Von Weber; arranged with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, by J. P. Pixis. Op. 90.—Cramer and Co.

We do not recollect this theme of Weber's, which is a spirited and original *chasse*, particularly calculated to give character to the variations by its abrupt modulations. The first bar is light and easy; the second, *più moderato*, worked up *alla Fugato*, rather chromatic; the third, brilliant, and introduces the illegitimate double shake, which Pixis and Hertz are so fond of, produced by alternate hands. *A Tempo di Marcia*, and *Allegro con Brio*, with *coda*, are all in a dashing, spirited style. The Introduction, which is very short, is formed from parts of the theme worked up.

Rondo expressif, pour le Piano-forte, sur un Air de J. B. Cramer; par J. Moscheles. Op. 71.—Cramer.

The subject of this lesson is elegant, and it is treated in a very masterly manner; but the general style, and the remote keys through which it wanders, will not suit the generality of amateurs.

La Gaietie. Rondino by Schlesinger. Op. 5. —Cramer and Co.

A beautiful spirited lesson, moderately difficult, and very original. The author has been rather lavish of his resources: he has given a sufficient number of subjects for at least two rondos of the sort.

Two favourite Movements, from Haydn's Op. 23, arranged as a duet, by W. Sherrington.

This minuet and finale are so well known, that no notice of the original subject is necessary: suffice it to say, that the arrangement is simple and effective, but perhaps a little too thin.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

Rossini's serious opera of *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, has been produced, though not with the happiest effect in its subordinate parts, for the purpose of bringing forward the new favourite Signora Giacinta Toso, as the heroine. Her execution was fine, but not surpassingly so. Madame Brizzi, upon the same occasion, made her *début* as *Zamira*. A theatre less extensive than this would better suit the moderate volume of her voice. She may, however, be pronounced an accomplished and attractive singer.

In *La Gazza Ladra*, Zuchelli has been succeeded by Signor Galli, a celebrated basso cantante, as *Il Padre Fabrizzio*. In voice, and also in person, Galli strongly reminded us of our departed English songster, Incledon. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to surpass the splendour, and depth, and affecting power of his *Oh Nume benefico*, and *Che abisso di pene*. In all the latter passages of the piece he was truly admirable.

DRURY-LANE.

The theatres have displayed their wonted spirit in the arrangement of their pieces for Easter, and in this instance have produced a greater share of good acting matter, with less of paint and gilding than is usual with them. At this house we have *The Boy of Santillane, or the Robber of Asturias*, which the reader will at once recognise as appertaining to the splendid work of Le Sage, *Gil Blas*. They may doubtless remember that a cold, and yet extravagant version of the novel has before taken place at the English Opera House: the present piece, however, far outsteps its predecessor, both in ingenuity of construction and in dramatic effect; although considerably differing from its great prototype. The piece commences with the well-known departure of *Gil Blas* from his uncle *Gil Perez*, proceeds with his adventures at the inn, where the landlord, *Andrew Corcuelo*, declares him to be "the eighth wonder of the world," with his final captivity among the robbers. *Gil Blas* meditates an escape from his mad companions, but is taken in the attempt, and it is but with the greatest difficulty that he again ingratiates himself in the favour of the robbers, who, to try his courage, compel him to accost the first passenger. This traveller appears as a monk, and suffers himself to be despoiled of a weighty purse—of stones. *Rolando* then feeling some confidence in *Gil Blas*, throws off his clerical disguise, and takes his *protégé* with him in search for new adventures. Previously to the setting out of *Gil Blas* into the world, he has contracted an attachment with *Donna Mensia*, the daughter of a wealthy grandee, *Don Martin*. During the absence of her lover, the young lady declares her passion; and her father, incensed at the circumstance, places her in his carriage, with the intention of lodging her in a monastery. On their route, however, they are attacked by the band, who bear away the captives to the cavern. After the action, *Gil Blas*, who was not present at the affray, discovers *Rolando* wounded and dying, who informs him of the late encounter, and also of the secret entrance to the cavern, which information being overheard by *Corcuelo*, the landlord, the officers of justice have instant intelligence of the fact. *Gil Blas* returns to the cave, and finds *Despardo* intoxicated and elated with his promotion, he on the fall of *Rolando* having been elected Captain. *Gil Blas* contrives to liberate *Donna Mensia:* he is, however, observed by the old Black, and the fugitives are overtaken and secured in an old Moorish tower. Here the officers of justice arrive, and prepare to blow up the building, when *Donna Mensia* and *Gil Blas* appear at the gate of the tower, supplicating assistance. *Rolando* instantly dashes through, turns the ring, and *Gil Blas* and the lady escape; the mine immediately explodes, and the piece concludes.

The drama was, throughout, acted with uncommon talent. The *Gil Blas* of Miss Kelly brought forth all the admirable capabilities of the actors; the final interview with *Gil Perez* was excellently conceived and effected. Mr. Wallack played *Rolando* with energy, skill, and adroitness. In this kind of character, in the bold, and, if we may so express it, the picturesque, Mr. Wallack has no superior; he is all that can be desired by the lovers of romance and melo-drama. Would that his efforts were solely confined to pieces of the character of *The Boy of Santillane*, to his "long farewell" to Otway and Shakspeare. Mr Cooper, as *Despardo*, was "a bold-faced villain;" the part, however, receives what little excellence it has from the actor: it has no intrinsic value. Harley was the *beau-ideal* of the knavish, slippery, sycophantic innkeeper. Every feature of his countenance seemed impressed with the words "rogue," and "wag." Mr. Hughes, who frequently adds to a little part no mean importance, played *Gil Perez* with considerable ability. Webster's fat, lame cook, was humorous, and, in a great degree, true to the original.

The scenery is throughout very beautiful, and truly Spanish. It has an evident and a definite character. The overture, by Mr. T. Cooke, was light and agreeable, and on the whole the piece gave universal satisfaction, and will doubtless, return an ample profit to the manager.

A comedy, from the pen of Mr. Lunn, called *Fast and Slow*, has been produced, and very summarily condemned. As we shall not perform the irksome task of disinterring the "comedy" in order to dissect it, we may here end our notice of *Fast and Slow*. We may perhaps be permitted to add, that it was stated by Mr. Price, when he took the management of the theatre, that the manifold abuses which were notorious in its government, should speedily be deracinated, that the weeds should be plucked up with an unsparing hand, and an additional tenderness and care be paid to the flowers. Among these abuses, that of insulting an audience with the repetition of a piece universally condemned on its first presentation, should be forthwith abolished. How was it that, after the vehement opposition made to *Fast and Slow*, on the first night, it was played a second?

COVENT-GARDEN

Has not been behind its rival in its attention to the tastes of Easter holiday-makers, and has therefore produced with great *éclat* the far-famed *Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians.* — *Peter Wilkins*, with three of three of his shipmates, having been captured by Portuguese enemies, remain some time at Lisbon, from which place they ultimately escape, taking their passage in a richly-laden ship for the Indies. On their passage they suffer shipwreck, and are cast upon the Magnet Rock in the Pacific. From this rock the four swim to the adjacent land, a soil covered with plenty, and under the influence of a beautiful sky, where, having built themselves huts, they for a time congratulate themselves on their escape; however, tedium ensues, and they are bemoaning their hapless lot, divided from "the fairer part of human clay," when *Peter* is surprized by the sight of a woman, *Yourawkee*, who, with her sister *Hallycarnie*, has flown from the Flying Island, and has been met by a *Monster* of the woods, who despoiled both the fair ones of their pinions. *Peter* makes love to *Yourawkee*, dances, plays on the castanets, and is received as her successful suiter. *Phelim O'Scud* and *Nicodemus Crowquill* now appear, and all determine upon a chase after the *Monster* for *Hallycarnie*. In the night, however, the *Monster* steals away *Yourawkee;* a pursuit is commenced, and after much danger the *Gawries* (or flying women) are rescued from the hands of the *Monster*. In the meantime, however, the father of the *Gawries*, being uneasy at the absence of his children, comes with a vast retinue of his flying subjects in search of his daughters. Finding them, he bestows *Yourawkee* on *Peter*, who is forthwith conveyed, in a car, to which are harnessed some dozen *Glums* (flying men) to the Flying Island, and the piece concludes. We are still left in a state of uncertainty as to the fate of *Peter's* companions. Whether they prevail on any of the *Gawries*, "whose native home's above," or confine themselves to a lower sphere, we know not; imagination, however, must commence where the dramatist concludes. Perhaps, in a moral point of view, it would have been better had some genius raised *Peter* to an equal dignity with his wife, by the gift of a pair of wings: then, to be sure, we should have lost the flight of the car, and thus, as in too many circumstances, we sacrifice utility to shew.—On the whole, the piece is excellently "got up." We object to Mrs. Vining as *Peter Wilkins;* not as Mrs. Vining, but simply because we think the dispositions of the character do not demand a lady. Power and Keely threw some happy dashes of comedy into the piece in their respective characters of *Phelim* and *Nicodemus;* and Miss M. Glover and Miss J. Scott, as the despoiled *Gawries* (although of course their pinions are suffered to grow again) looked and played like creatures who could only have reached this earth by the aid of wings. Mr. Parsloe, as the *Monster*, is entitled to the highest praise; his agility amounts to the wonderful. The scenery is of course highly beautiful, and the mechanical department managed with great skill. We think many successful incidents in *Peter Wilkins* have been suggested by a tale called, we think, *Jamasp*, in the late new series of *The Arabian Nights*, where flying is also carried on, on a most magnificent scale. Altogether, we may pronounce *Peter Wilkins* to have been most successful, and to deserve its success.*

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Mr. Mathews is still performing; although we fear not with equal success to that of the

* It is not generally known, that the ingenious and beautiful romance—"*The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man*"—on which this piece is confessedly founded, was the production of a Bishop Wilson.

early part of the season. He has been compelled to transpose his *Monopolylogue* between the two acts of his *Home Circuit*, in order to keep his audience together. An evidence this that monopolylogues are fast on the decline.

GREEN-ROOM ECHOES.

Mr. Morris has received intelligence from the authorities, that the season of the Haymarket cannot extend beyond the term of four months. We hear that Mr. Elliston is about to take the Surrey, having relinquished the idea of building "The New Brunswick Theatre." Mr. Liston does not join the Haymarket this season: Mr. John Reeve is studying *Paul Pry*.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c

ROYAL ACADEMY.

ACCORDING to annual custom the exhibition at Somerset House is to open on the first Monday in the present month (May). We speak from good authority in saying that it is expected to surpass in merit every exhibition of the Royal Academy which has yet appeared. The pictures by the academicians themselves are unusually numerous; and, to say nothing of portrait, the collection will be rich in history, in poetry, and in landscape.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE spring exhibition at this gallery closed on the 28th of April. For the approaching summer exhibition we learn that, from the extraordinary attraction of His Majesty's collection of pictures, the public is again to be gratified by its view, with many valuable additions.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE gallery of this rising institution opened for its fourth season on the 2d of April. It is, to the observing, with views of pictures, as with views of the human countenance: the first glance generally conveys an accurate idea of general character. On entering the gallery this year, it is impossible, we apprehend, not to be favourably impressed by its general aspect. Walk round the entire range of the apartments, and still the general effect is favourable. The respective features, however, are not strong: they present nothing that is very striking—nothing that seizes the attention and fixes itself upon the mind. Yet the gallery contains much that is really good—more so perhaps than in any former year—much that indicates improvement amongst the artists, and also in the public taste.

Premising that our present view must be brief and rapid, we hasten to remark that, with the exception of Northcote's Princess Bridget Plantagenet (117) there is little that can be termed historical. Northcote also has a fine picture (180) of a Man with a Hawk in his Fist, a striking portrait of a Dominican Friar (226) and one or two other pieces.

One of the most beautiful and really-splendid landscape productions is Linton's Mont Orgueil Castle, with the Valley and Bay of Grouville, in the Island of Jersey, the French Coast in the Distance (140). Stanfield's Dieppe Castle (210) does credit to this artist's pencil.

Egerton has no fewer than ten pieces; amongst which his Will-o'-the-Wisp (241) will, if we mistake not, prove one of the most attractive pictures in the room. It is not quite original in invention, but capital in effect.

Roberts is even more rich than usual in external as well as in internal architecture. His Shrine of Edward the Confessor, Westminster Abbey (17) will claim much notice; and so will, more or less, his Cathedral of Notre Dame, Antwerp (248), Alloway Kirk, the scene of Burns's poem of Tam O'Shanter (333); and especially the West End of Rosslyn Chapel (337).

Calais Pier, a Passing Shower (118) by Wilson, is very spirited and happy in its effect. This artist has several other water-pieces of great merit.

Stevens, Bradley, and others, have some clever pieces of fish, game, &c., which we have not room to enumerate. A hint, however, should be given to some of our young artists not to buy third day herrings and plaice, to paint from: such objects are offensive in art as well as in nature, especially before dinner.

Miss Beaumont's Master Haffenden is a very successful effort, but it is placed too high for full effect. Many of the small pictures, however—some of them amongst the best, such as John Varley's Cottage Scenes and Wood-scene (561, 786, and 801)—are placed so low that, without kneeling or lying down, it is impossible to obtain a sight of them.

Knight, the son of the late Edward Knight, the comedian, has a capital portrait of Munden, and two or three other pieces.

Amongst the exhibitors in sculpture, Baily, the academician, stands pre-eminent.—Our more detailed remarks must stand over till the ensuing month.

PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The national exhibition, as it may be truly termed, of this society, did not open till the 23d of April, when our notice of it ought to have been at press; and then the room was so crowded that we could do little more than obtain a peep at some of the chief pictures We know not whether the present is not the best exhibition this society has yet had; at all events it is not inferior to any by which it has been preceded. The *coup-d'œil*, upon entrance, flashes conviction upon the mind of the visitor that he is on the point of being eminently gratified and delighted.

Prout has some of the most splendid productions we ever witnessed from his pencil; amongst others the Ponte Rialto at Venice (26 and 260); Nuremberg Bavaria (30); Bridge of Sighs, Venice (67); Church of St. Maclou, Rouen (141) &c.

Some of Copley Fielding's Marine Views are unsurpassable in truth, spirit, and effect His Pilot Boat going off to a vessel in a hard gale (109) is wonderful for the apparent action of its objects. the boat seems like a living creature tossed about upon the face of the waters.

John Varley has been successfully industrious; and, without losing a particle of his vividness and force, he has, we think, materially improved the sobriety and firmness of his tone. We must return to him more at length next month.

Gastineau, Robson, Barret, Havell, Dewint, Austin, &c, have several very interesting pieces. Stephanoff was never more successful. Richter's Taming of the Shrew has great spirit, but, in other respects, it does not altogether satisfy us.—Cristall, as ever, is pre-eminent in his peasants Hunt displays a great versatility of talent: his Dead Birds, &c., are amongst the best things of the kind we ever saw.—We regret exceedingly that neither time nor room will at present suffer us to enlarge.

SIEVIER'S STATUARY.

At the room in Regent Street, formerly fitted up for, and occupied by, Mr. Bullock's ingeniously-modelled Battle of Poictiers, an exhibition of statuary has just been opened of the most interesting order. The principal figure in marble, nearly nine feet in height, represents our Saviour in his last agony on the cross. "The point of time appears to have been selected when the bitterness of death may be regarded as just past, and the calmness of resignation and acquiescence in the divine will as coming on." It is not often that an opportunity is afforded us of complimenting the writers of descriptive catalogues upon either their taste or accuracy; but, in the present instance, Mr. Angrezini's description of this production, sold in the rooms, is really an elegant little piece of criticism; and, for its truth, as well as beauty, we recommend it to the notice of the visitor. We should transcribe the whole of the sketch had we room. Mr. Sievier's chisel has here, we conceive, done him the highest honour.

When the figure (No. II) representing Pity, from Mrs. Barbauld's allegory, was exhibited last year in the gallery of the British Institution, our remark was, that it evinced much grace, beauty, and delicacy of form, but that it by no means embodied the conception of Mrs Barbauld. The "bosom," we added, was indeed "bare," but certainly it presented no indication of "throbbing" This is precisely our opinion still.

No. III. a Sleeping Bacchante, we have seen before—we believe at Somerset House. It struck us then, and we can discover no reason for changing our opinion, that it ought rather to have been designated a sleeping nymph. The repose of this finely-proportioned and exquisitely-beautiful figure is too soft, too quiet, too placid for the repose of one who had been engaged in "the wild orgies and frantic revels of the night." Call it by another name, however, and it is a production which the first connoisseur might be proud to possess

No. IV. is a truly elegant and delicate little group of the Graces, copied from Canova's larger work in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

There are some smaller statues and groups, also in marble, and several busts. Amongst the latter we particularly noticed the model for a bust of the Lord Chancellor Eldon. The likeness is intense. Every lover of sculpture ought to visit this exhibition.

JUVENILE VIOLIN PERFORMANCES.

The attention of the musical world—that is, the musical world of London—is at this time much attracted by the performance of Master Harrington, a child of only six years old, and who has been only fourteen months under tuition, upon a full-sized violin. The style in which he draws the bow—a very *long* bow, certainly, for him—is really surprising; and the taste which he displays, and the tone and brilliancy of his execution of several really-difficult compositions, are at least as gratifying as surprising.

Master Harrington is a fine, well-grown, graceful boy; and a circumstance which gave

as great pleasure is that, to counteract the ill effects which might result from the professional efforts of so mere a child, he is repeatedly, in the course of the day, subjected to a course of gymnastic exercise, extremely simple in its nature, not at all laborious or fatiguing, and yet admirably effective. We had the pleasure of witnessing the child's gymnastic, as well as his musical performances; and the former we conceive might be adopted unobjectionably and with incalculable advantage in every nursery and play-ground.

This exhibition commenced at the Egyptian Hall; but has since been removed to an exceedingly commodious apartment at the New Argyll Rooms.

SHAKSPEARIAN AND MILTONIAN READINGS.

AT the Argyll Rooms, on the evening of April 4, Mr. Smart, who has for several successive seasons distinguished himself by his admirable Readings of Shakspeare, delivered to an elegant and crowded audience, the chief scenes of Hamlet, with a degree of taste, discrimination, and effect, but rarely witnessed even upon the stage.

On Thursday evening, in the ensuing week, he ventured upon a task yet more hazardous, in which, however, we found him eminently successful—readings of select passages from the Paradise Lost of Milton. Of all our English poets, Milton is, unquestionably, the most difficult to read with effect. Superadded to this difficulty, Milton is not, in our day, the most popular of poets. People talk much about Milton; but, in reality, without reading him, admiring him, or fully entering into his spirit. Notwithstanding all this, Mr Smart, after some brief but elegantly-written remarks upon the character and genius of the poet, delivered a succession of passages, constituting, as it were, an epitome of the whole poem, in a manner which at once delighted and electrified his hearers. A few more such efforts by Mr. Smart, the Coryphœus amongst our practical teachers of elocution, would restore Milton to the popularity which he ought never to have lost. Why should he not give a *series* of readings from Milton?

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

The Coronation.—It will interest many of the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE to know that the Second Part of that splendid national work, The History of the Coronation, by Sir George Nayler, has just appeared, in a style of beauty surpassing even that of the First Part. The subjects are as follows:—1. His Majesty George IV Proclaimed King at the Royal Exchange;—2. The King in his Robes, wearing a Cap of Estate, his Train borne by eight eldest sons of Peers, assisted by the Master of the Robes;—3. The King, seated in St Edward's Chair, crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury;—4. The Royal Banquet;—5. Standard of St George, borne by a Baron (Lieut. Gen. Lord Hill) in his Coronation Dress, &c. attended by his page (Lord W. P. Lenox);—6. Treasurer of His Majesty's Household (Lord C. Bentinck) bearing the crimson bag with the medals;—7 Lord Mayor of London (Thorp) in his Coronation Robes;—8. Knight Commander of the Bath (Admiral Sir E. Nagle) in his mantle and habit;—9. Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard (G. Colman, Esq.);—10 Gentleman of His Majesty's Privy Chamber (Sir F. G. Fowke, Bart);—11. Officer of the Jewel House (T. B Mash, Esq., Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household.

Views of English Cities.—It has often been our pleasing duty to bestow high and deserved praise on the exertions of Mr. Britton: they are always characterised by good sense and purity of taste. To few men, indeed, if any, are the professors and lovers of the fine arts more deeply indebted than to Mr. Britton. In the early part of our present volume, (page 11) we announced the appearance of the first No.—the work to be completed in four Nos.—of Picturesque Views of the English Cities, from Drawings by G. F. Robson; edited by J. Britton, F.S.A., &c. The second No. has since appeared, surpassing the first in merit; and, we have the editor's promise—almost a superfluous one—that it is intended to make the remaining Nos. still superior in execution. In the address accompanying the first No, it is elegantly and truly observed, that "the variegated and ever-changeable effects produced by clouds, which alternately and successively indicate the tranquil grey morn—the vivid mid-day—the twinkling or flaming sun-set of evening—the murky and awful storm—the prismatic rainbow—the mystic haze—and, by their absence in the cloudless sky—constitute the machinery which the artist employs to heighten and adorn the local scene, or the composed landscape." In the series of prints here offered—the whole of which are engraved in line—the editor has redeemed his pledge that each and all of these effects should be represented: they are effectively and beautifully represented; the artists never having lost sight of that grand principle of painting, upon which Mr. Britton justly lays so much stress, "that

distant and general views of buildings and of scenery, are most faithful and effective when they represent general masses, and not particular parts; when they convey to the eye and mind a concentrated whole, and not a collection of subordinate details."—The views already given are as follow:—

Norwich (East) J. C. Varrall;— Lichfield, Tombleson; — Rochester, W Smith; —Worcester, T. Barber;—Canterbury, M. Barenger; —York, W. Woolnoth; — Chichester, T. Jevons;—Bristol, T. Jeavons;—Winchester, E. Roberts and W. Taylor, junior;—Hereford, T. Jevons; —Salisbury, T. Higham;—Chester, J C.Varral;—Carlisle, Tombleson;—Norwich (South) T. Jevons;—Wells, T. Redaway;— Lincoln, W. Tombleson.

The cheapness of this publication, with reference to the beauty of its execution, forces itself upon our notice. One point, however, is much to be regretted—there are no letter-press illustrations of the views. "But for that oppressive and unjust *literary tax*," observes Mr Britton, "which exacts *eleven* copies of every published book an author may produce, the editor would have written an account of each city, to accompany and exemplify the respective representations To avoid this heavy and unrecompenced impost, he is precluded from attempting such novel and impressive accounts of the different cities, as would at once give value to the book, and become interesting to natives and strangers" We are glad to find that the difficulty here deplored, will, though not without a slight pecuniary sacrifice, be, to a certain extent, overcome; for the editor states that "he may probably hereafter make an appendage worthy of the subject and of the engravings."

The late John Kemble. — Dedicated to Charles Kemble, Esq., we have before us "Illustrations of the late John Philip Kemble, drawn on stone, by Richard J. Lane, from pictures painted in his life-time by John Boaden; exhibiting that great Actor in the Characters of Coriolanus, Hamlet, Hotspur, Macbeth, King John, Cato, the Stranger, and Penruddock." It is well observed, that "the late Mr. Kemble was one of the most picturesque actors that ever existed; and, accordingly, every painter among us who cultivated elegance in his art, studied Mr. Kemble as a sort of *living antique*; and, in a long course of historical compositions, his features have frowned in the heroes, or meditated in the monks, and he seems even to have supplied the *costume* along with the form, the attitude, and the gesture." Mr. Boaden is, if we mistake not, a son of the well-known veteran dramatist and biographer of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. His paintings, from which these lithographic copies have been made, were, during Mr. Kemble's life-time, exhibited in the gallery of the British Institution, and will, therefore, be in the recollection of many of our readers. Generally, the likenesses are faithful and spirited—the portrait of Macbeth we think by far the least so —and there is at once a sharpness, a freshness, and a softness in the execution of which we hardly thought the lithographic art to be capable. The series forms a truly valuable memorial of the histrionic fame of the greatest actor of the present age.

Burnet's Light and Shade. — Forming a valuable sequel and companion to his Practical Hints on Composition in Painting, Mr. Burnet has lately published Practical Hints on Light and Shade in Painting; illustrated by Examples from the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. *Practical* is the word that, of all others, most truly characterises these *hints*. "There is no fixed mode," says Mr. B., "for conveying instruction; those things which appear to the reader to be useful, he will connect in his own mind by a chain of reasoning, shorter than the shortest which could be furnished by writing; and the longest dissertation to prove the existence or utility of that which appears of no advantage, would be unavailing." The author's hints are, therefore, thrown out as they occur, without any relation to connexion, or a regular treatise; and, certain we are that it will be impossible for any student in painting to read his work, and carefully to examine the examples which he has given, without deriving great improvement from his labour. This thin volume of 45 pages of letter-press, contains eight plates, embracing about forty different subjects.

Hassell's Art of Etching.—Nothing can convey a more accurate idea of the nature of Mr. Hassell's work than its title—"A Practical Treatise on the Art of Etching, or Manner of Copying Pictures and Drawings, by a Method at once Scientific, Tasteful, and Amusing: to which are added, Instructions, detailing minutely the whole Process of Representation, from an Outline to a Finished Print, with Directions for Making and Compounding every Article used in the Process: Illustrated with Plates in Progress, of Landscape, Cattle, and Figures, from Original Works of Claude Lorraine, Rembrandt, Berghem, Ostade, Paul Potter, &c. &c." The illustrative plates are nine in number; and all that is necessary in the form of instruction is comprised in twenty-three pages.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

CAPTAIN PARRY has sailed upon his new expedition to the North Pole.

The two fifty guinea gold medals annually placed by His Majesty at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, to be adjudged to the authors of works of eminent merit, have this year been awarded to Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Southey.

It has been determined that the first floor of the new palace built for the late Duke of York shall be appropriated to a National Gallery; the ground floor to be divided between the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries

The Zoological Society is proceeding with great *eclat*. Mr. Vigors has already delivered three or four very able lectures on the distinguishing and connecting features of the five orders of birds, resolving them into a common centre. We hope to take an early opportunity of enlarging upon this subject. One or two of the latest lectures have been attended by several ladies of rank.

Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, has lately found a portrait of Luther, in wood, and coloured. From its great curiosity, we hope a *fac-simile* of it will be published.

An Egyptian mummy, in fine preservation, was lately opened at Paris Although probably three thousand years old, several of the organs, especially the diaphragm, were moist and flexible. The hair retained its fair colour. From the accompanying MSS. M. Champollion, jun., pronounced the body to have been that of Tete-Muthis, the daughter of the keeper of the little Temple of Isis, at Thebes.

A female child was lately born at Paris with two faces and double organs of taste, sight, and smell. It lived a quarter of an hour.

M. Lebailly has communicated to the French Academy an improvement in the construction of the magnetic needle, which enables him to ascertain the presence of the smallest quantity of iron in metallic alloys. This improvement has led to several curious discoveries.

An economical floating night-lamp has been invented, the consumption of oil by which is rather less than one ounce in twenty-four hours. It is at once cheaper and better than the floating wicks. It requires no trimming, as, by means of capillary attraction, the oil is raised in a small tube, and burns without a wick.

A weekly *Gazetta di Litteratura, Belle Arti, &c*, in Italian, has begun in London.

In France, from 1814 to 1826, there have been printed 33,771 books; and in Germany, within the same period, 50,303.

At Berlin, three times a week, appears the *Fools' Gazette*; a publication for the benefit of every description of fools. Amongst other German journals now extant are:—a Morning, a Mid-day, an Evening, and a Midnight Gazette. The last, and it is said the most brilliant, is conducted by the celebrated Müllner.

A magnificent theatre has just been finished at Genoa; larger than the Scala at Milan, and the stage wider than that at Naples

Works in the Press, &c.

The Young Horsewoman's Compendium of the Modern Art of Riding; with Plates, &c

In three volumes, The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton

A Foreign Quarterly Review, and Continental Literary Miscellany.

The Honourable F. De Roos, R.N., is preparing for publication a Personal Narrative of his Travels in the United States, with some important Remarks on the State of the American Maritime Resources.

By Mr. G. Higgins, a work in 4to., with lithographic prints, respecting the Celtic Druids.

The Subaltern's Log Book, during Two Voyages to India, and Eighteen Years' Observation on Land and Water

The Age Reviewed, a Satire.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Collingwood.

The Book-Collector's Manual, or a Guide to the Knowledge of upwards of 20,000 Rare, Curious, and Useful Books printed in, or belonging to, Great Britain and Ireland.

The Guards, a Novel

By Mr. Clarke, a Series of Instructions in Landscape Painting in Water Colours, Illustrated by 55 Views from Nature, Descriptive Objects, &c.

Mr Sweet has nearly ready for publication, in monthly numbers, with coloured plates, The Florist's Guide, and Cultivator's Directory: or an Exhibition, with the best method of cultivation and general treatment of Tulips, Hyacinths, Carnations, Pinks, Ranunculuses, Roses, Auriculas, &c., &c.

Mr. Horace Smith has a new novel in the press, to be entitled Reuben Apsley The scene is laid in England, during the short reign of James II., some of the most remarkable events of which are, we understand, embodied in the story; such for example as the disastrous rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, the sanguinary Western assizes under Judge Jeffreys, and the triumphant landing of the Prince of Orange

The third Series of Highways and Byways is on the eve of publication.

A new edition of the Pioneers, by the author of the Spy, Pilot, Prairie, &c., is just ready.

Capt. Andrews's Journal of his Travels from Buenos Ayres through the United Provinces to Coquimbo, is expected to contain much new and interesting information. His explanation, also, of his proceedings in behalf of the Chilian and Peruvian Mining Company, which he promises in an Appendix, is much looked for by those lately concerned in the South American mining speculation.

The Second Part of Mr Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends will appear next month.

A more extensive work on a similar subject, entitled The Fairy Mythology, may be expected early next season

Select Pieces in Prose and Verse, by Samuel Walter Burgess, D D

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—The lady of Captain Dixie, R N. —The Right Hon. Lady Petre.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Goodman.—The lady of Captain Dallas.—Lady Jemima Eliot.—The lady of Sir H. Williamson, Bart.—Lady John Thynne. —Lady Jane Walsh.—The lady of Colonel C Bruce, C B, of twin sons

Of Daughters.—The lady of Sir G. F Hampson, Bart.—The Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie.—The lady of Peter Hesketh, Esq.—The lady of the Rev. Nathaniel Colvile.—The lady of Sir E. Antrobus, Bart.—The lady of Colonel Barclay.—Lady Louisa Duncombe. The lady of Sir J M. Riddell.—The lady of W. Parish, Esq., His Majesty's Consul General at Buenos Ayres.—Lady Mabella Knox.

MARRIAGES.

At Malta, Lieutenant G. St. Vincent Whitmore, to Isabella Maxwell, eldest daughter of Sir John Stoddart, President of the High Court of Appeal, and Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court, Malta.

At Jersey, G H. Blake, Esq, R.N, to Harriette, second daughter of the late W. Leake, Esq., grand-daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Isaac Vaillan.

Colonel Sir Edward Miles, C.B., to Mary, only child of the late Richard Hopkins, Esq., of Kensington.

The Hon. and Rev. Edward Moore, youngest son of the late, and brother to the present Earl of Mount Cashel, to the Hon. Matilda Trefusia, daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Clinton.

At Ipswich, Capt. Charles Steward, to Harriet, eldest daughter of A. H. Steward, Esq., of Stoke Park, Ipswich.

At Dublin, John, son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Charles Bowen, Esq., of Kilna Court.

At Dublin, Sir Robert Gore Booth, Bart., to the Hon Caroline King, second daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Lorton.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lieut.-Colonel Macdonald, to Emma, only daughter of Geo. Varnham, Esq., of Wilton Place.

Captain Sir William S. Wiseman, Bart, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Rev. George Davis, B.D., Rector of Cranfield, Bedfordshire.

At Alvestone, Warwickshire, John Fullerton, Esq., jun., to Louisa, fourth daughter of Sir Gray Skipwith, Bart.

Edward Eustace Hill, Esq, to Lady Georgiana Keppel, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle.

At Bath, the Rev. T P. Magee, second son of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, to Elizabeth Frances, eldest daughter of Major General De Butts.

At Poonah, R. J. Luard, Esq, of the Bombay Civil Service, to Mary Anne, second daughter of Major-Gen Sir Lionel Smith, K C B.

Edward Hale, Esq., to Caroline, youngest daughter of Rear Admiral Downman.

Richard Woodard, Esq, of the Bengal Civil Service, to Lucy, eldest daughter of Major General Gubbins.

DEATHS.

Lieutenant General William Johnson.

At Bath, aged 92, Mrs. C Holt, sister of the late R. Holt, Esq., of Bedsgrave Hall, Suffolk.

Jane, relict of the Hon. and Rev. Bromley Cadogan, aged 75.

At Knightsbridge, the Hon. Geo. Villiers, brother of the Earl of Clarendon.

Aged 97, William Manners, Esq., fifth son of the late Lord William Manners.

At Enfield, aged 79, Sir Nathaniel Dance, Knt, late Commander in the Hon. East India Company's Service.

Aged 38, the Right Hon. Lord Cremorne

Aged 63, the Very Rev. Charles Henry Hall, D.D, Dean of Durham.

The Rev. John Taylor, Rector of Newington Bagpath.

Laura Abbot, wife of the Rev.— Brereton, D.D., of Bedford.

Aged 67, Lieut.-Col. Charles Martin.

At Stonehouse, Devon, aged 46, Ann, wife of Capt. H. M. Ommanney, R N.

Aged 77, the Rev. James Merest, Curate of Wortham, Suffolk, and Vicar of Wroughton, Wiltshire.

At Chelsea, aged 72, Lady Blake, relict of the late and mother of the present Sir Francis Blake, Bart., M P. Also, Jane, the wife of the latter. They were both buried on the same day, in the family vault at Twisel, Durham.

At Paris, aged 81, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.

Aged 73, the Right Hon. Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and of Waterford and Wexford, Ireland.

Henrietta, wife of Sir William Strickland, Bart.

At Paris, aged 22, Maria, Duchess de Croij, eldest daughter of the Hon. General Dillon.

At Devonport, aged 74, the Rev. Dr. Hawker.

Lady Susan Henrietta Beresford, second daughter of the Marchioness of Waterford.

In Wimpole Street, Emma, youngest daughter of Lady Bridget Bouverie.

At his house in Piccadilly, aged 77, the Marquess of Cholmondeley.

Aged 72, Mrs. Isabella Emery, widow of Mr. Mackie Emery, and mother of the late celebrated comedian, John Emery.

In Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square, aged 78, the Hon. Mary Byron, relict of the Hon. and Rev. Richard Byron.

In Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, aged 79, Esther, relict of John Binns, Esq., Banker, of Leeds.

At Vienna, aged 57, Beethoven, the celebrated musical composer.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. XXX, FOR JUNE, 1827.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of the Right Honourable MARY, VISCOUNTESS CHETWYND, engraved by THOMSON, from a Miniature by W. C. Ross.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Summer Promenade Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Costume.

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cote and a deep dry pit, furiously assaulted him, saying, that he should die, and according slew him; Sir Humphry, in the instant, passing by, with at least twenty-four persons on horseback, under the pretence of hunting a deer." This occurred in 1493. "This tragedy is set forth in the petition of Alice, his widow, to the King; wherein she craves, that Sir Humphry, and his servants, might answer for it; but what proceedings were had therein do not appear."

John Chetwynd, of Ridge, near Blore-heath, in the county of Stafford, Esq., had three sons—Walter, John, and William Richard—successively Viscounts Chetwynd. Walter, the eldest, served for the boroughs of Stafford and Lichfield, in all the Parliaments from the year 1703 to his death. In the reign of Queen Anne, he was Master of the Buck-Hounds; and Chief Ranger of St. James's Park, and Keeper of the Mall: the former post he resigned in 1711, the two latter he held from the last year of the reign of Anne (1714) till the last year of the reign of George I. (1727). In 1717, he was elected High Steward of the borough of Stafford. By His Majesty, George I. he was advanced (June 29, 1717) to the peerage of Ireland, by the titles of Baron of Rathdowne, and Viscount Chetwynd, of Beerhaven, with limitation of the honours to the heirs male of his father. His Lordship (who married Mary, daughter and co-heir of John Berkeley, Viscount Fitz-Harding, and Baron of Rathdowne, Treasurer of the Chamber, and Teller of the Exchequer, in the reign of Queen Anne) died without issue, in 1735, and was succeeded by his next brother.

John, the second Viscount. He had served, from the year 1702, M.P. for the boroughs of Stockbridge, St. Mawes, and Stafford; in the reign of Anne, he was Receiver General for the Duchy of Lancaster; in 1714, he was one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations; in 1717, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the court of Spain; and, in 1735, he was chosen to supply his brother's place as Recorder of Stafford, of which borough he was High Steward. His Lordship had two sons, and two daughters; but as his sons both died before him, without male issue, he was succeeded (1767) by his younger brother,

William Richard, the third Viscount. In 1708, he was resident Ambassador at the Court of Genoa, whence he was recalled in 1712. From 1714, he sat in Parliament; and, from 1717 to 1727, he was a Commissioner of the Admiralty. He was then appointed Master Worker of His Majesty's Mint, an employment which he resigned in 1769. His Lordship married Honora, daughter of William Baker, Esq., Consul at Algiers (by Deborah, daughter of Sir Leonard Robinson, ancestor of Baron Rokeby) by whom he had three sons and three daughters. Dying in 1770, in his 83d year, he was succeeded by his eldest son,

William, the fourth Viscount. He married Susannah, youngest daughter of Sir Jonathan Cope, Bart., by whom (who died in 1790) he had issue.—1. William, born 1753, died 1779; —2. John Whitmore, born 1754, died 1788; —3. Richard, his successor, born September 29, 1757;—4. Granville Anson, born 1758, married Martha, only daughter of the late Henry Stapylton, of Wighill, in the county of York, Esq., and, by royal sign manual, took the name of Stapylton;—5. Susannah, born 1762, married to Munbee Goulburn, of Jamaica, Esq.; — 6. Anderlechtia Clarissa, born 1765, married to Lord Robert Seymour, third son of Francis, first Marquess of Hertford, K.G.

His Lordship died in 1791, and was succeeded by his third son,

Richard, the fifth Viscount. His Lordship married, July 30, 1791, Charlotte Cartwright, sister of Ralph Cartwright, of Aynho, in the county of Northampton, Esq, and M.P. for that county. By his lady he had issue:—1. Charlotte, born 1793;—2. Esther, born 1797;—3. Mary Catherine;—4. twins, born 1798, of whom one died an infant;—5. Richard Walter, the present Viscount;—6. Mary Anne, born 1802;—7. William John, born November 1804, died 1805.

Lord Chetwynd died on the 27th of February, 1821, and was succeeded by his only son,

Richard Walter, the sixth and present Viscount. His Lordship was born on the 14th of December, 1800; and, as already mentioned, he married, on the 30th of August, 1822, Mary, the only surviving daughter of the late Robert Moss, Esq. By his marriage, Lord Chetwynd has a son, Richard Walter, born July 26, 1823;—another son, William John Granville, born August 12, 1824;—and a daughter, Mary Henrietta, born January 5, 1826.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XVIII.—Miss Mitford.

Let not the reader be surprised at seeing Miss Mitford's name repeated amongst our Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction. At the time that our former paper, devoted to this lady,* was written, we were not aware that she had another volume in preparation; and we are quite as well pleased that we were not, for had we, in expectation of it, postponed our notice till its appearance, we should have found before us too vast a mass of material to be rendered justice to in three or four pages of La Belle Assemblee. As it is, we can pursue the subject with infinitely more satisfaction to ourselves, and, we are quite certain, to our readers also, than had we attempted to crowd the requisite observations upon, and extracts from, the whole of Miss Mitford's published works, into a single paper. The task is very grateful to our feelings; as, in the volume now upon our table, we find a decided and almost incredible improvement in Miss Mitford's poetry, not merely in the ease and beauty of versification, but in thought and sentiment, in picture, and in flow of expression.

Of our fair author's dramatic talents, as displayed in her tragedies of "Julian," and "Foscari,"† our opinions are already upon record; little, therefore, remains for us in the present paper, but to offer, from her Dramatic Scenes, twelve of which, independently of various miscellaneous poems, are comprised in the new volume, additional exemplification of those talents.—The first of these scenes, entitled "Cunigunda's Vow," is founded upon a story in one of Mr. Russell's volumes relating to Germany. Cunigunda, the lady of the Kienast, has tempted many a

——— wooer to his death, by that stern vow
That he should win her, who should safely ride

* *Vide* page 5 of the present vol.; also for a brief notice of Miss M.'s *Dramatic Scenes, Sonnets, and other Poems*, page 231.

† There are strange juggles, trickeries, and intrigues behind the curtain of a theatre. We have often heard it asked, why was the run of "Foscari" so suddenly suspended, or rather terminated? This question we cannot answer; though, we presume, there are those who "could an if they would;" *we only know* that "Foscari" was withdrawn after about fourteen or fifteen nights of representation, in the very zenith of its attraction. In our humble opinion the authors who have least to do with managers and players ought to congratulate themselves.

Around these Kelpast walls,—the narrow walls,
Of these steep mountain towers! She might as well
Command them ride upon a falchion's edge,
Or stand erect upon the topmast spray
Of you tall poplar. Many a gallant steed
Lies whitening in the abyss, many a brave knight
Hath perished in the rocky gulph.

After the unpitied fall of these victims, Cunigunda suddenly becomes deeply enamoured of Sir Albert, a stranger knight, who, after resisting numerous entreaties to delay the attempt, fearlessly and resolutely hazards the appalling exploit. The progress of the knight is thus forcibly painted:—

Ernest. I beheld the maneged steed
Ascend the steep and narrow stair; a steed
Of Araby, light-limbed and fine, with eyes
Of living fire half starting from his slim
And veiny head; a hot and mettled steed;
Yet trained to such obedience, that each motion
Of the swift foot seemed guided by the will
Of the bold rider, even as they had been
One and incorporate. If man may achieve
This perilous deed, the falcon Knight alone—
Cunigunda. Ernest, thou shalt have lauds enow to make
Thyself a belted knight! Now blessings on thee
That bring'st me hope!—But Edith, Gertrude, Otto,
Why come they not? I could have won to Prague
And back, in half the time. Why come they not?
Good tidings find swift messengers. Alas!
I fear; I fear.
Ernest. Shall I go seek them?
Cunigunda. No.
The abyss, the dread abyss, where the old wall
Shelving, and steep, and crumbling, overhangs
The vale of Hirschberg from such dizzying height
As never plummet fathomed;—that abyss
Henry of Cassel there, and the good knight
Of Olmutz—Oh I have been cruel, Ernest,
And for my sins he'll die! to punish me
He'll die! he'll die!

Enter Gertrude.

Gertrude. Lady———
Cunigunda. Why dost thou pause?
Ernest. See how she pants! she's breathless.
Cunigunda. Is there any
Panting and breathless save myself? He's dead!
I see it in her face.
Gertrude. He hath safely passed
The abyss.
Cunigunda. Now thanks to heaven! The dread abyss.
He's safe! he's safe! Thou shalt be portioned, Gertrude.
He's safe!
Ernest. Yet that wide leap from tower to tower
Where Rudolph of Thuringia———
Cunigunda. Out on thee, Raven!
Ernest. That fearful leap, with scarce a ledge,
Where steed—
(Shouts without)
Cunigunda. What means that cry?

Re-enter Otto *and* Edyta.

Edith, Otto,

What means that cry?
Editha. He's safe! The leap is past;
The falcon knight is safe!
Ernest. Look to her!
Cunigunda. Nay,
I'm well. Say o'er again!
Ernest. The leap is past;
The falcon knight is safe.
Cunigunda. My Editha,
Ask what thou will of me. Was ever woman
So blest before! The falcon knight is mine,
Mine own, and I am his. Oh, thanks to heaven!
Now, ye that railed my vow cruel and rash,
What say ye now?
Ernest. Alas, dear lady, still
I grieve for them that——
Cunigunda. Talk not of them. Think
What were a thousand such as they, compared
With the bold falcon knight!—Editha, Gertrude,
Albert will come to claim his bride; wipe off
These blistering tears, braid this dishevelled hair,
Adjust my wimple and my veil,—my knight
Will come to claim his bride.

Sir Albert comes, but comes not to claim his bride. He comes to crush her spirit, to blast her burning hopes and expectations—he comes as the devoted husband of a lovely, a loving, and a beloved wife—he comes as Duke Albert, the brother of "the gentle boy, young Rudolph of Thuringia," whose death he had sworn to avenge.

The story of "The Fawn," which is perhaps our leading favourite of the volume, is taken, with variations, from the ballad entitled Fause Foodrage, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The opening of this little drama is very simple, tender, and beautiful; but we could not render justice either by narrative or extract, and shall therefore only venture upon one or two descriptive passages. Leopold, a youth, had, in pursuing the sport of shooting, killed a doe, unknowing that she had a fawn. In the midst of his unavailing regrets, he is discovered by Bertha, whom, in the course of dialogue, he thus addresses:—

——————— Look round thee, lady!
There is not in the forest such a spot
As this. Look how the wood-walks hither tend
As to a centre: some in vistas green,
Pillared and over-arched, as the long aisles
Of an old proud cathedral; others wandering
In lovelier mazes through a various scene
Holly or copse-wood; scarce the eye can trace
Their coy meanders, but all meeting here
Beneath this monarch oak, through whose thick boughs
The sun comes flickering. How the indented leaves
Of brightest green cut clearly the blue sky
And the small clouds! And how this tiny spring
Bubbles and sparkles round the moss-grown roots,
Winding its silver thread along the short
Elastic turf, so thickly set with flowers,
And mixed with fragrant herbs, till it is lost
Amongst the bowery thickets! Not a spot
In all the forest can compare with this,
Nature's own temple! And that delicate thing
Made up of innocence, and love, and fear,
And trembling happiness, most beautiful
Of all this beauty, she, who stood enjoying,
With a sweet peaceful spirit, drinking in
This flood of bliss, &c.

Bertha subsequently describes a spot in which it is her wish to rear and tend the unfortunate little fawn:—

——————— a lone deserted nook
Which long neglect hath made a sort of garden;
All clothed with moss, and grass, and trailing plants,
And decked with gorgeous weeds. The wild vine there,
And white veined ivy, form a natural arbour;
And I have mingled odorous shrubs, and sprinkled
Bright showers of garden blossoms. It is now
A bower in for the fairies.

Leopold's farewell to Bertha, after she has left him with her little favourite, presents a very charming picture:—

——————— Farewell,
Loveliest and most beloved! Well might she wish
To tread the woodland path—light-footed maid!
How beautiful she is, with her white arms
Wound round her innocent burthen, and her head
Bent over it so lullingly! Even he,
That wild and timorous creature, feels the charm,
And is no more afraid. She disappears:—
I scarce distinguish now her floating veil
And her brown waving hair. How beautiful!
How graceful! Most like one of Diana's nymphs,
But full of deeper tenderness. Her voice,
Her words still linger round me like the air,
The dewy sunny air of which she spake,
Glowing and odorous.

We have no wish to enter upon mere verbal criticism, but there are two lines in this piece, at page 55, that we could wish to see altered. To say the least of them, their expression is not one of lady-like delicacy. Some, however, may think us unnecessarily fastidious. There are points in which the fable of "The Fawn" resembles that of the tragedy of Douglas; but Miss Mitford's secret is better kept than Mr. Home's.—Viewing it with reference to representation, which ought never to be altogether lost sight of, even in pieces that are intended exclusively for the closet, the close of this piece is not truly dramatic. By the abrupt entrance of Zutphen—by his delivery of a few words—perhaps even without his speaking—the stage might be well "dressed," and the curtain might fall effectively.

"The Wedding Ring" is slight in structure, amusing but not interesting in perusal. The story is that of The Berkshire Lady, who challenged a youth of whom she had become enamoured, met him in disguise, and gave him the choice of "two sharp hazards, wedlock, or the sword." The youth—whether

wisely or not, it might be deemed presumptuous in us to say—chose the former. On the part of the lady, too, it "*was* a strange, and bold, and venturous hazard;" and, in her own words too, we think it *was* "unwomanly, unmeet."

In "Emily," there is much sweetness and tenderness. Emily, a young, lovely, and estimable woman, had married, against the wishes of her father, one to whom her soul was devoted: he was poor, but virtuous, kind, affectionate—all that her heart could wish. Of her father, Emily thus speaks: the touch is true to nature, and very beautiful:—

——————— Seven years
Have past since last I saw him, and that last!
The pangs of death were in my heart, when I
Approached to say, good night! He had been harsh
All day; had pressed Sir Robert's odious love,
Had taunted at thy poverty—my Maurice!
But suddenly, when I all vainly tried
To falter out, good night, in his old tone
Of fond familiar love, and with the name
Which from his lips seemed a caress, he said,
God bless you, Emily! That blessing pierced
My very soul. Oft in the dead of night
I seem to hear it. Would he bless me now?
Oh no! no! no!

In "The Painter's Daughter," we meet with a sentiment finely expressed, but we do not believe it to be founded in truth:—

——————————Man
Loves on till hope be dead, then love dies too;
'Tis only woman lays her silly heart
In hope's cold urn, and in that funeral nest
Broods o'er her love.

Considering that the scene is laid in Italy, the lady ought to have been more youthful. Had she been only fifteen years of age, instead of sixteen, at the time of her lover's departure, and had the absence of her lover been only five years instead of ten, the effect would have been better. In Italy, a lady of six-and-twenty is verging upon what we understand by "a certain age;"—an age in which, though the deep devotedness of love may exist in all its pristine force, we do not expect those fine bursts of enthusiasm and romance by which the earlier years of woman's life are frequently distinguished.

"Fair Rosamond" is founded upon the well-known tale of that unhappy beauty whose name it bears; but we do not regard it as one of Miss Mitford's happiest efforts.

In "Alice" some of the passages are delightful, and the general effect is very pleasing; but, in its perusal, we seem to feel a want of distinctness and of individuality amongst the persons of the drama.

Miss Mitford's descriptive powers, applied to rural scenery, have full scope in the drama of "Henry Talbot." The following lines present a truly natural and fascinating picture: in reading them we seem to mark the motion of the trees, to feel the action of the air, to scent the fragrant bloom of the orchard:—

——————Through a beech-wood the path,
A wild, rude copse-wood, winds, beneath the light
And feathery stems of the young trees, so fresh
In their new delicate green, and so contrasting
With their slim, flexile forms, that almost seem
To bend as the wind passes, with the firm
Deep-rooted vigour of those older trees,
And nobler,—those grey giants of the woods,
That stir not at the tempest. Oh! that path
Is pleasant, with its beds of richest moss,
And tufts of fairest flowers, fragrant woodroof
So silver white, wood-sorrel elegant,
Or light anemone. A pleasant path
Is that; with such a sense of freshness round us,
Of cool and lovely light, the very air
Has the hue of the young leaves. Downward the road
Winds, till beneath a beech, whose slender stem
Seems tossed across the path, all suddenly
The close wood ceases, and a steep descent
Leads to a valley, whose opposing side
Is with odds all
Of richest meadow land, which creeps half up
The opposite hill; and in the midst a farm,
With its old ample orchard, now on flush
Of fragrant bloom; and just beneath the wood,
Close by the house, a rude deserted chalk-pit,
Half full of rank and creeping plants, with briars
And pendent roots of trees half cover'd o'er,
Like some wild shaggy ruin. Beautiful
To me is that lone farm. There is a peace,
A deep repose, a silent harmony
Of nature and of man. The circling woods
Shut out all human eyes; and the gay orchard
Spreads its sweet world of blossoms, all unseen
Save by the smiling sky. That were a spot
To live and die in.

There are natural feelings and strong ones in this piece: its pathos is deep and impressive. May we venture to remark—though we have before shrunk from verbal criticism—that Miss Mitford is infinitely too fond of that *petty* word *pretty*—a word that is fit for little else than to be applied to a lady's cap, frill, or shoe-tie.

"The Siege" is a very graceful and elegant production: the character of Claudia, in particular, is most sweetly, most delicately sketched.

"The Bridal Eve" is also a charming story, effectively handled. We transcribe from it the following song:—

High o'er the baron's castle tall
Rich banners float, with heavy fall,
And light and song, in mingling tide,
Pour forth to hail the lovely bride

Yet lady, still the birchen tree
Waves o'er the cottage on the lea;
The babbling stream runs bright and fair,—
The love-star of the west shines there.

Mail'd warders pace o'er keep and tower,
Gay maidens deck the lady's bower;
Page, 'Squire, and Knight, a princely train,
Wait duteous at her bridle rein;
Yet in that cot the milk-white hound,
The favourite falcon still are found;
And one more fond, more true than they,
Born to adore and to obey.

The coronet of Jewels rare
Shines proudly o'er her face so fair;
And titles high and higher name
Fitz-Alwyn's lovely bride may claim.
And yet the wreath of hawthorn bough
Once lightlier press'd that snowy brow;
And hearts that wither now were gay
When she was but the Queen of May.

In the passages which divide, yet connect this song, if we may so express ourselves, some rare touches of nature occur—of that heavenly romance of poesy which awakens the tenderest, loveliest sensibilities of the human heart. We could wish to give the whole of Margaret's Tale in her colloquy with Fitz-Alwyn, from page 259 to page 264; but the effect in quotation would not be such as to convey a full idea of the merit of the piece as a whole. The passage referred to combines the narrative, the descriptive, and the dramatically picturesque.

"The Captive," and "The Masque of the Seasons," forming the last of the Dramatic Scenes, we feel it unnecessary to dwell upon.

From the Sonnets in this volume we select the following "On Mr. Hofland's picture of Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion," now exhibiting in the Gallery of the Society of British Artists:—

Jerusalem! and at the fatal hour!
No need of dull and frivolous question here!
No need of human agents to make clear
The most tremendous act of human power!
The distant cross; the rent and falling tower;
The opening graves, from which the dead uprear
Their buried forms; the elemental fear,
Where horrid light and horrid darkness lower;
All tell the holy tale—the mystery
And solace of our souls. Awe-struck, we gaze
On that so mute yet eloquent history!
Awe-struck and sad, at length our eyes we raise
To go;—yet oft return that scene to see,
Too full of the great theme to think of praise.

Also the following, "To My Mother Sleeping:"—

Sleep on, my mother! sweet and innocent dreams
Attend thee, best and dearest! Dreams that gild
Life's clouds like setting suns, with pleasure filled
And saintly joy, such as thy mind becomes,—
Thy mind where never stormy passion gleams,
Where their soft nest the dove-like virtues build,
And calmest thoughts, like violets distilled,
Their fragrance mingle with bright wisdom's beams.
Sleep on, my mother! not the lily's bell
So sweet; not the enamoured west-wind's sighs
That shake the dew-drop from her snowy cell
So gentle; not that dew-drop ere it flies
So pure. E'en slumber loves with thee to dwell
Oh model most beloved of good and wise!

All that we shall offer by way of extract from the Songs is a single stanza:—

What is the breath of closing flowers
But feeling's gentlest sigh?
What are the dew-drop's crystal showers
But tears from pity's eye?
What are the glow-worms by the rill
But fancy's flashes gay?
I love them, for they mind me still
Of one more fair than they.

"Watlington Hill," and "Weston Grove"—the former of which, if not the latter, has been printed before—contain many verses that, in perusal, will amply gratify the reader.

From "Antigone," we have room for only the succeeding lines:—

——————oh, what a flood
Of recollected anguish stole
In that brief moment o'er her soul!
The concentrated grief of years,
The mystery, horror, guilt, and tears,
The story of her life past by,
E'en in the heaving of a sigh!
She thought upon the blissful hour
Of infancy, when, as a flower
Set in the sun she grew,
Without a fear, without a care,
Enjoying, innocent and fair,
As buoyant as the mountain air,
As pure as morning dew,
'Till burst at once like lightning's flame,
The tale we tremble but to name,
Of them from whom her being came,
Poor Œdipus, and one,
The wretched yet unconscious dame,
Who wedded with her son!
Then horror fast on horror rose:
She maddening died beneath her woes,
Whilst crownless, sightless, hopeless, *he*
Dared to outlive that agony.
Though many a trackless path and wild
The blind man and his duteous child
Wandered, till pitying Theseus gave
The shelter brief, the mystic grave.
One weary heart finds rest at last:
But, when to Thebes, the maiden passed,
The god's stern wrath was there:—
Her brothers, each by other slain,
And one upon the bloody plain,
Left festering in the sun and rain,
Tainting the very air.

We trust that we have now disposed of this attractive volume, so as to verify one of our opening remarks, that it presents a decided and almost incredible improvement in Miss Mitford's poetry, not merely in the ease and beauty of versification, but in thought and sentiment, in picture, and in flow of expression. H.

THE EXILE OF FLORENCE.

"He could not breathe his prayers as he was wont;—
The spoiler had destroyed the shrine, and left
An image there, not of the chastened god!
What now shall stead the withered hopes of him,
Who, stripped of every friend,—must stand alone
In this huge world,—galled into solitude."—HAMILTON.

THE moon shone with resplendent lustre over the city of Florence: the antique towers of rough stone, and the glittering marble palaces, were bathed in its soft and silvery light; not a cloud passed over the clear blue arch of heaven, not a zephyr stirred the blossoms of the clustering myrtles: all was still and calm, so profoundly tranquil that it was difficult even to imagine grief and misery in a scene of such gentle and surpassing loveliness. One solitary spectator gazed upon the beauties of the most splendid quarter of Florence, thus revealed by the radiant moon-beams, as he sat upon a broken column concealed in the deep shade of the dark and massive walls of an uninhabited building, which rose frowningly behind him. Schooled to the silent endurance of his sufferings, not a sigh or a murmur escaped his lips; but a pang of mortal agony wrung his heart, as he contemplated his native city, and busy memory recalled the afflictions which had been crowded into his short but eventful life. The spot on which the weary form of the stranger reposed had sustained a grievous alteration since he had last beheld it: the castle of his ancestors was then the proudest that the city boasted: the strong walls had sustained a siege of fifteen days' continuance, holding out against opposing factions until foreign succours poured in to their relief. Now they were dismantled, and open to the winds of heaven; the interior, a bare and lonely wilderness, where the bat nursed her dark brood in the mouldering tapestry, and the owl flapped her heavy wing as she flew shrieking through the open lattice, once shining with the curious woof of foreign looms. The costly furniture of a barbarous yet magnificent period was spread throughout the spacious apartments, stately vessels of the precious metals glittered upon marble slabs, and the pompous display evinced the taste and the wealth of the owners. A few years only had elapsed, but the hand of power had passed with devastating violence, and all was ruin and decay.

Painful and melancholy as were the feelings which sprang up in Agostino d'Alviano's breast at the utter desolation which surrounded him, these sensations were happiness compared to the horrors he had sustained when last his streaming eyes were fixed upon his paternal inheritance. It was in the broad blaze of day: the banners and escutcheons wrought with armorial bearings had been rudely and freshly torn down from their lofty abiding places; the muffled bell of the cathedral tolled a solemn requiem for a departing soul; the scaffold in the neighbouring square was hung with black; and, sick, dizzy, reeling, exhausted, with limbs attenuated by the rack, scarcely supporting his emaciated body, the once-haughty and powerful Count d'Alviano moved in the midst of his guards to the place of execution. Agostino was at this dreadful period only fourteen years old; yet he had attained an age to feel and comprehend the extent of his misery. Affliction for the loss of his only surviving parent by so cruel a catastrophe, hatred to the exulting persecutors—the triumphant family of della Mirandola—and despair at the blighted fortunes of his once-princely house, filled the young heart of Agostino with unutterable anguish. His only sister, a child who had scarcely attained her seventh year, was torn from his arms to be immured in a convent; and he himself, exiled by the iniquitous decree of the Guelph party, condemned to a life of uncertain wandering, to indigence, and to obscurity. Vainly Agostino prayed that he might not be separated from his beloved playfellow, his gentle Eulalia. The tyrants were inexorable. Snatched from each other's embrace, the fair child was consigned to a stern-looking monk; and the unfortunate heir of the murdered d'Alviano, thrust out of the gates of the city, saw a wide and dreary world before him, and hurried forward on his path with the bitterest anticipations of future evil. The exile directed his course to Lucca, where he was received into the bosom of a Ghibelline family; and, as

the page of a renowned knight, he commenced his career in arms. Gifted with courage as desperate as his fortunes, Agostino soon won his golden spurs: but he had attached himself to an unfortunate cause; every effort to raise the fallen hopes of those who clung to the imperial interests failed; the young cavalier acquired honour in his campaigns, yet remained poor and powerless.

Ten years of disappointment passed away; and Agostino, anxious to behold his only relative, the fair sister whom he had been so reluctantly compelled to leave, and perchance swayed by another motive equally strong, was resolved, in defiance of the peril which would attend the discovery of his name and person, to penetrate the prescribed limits, and return to his native city. Opposite to the spot which the adventurous knight had selected for his asylum, stood the Orsini palace, the residence of the young and lovely Imilda, Countess of Landjni, whom he had seen and worshipped as a star when shining at the court of the Duke of Mantua. From the fair hand of this celebrated beauty the warrior had received repeated prizes at the tournament, and her beaming eyes bestowed so bright a glance of approbation upon his chivalric exertions, when last she bound the jewelled bracelet on his arm, that it penetrated deep into the enthusiast's heart. Rushing from Mantua when the first sound of the war-trump called him to the field, Agostino lost sight of the enchantress; but her spells were around him; he existed in a world of his own creation; every thought, every feeling of his soul was given to Imilda, and with her image perpetually before him, he did not consider how slight the chances were that he should retain a similar place in the memory of one who was the admiration of all Italy.

While the exile indulged in sad meditation, the silence which had hitherto surrounded him was broken by approaching footsteps; and, issuing from a neighbouring archway, two cavaliers made their appearance, wrapped in dark cloaks, with their plumed hats drawn over their faces, and followed by a small company of minstrels. The whole band ranged themselves under the windows of the Orsini palace, and, after a touching prelude from the instruments of his attendants, one of the gentlemen sang the love-verses of a popular poet. His rich deep voice, the melting tenderness of his tones, and the passionate energy with which he breathed forth the eloquent and persuasive words which accompanied the strain, thrilled Agostino's heart with alarm. He saw that he had a powerful, and perchance a successful rival, and he gazed with strained eyes upon the lattice, fearing that Imilda would appear and repay the melody with a word or sign of approbation. But his apprehensions were not verified: the moonbeams played only on the cold walls of the Orsini palace: the jalousies remained closely shut; no delicate hand waved applause; and not a single rose from the blooming myriads which garlanded the balcony was detached as a reward for those harmonious sounds which waked the gentle echoes of the night to music. After a second burst of melody, more exquisite and witching than the first, the serenaders departed.

Agostino emerged from the recess in which he had been enshrined, and followed their retiring footsteps. The subordinate minstrels took a different route from that of the cavaliers, and Agostina kept the latter in view. After passing through one or two streets, they entered a long and dark colonnade: no guiding shadow directed his steps; but he heard the footfalls of those who preceded him, and advanced in the same direction. It was only an echo, however, that allured him; for, in turning two angles, he found himself alone, in the bright moonlight, standing upon the banks of the Arno. He walked listlessly by the side of the stream, now, as shadowed by the bending willows, like a flood of liquid emerald, and now, while reflecting the beams of the queen of night, like molten silver. Agostino's path led him close to the laurel hedge of a garden: the wicket stood open; and, scarcely knowing wherefore, he entered the flowery labyrinth. A long low doric building stood beneath the embowering foliage of the ilex and the acacia; a light streamed from an open window; and the same song which he had so lately heard, but murmured plaintively in a female voice, and accompanied by a lute, irresistibly attracted his attention. He stole forward noiselessly over the turf, and secured a situation from which unseen he could command a view of the interior. The minstrel was sitting at a table, with her lute in her lap, and might from her flowing white drapery, delicate lineaments, and fair cheek, pale as monumental marble, her graceful form and

attitude, have passed for a statue of a weeping Muse, but that her long black hair waved luxuriantly over her shoulders, and that she paused at intervals and looked towards the door, as though in anxious expectation of the arrival of some too-long absent friend. The melancholy expression of the countenance of one so young and lovely, left apparently to pine in solitude, interested Agostino's feelings. She was evidently unhappy; and although mere beauty would have possessed few charms for a heart entirely engrossed by Imilda, when linked with sorrow, it awakened a strong sympathy for the lovely stranger. He looked upon her until he thought that the features were familiar to his eye; yet he could not recollect where he had seen them before. At length a rustling noise was heard without; the lady sprang from her seat, threw open a pair of folding doors which led to an antichamber, and flung herself into the arms of a cavalier, whom, by the graceful folds of his dark cloak, and the plumed hat still shading his face, Agostino knew to be one of the serenaders of the Orsini palace. He wished to obtain a closer view, but was disappointed. The lady and her companion withdrew to another apartment. Shortly afterwards, the entrance of a servant, apparently to close the windows of that which she had left, warned the intruder to retreat. He retraced his steps to the ruined mansion which had given him shelter; and having prepared a rude couch in a chamber less dismantled than the rest, sank, after an hour of troubled thought, into feverish repose.

The next morning the exile sought the humble abode of an ancient domestic of his family, through whom he hoped to gain intelligence of Eulalia. Doomed to sorrow, the answer to Agostino's inquiries added heavily to the afflictions which already oppressed his heart. Eulalia had been destined to take the veil; but, ere the completion of her noviciate, had listened to the seductive persuasions of some wild libertine amongst the cavaliers of Florence, and left her convent, but whither, or with whom, no one could tell. The unfortunate Ghibelline now stood alone upon earth: his anticipations of the sweet intercourse of affection with a gentle relative so closely allied had vanished: she on whom his fondest expectations rested was lost to him, perchance for ever; and he shuddered as he reflected on her probable guilt and degradation. Absorbed in a painful reverie, Agostino scarcely heeded the increasing crowd in the street, until rudely pushed aside, he found himself in the midst of a gay cavalcade, who were advancing towards the square appropriated to the martial sports and exercises of the age. Borne along by the multitude, he entered the spacious area which was prepared for the tournament. A superb pavilion, canopied with blue silk, in the centre of others less gaily ornamented, was erected at the upper end, and Agostino heard accidentally that it was intended for the Countess Landini, who had been selected to present the successful warrior with the prize. He hastened to his desolate abode, and, arraying himself in his armour, called at the inn where he had left his horse, and proceeded to the scene of action. These arrangements necessarily occupied a considerable period; and when Agostino reached the lists, the whole quadrangle resounded with the cry of *Speranza! Speranza!*—the motto of the della Mirandola family; and a young man, whom, by his cognizance and the device upon his shield, he knew to be the heir of that hated house, kneeling before Imilda, was in the act of receiving the first prize. There was still another to be won; but the prospect of contending for it afforded little satisfaction to the adventurer, since, howsoever unwilling to believe the possibility of a circumstance which filled him with despair, he could not doubt that he saw a triumphant rival in Leone della Mirandola. Never had Imilda looked so touchingly beautiful. Blushing deeply, and with downcast eyes, she placed a glittering circlet on the brow of her lover. The bright and careless smile, with which she had been formerly wont to greet the conqueror, had given place to a softer expression of pleasure; an intelligent glance that passed between her and the knight at her feet spoke volumes. Agostino read a confirmation of his worst fears in this mute but eloquent avowal, and needed not the whispers of the spectators, who talked confidently of the approaching nuptials of the brave Leone and the lovely Imilda, to convince him of the fatal truth. The air around him suddenly grew hot and suffocating; he could not breathe; he raised his vizor—still oppressed and gasping, he unlaced his helm, and stood bare-headed in the midst of his enemies. Imilda looked up, her eyes met those of Agostino: she turned away, en-

countered them a second and a third time, as she cast a wandering glance over the field, but her countenance remained unchanged. It was evident that she had entirely forgotten lineaments once so familiar and so welcome. D'Alviano stood aghast: the victim of illusion raised by his own ardent imagination, he beheld the fairy vision melt away: he had flattered and deceived himself with expectations which never would be realized; and, with a heart still fondly and irrevocably devoted, witnessed the downfall of every hope connected with a union with Imilda Landini.

Although the lady of his affections did not recognize the stranger, other eyes were more penetrating. Agostino had scarcely resumed his helmet, and spurred his courser to the charge, before his career was arrested by a cry of Treason! and, dragged from his horse, after a brief yet desperate struggle, he resigned himself to the exulting Guelphs. Heart sick, bereaved of all that could reconcile him to a hostile world, the ill-fated heir of d'Alviano shrank not from the approach of death. A battle-field, rather than the dungeon and the scaffold, would have been his choice; but it mattered little how soon, or in what manner, he should terminate a miserable existence. A thousand voices clamoured for immediate execution. Love, strong even when every other earthly feeling was fading fast away, prompted a last look towards the place where Imilda sat. She had called Leone to her side: the gestures and actions of both pointed to Agostino. A pang, the bitterest that he had yet sustained, shot through the prisoner's breast. Imilda, pitying perchance the man she could not love, was begging a worthless life from the potent Guelph; and now he cursed the precipitance which had given to a Mirandola, not the means of inflicting death, for of that he was careless, but the power of prolonging a hateful existence, of granting a boon which he would spurn with indignation and contempt, should his evil destiny permit him to have a voice where the enemies of his house reigned triumphant. The exile was hurried to the sagittary, and a jealous senate, apprehensive that there existed a deep-laid conspiracy of the Ghibellines against the faction who now ruled supreme in Florence, construed the prisoner's obstinate silence to a confirmation of their fears. Threatened with the rack, Agostino was prepared to undergo the keenest torture that inventive cruelty could inflict; but at the moment in which the ready instruments of the signiory had seized him in their grasp, Leone della Mirandola rushed into the assembly; sternly rebuking the eager haste with which they had proceeded against an unresisting prisoner, he entered into a spirited defence of the maligned Ghibellines, denied the possibility of danger to Florence from the few who still clung to the adverse party, and finally demanded that, upon his faith, Agostino d'Alviano should be instantly released. Leone seemed born for command: his dark eyes flashed fire as he spoke; his finely-moulded features bore the stamp of the noblest and most exalted feelings; a stream of eloquence flowed from his lips; and, pouring his whole soul into the cause he advocated, the effect was almost irresistible. When the orator ceased, a trifling opposition was attempted by a small party of the elder and more obstinate Guelphs; but their voices were drowned in the cry of *Speranza! Speranza!* Agostino, too, who would have refused the pardon now forced upon him, was overpowered by the popular clamour; and, in despite of his efforts to obtain a hearing, found himself compelled to remain mute in the general acclamation which resounded through the hall. The sentence of proscription was reversed, and he became free, and a citizen of Florence.

The liberation of d'Alviano was a triumph to the son, inferior only to that which the father had obtained when he crushed his rival. A word from a della Mirandola could dispense life or death. Agostino flew to hide his humiliation in the recesses of his own pillaged mansion; and, amid the memorials of former aggressions, vainly yet passionately lamented the interference to which he owed his present safety. The proud and bleeding heart of d'Alviano refused to acknowledge the obligation which a Mirandola had conferred. He immured himself in the closest concealment of his ruinous habitation lest he should be compelled to meet in friendship the man who had only purchased a keener degree of hatred by his late unwished-for interposition.

A few days passed away in dreary solitude. Weary at length of inaction, Agostino resolved to quit Florence for ever. Yet he could not leave the city which contained

Imilda without endeavouring to obtain a last look of one whom he still loved with all the fervour of youthful constancy. Unwilling to encounter the gazing crowd who thronged the streets during the day, the unhappy Ghibelline stole at night from his secret haunt. The moon no longer illumined the city, but the blaze of innumerable tapers from the windows of the Orsini palace threw a strong light upon the spacious area in front. Concealed by a projecting buttress, Agostino moodily contemplated the scene before him. The magnificent hangings, superb paintings, and burnished ornaments of Imilda's residence, were revealed by the bright illumination: costly perfumes burning in splendid tripods, mingled with the odours of exotic plants and native flowers, of every scent and hue. The sound of minstrelsy came borne upon the breeze, and gradually the saloons were filled with a gay and sparkling company. Domestics, richly attired, were busy offering refreshments; and the lively strain of the music, and the waving of snowy plumage to and fro with every graceful movement, betokened that the dance had commenced. Though wrapped in his cloak, the commanding figure of Leone della Mirandola passing through the portal had not escaped Agostino's searching eyes. A prey to jealousy, heart-broken and despairing, the sight of his fortunate rival, the conviction that he was even now inhaling the perfume of Imilda's breath, pouring vows of love into her willing ear, and listening enraptured to the fond response, maddened the brain of the neglected d'Alviano. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, he rushed frantically forward almost without a purpose. On the cold pavement before him lay a female form. He paused; a sob of distress struck his ear; and, raising the mourner from the ground, he recognized the pale inhabitant of the villa on the bank of the Arno. "Leave me," she wildly cried, "leave me to die alone." "These stones," returned Agostino, "form an unmeet couch for one so fair and fragile; let me conduct you to your home, to your friends." "I have no friends, no home," she exclaimed; "release me. Why am I thus detained? You seem compassionate, Sir; be merciful, and let me go, for I may not listen to the betraying words of man." Struggling to disengage herself from his supporting arms, she would again have fallen to the earth had not the knight interposed to save her. "Alas," said he, "I fear you have been a sufferer from the treachery and falsehood of man; but in me you have no ill to dread. I am poor, powerless, unfortunate, but never yet was the name of Agostino d'Alviano coupled with dishonour." "D'Alviano!" shrieked the stranger. "Oh, by the memory of our murdered father, pity and protect your unhappy sister, your once loved Eulalia!" Agostino clasped the fainting girl tenderly to his breast, assured her of his undeviating affection, and when, relieved by a flood of tears, she was enabled to speak, drew her sad story from her quivering lips.

Allured from her convent by the protestations of one too well calculated to win an inexperienced heart, she had been deceived by a fictitious marriage: forsaken by her betrayer, who, anxious to rid himself of an incumbrance, avowed the base expedient, she had fled from the infamous proposals of one of his profligate friends. "Oh, Agostino!" she exclaimed, "while I am weeping here, the gayest of the revellers, he whom I so loved and trusted, in yonder palace leads the jocund dance." "Tell me the villain's name," cried d'Alviano. Eulalia hesitated: resentment was instantly absorbed by a gush of returning tenderness; she could not expose to danger the worthless object of her fond affection. "Spare me," she murmured; "although your anger be just, I cannot doom the man to whom I have vowed eternal love to your avenging sword." At that moment a brilliant coruscation of light streamed up to heaven from the garden of the Orsini palace, and Agostino's eyes fell upon a signet ring, which encircled one of Eulalia's fingers. It bore the arms of the della Mirandola family, and the motto *Speranza*; it was the device of Leone. The midnight serenader, whom he had traced to the Arno's bank, flashed upon the gazer's mind; every doubt was dispelled; and, convinced that his sister's betrayer was revealed to him, he forbore to press the painful question, and, anxious to shield the poor wanderer from the chilling atmosphere, he carried her into the scarcely less bleak abode of her ancestors. Weary, faint, and exhausted, Eulalia gladly reclined upon the hard couch which had formed her brother's bed. Agostino bent over her until she slumbered, stifling in her presence the agonizing thoughts which made his breast the haunt

of demons. The silent walls, witnesses of his wrongs, the faded and drooping lily before him, now fast sinking into a premature grave, seemed to cry aloud for vengeance; and, as soon as the meek sufferer slept, he stole cautiously from the building, and placing himself in a commanding situation, watched for the departure of Leone from Imilda's banquet. The day had dawned before the festive party separated. The favoured lover lingered amid the last, and crossed the street alone. Agostino accosted him with a defiance. Apparently more grieved than surprized, Mirandola endeavoured to soothe the enraged Ghibeline: but his frank and courteous manner added fuel to the flame. The fierce passions, so long smothered in Agostino's tortured breast, blazed forth, and, compelled to draw in self-defence, Leone at first only parried the attack of his adversary. D'Alviano, unappeased, pressed upon him the more eagerly; and, irritated by this determined hostility, he became in turn the assailant. Blinded by rage, Agostino could not cope with the superior skill of his rival. His sword was shattered into fragments: he was disarmed, and at the mercy of the ever victorious Guelph. Refusing to ask for life, he rushed weaponless again to the attack. Mirandola cast a scornful glance upon the writhing madman before him. "Fool!" he exclaimed, "hang or drown, I will not become thy executioner;" and, turning away, he had already gained an angle of the wall, and was passing out of sight. The wretched d'Alviano, torn by a thousand conflicting emotions, though scarcely in possession of his senses, felt conscious of a fresh insult in the knight's contempt. His glaring eyes caught a rusty dagger lying on the ground: he seized it—darted forward—made a desperate plunge, and Leone rolled a corse at his feet. Scarcely was the blow struck before every vindictive feeling was buried in remorse. Agostino gazed upon the prostrate form, and recoiled at the deed which his hand had perpetrated. Conscience-smitten, he remained paralyzed with horror, and rooted to the spot. From this horrible trance he was aroused by the screams of females. He looked up. Eulalia and Imilda Landini stood before him; the latter, still adorned in the splendid habiliments which she had worn at the ball, a striking and melancholy contrast to the agony which convulsed her features, remained inactive, a living statue of despair; but Eulalia, kneeling by the side of the body, drew out the deadly steel, and staunching the flowing blood with her veil, fruitlessly endeavoured to administer relief. The lamp of life was wholly extinct. "Agostino!" she cried, "by what fatal accident has the noblest of the Florentine cavaliers perished? Alas to his justice I might have appealed; and, all powerful in the signiory, he would have forced his kinsman to repair my wrongs." —"Speak!" exclaimed d'Alviano; "does not the destroyer of your peace lie there?"— "Leone della Mirandola?" returned Eulalia; "Oh, no! no! he was the friend of the unprotected, the champion of the oppressed, overcoming by his generosity even the hatred I bore him as the son of one through whom our father met a dreadful death."—"And I have murdered him!" cried Agostino. A wild shriek burst from Imilda's lips. D'Alviano, for Imilda's sake, made a strong effort to overcome his feelings, and, relating in hurried accents the supposed injury which had driven him to the commission of so foul a crime, entreated the Countess to extend her protection to his sister, when, by a voluntary surrender of his person to the hands of justice, he should have suffered all the penalties imposed by the outraged laws.—"Fly!" exclaimed Imilda, who, lingering after the departure of Leone, with affectionate fondness, had been attracted to the spot by the clashing of swords. "Fly! there has been blood enough shed; companions in misery, we will weep out the remainder of our lives together. While in a distant land, do thou by prayer and penitence strive to expiate this fearful deed."

Agostino found a grave in Palestine; and two veiled sisters of the convent of Santa Maria found a solace for their griefs in continual masses for the souls of the murderer and the murdered.

OUR VISIT TO THE HOPKINSES.*

"And having nine times viewed the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady and the pudden:—
You will excuse, Sir,—on a sudden—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon fowls and colly-flower
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side;
And by-and-bye the second course
Comes lagging like a distanced horse."

Yes, our dinner at Hucklebury Hall was indeed a formidable affair! When it was served, Beckey and I were placed in due state at our posts of honour. At Mrs. Hopkins's elbow was my destination, supported by Miss Hetty, and the girl seemed ready to jump into my pocket. Fronting me sat Mr. Hopkins, No. 2. The other lovely gems were placed in their accustomed order, and the work began. 'Till the first edges of our appetites were deadened, Silence was tolerably secure on his throne. He soon, however, took fright, and then in an instant all tongues were let loose. Mr. Hopkins, senior, who, I began to fear, had secreted a common-place-book under the cushion of his chair, began by asking me if I had ever heard (for he had but just found it out) in what position the ancients were accustomed to dine; and before I could get out the first intonation of the monosyllable "yes"—he had told me all about their recumbent position, and laughed himself red in the face at what he called their lazy habits, and thought they must be very apt to choke themselves.—"Ah, father!" said Master Harry, "I found out that in that ere large book as you put your shaving-can on in a morning; I'm burnt if I don't think I knew it afore you did. I read it more than a week ago, and forgot to tell you of it: but I've got it all in my common place-book, and that's more than you have, I dare say. Did you ever read about it, Cousin F—?" said this cackling wiseacre to me.—"No, Master Harry," said I, "I never read much."—"Well," added he, chuckling, "I thought you didn't, 'cause you don't talk, and I don't think any one can talk as doesn't read."—"Pray, Master Harry," said I, "do you think any one can read who does not talk?"—"There now, Cousin F—," said the pert young monkey, "you are going to play off your quirks and flim-flams upon me, but it won't do. I can see what you are at: you want to get me into a hackle, and then argue me out of my seven senses."—"Ha! ha! ha!" said old Hopkins, in a fat choking laugh, "you see, Cousin F—, the boy is up to you; his visit to London has put him, what we call here, up to snuff! 'Pon my life he even puzzles *me* sometimes. Father's own son—chip of the old block, I'll be sworn."—At this *jeu d'esprit*, the laugh of all the Hopkinses was mightily raised against me. I was, therefore, considered as duly beaten down and defeated, and the hopeful Master Harry leered round the table for applause. Beckey was in puzzle what to do in the present emergency, and felt in an awkward predicament. She caught Harry's eye and mine at the same moment, and though from her humane principles she wished to pamper up Master Harry's opinions of himself, to make him happier, yet she was afraid to do it at my expense. Beckey sat like a statue, and tried to conceal what she intended to do; but in her zealous endeavour to keep her eyes fixed on both of us at the same time, she twisted them into the most interesting squint imaginable; so that I, familiar as I had been for years with all turns (and they were not many) of her countenance, could not, under existing circumstances, trace the least resemblance to my dear sister's usual placid face. This was, however, what I suppose she called putting a *good face* upon the matter, grounded upon the proverb—"handsome is that handsome does." This curious transformation wrought on Beckey's features (though unknown to her) was noticed by all the party, and their *good breeding* induced them to burst out into a round horse laugh,

* Vide page 215

and to point at Beckey, while Harry chuckled out, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." She, good soul, finding that some new joke was started, immediately forgot the painful dilemma in which she had been placed, and her two odd eyes forthwith became a pair again.

Amidst some of the short intervals of silence which occasionally took place, and while Miss Hetty observed her sagacious brother Harry busily engaged, fingers and teeth, on the leg of a chicken, that fascinating creature edged her soft simpering nothings into my unwilling ear. She lisped out a great deal about sensitive hearts, and deep impressions; and, as though she had been talking to her great-grand-papa instead of her cousin, but just on the wrong side of forty-five, she gave me a long list and description of such men as she had made up her mind *not* to marry; as though, poor girl, she had ever had the opportunity of refusing any. Amongst that list, I did not find any one character that I could identify with my own; and for a moment it flashed across my mind that she might have a design—but no—no: I dismissed the idea as soon as I had conceived it; and therefore I need not at the present moment disclose what it was that flashed across my mind. My treacherous memory will not enable me to recount half the fine and clever things that were said at this or any other repast, but I cannot help relating one more. When the cheese was put on the table (for they always eat cheese at Hucklebury Hall) and some celery, I said to the old man—"Hopkins, pray send me some celery; you seem as though you intended to keep it all to yourself."—"Ah!" interrupted Harry, hastily and most *politely* disposing of some bottled ale he had half swallowed, lest his father should say a bright thing first—"father's a cunning one; when he's got the *salary* he likes to keep it; he hasn't his place at the head of domestic affairs for nothing."—"'Drat that boy!" chuckled out old Hopkins, "what funny things he thinks on! Father's own son, I take it, cousin F—; but, some how or other, he sometimes gets the start of me confoundedly."—"Yes, father!" said the cub, "I starts the game, and you runs after it, don't you? Its time for thee to rest, as that ere young prince in the History of England said to his father, when he stole the crown off his pillow as he was lying a-bed." All the girls laughed immoderately to find what a grand emporium of wit their father's table had become: Hetty put her arm behind my chair, and patted Harry on the back; and Mrs. Hopkins looked as happy as the true *attic*, and the recollections of Shenstone, could make her. She, worthy soul, had been tolerably quiet all dinner time; and the only dissertation with which she favoured us was upon the birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour of the leash of chickens which formed part of our bill of fare; interlarded with a few striking reflections on the blessing of farm-yards, and other sylvan pursuits, which chimed in from time to time like the recurrence of a rondo in music.

Dinner being at length concluded, and the dessert despatched, we sauntered about the garden till tea-time; and the kind-hearted Beckey was as assiduous as before in endeavouring to keep the girls away from me; notwithstanding which Miss Hetty was constantly hovering round me, and doubling upon me in every turn I took in the garden. This persecution worried me grievously, and I therefore set Beckey to endeavour to fish out what she could mean by it: but, unluckily, while Beckey and I were in close conversation, I saw something stirring in the midst of a large laurel, and looking closer, I found Master Dickey—meddling, prying, pianoforteing Dickey—squatting down, and (like Desdemona with Othello) "with a greedy ear swallowing up our discourse." I seized a watering-pot which stood by, luckily brimming full, and before the urchin could escape from his lair, gave him the comfort of the most invigorating shower-bath he ever felt. I sincerely wished I could have washed our secret conversation out of him, for I believe I told Beckey distinctly what I thought Miss Hetty was about, and I did not want to have my opinion of the matter blazed all over the house in ten minutes afterwards.

At tea we all met again. Dickey had changed his clothes, but he could not change his shock head of hair, which hung ruefully about his ears, in consequence of the thorough ablution which he had so lately received at my hands. The booby could hardly look me in the face, so great was his confusion. Beckey whispered me she was afraid the poor boy would catch his death with cold, while he, notwithstanding the

retribution he had so recently met with, was craning out his neck to hear what we were saying; but I replied loud enough for him to overhear, that his spirit of curiosity was quite enough to keep the cold out, whatever she might fear. This damped the youngster more than the watering-pot, and he slunk off to another part of the room, fully contented, or at least quieted, by what he had heard. Dickey having thus fully convinced me of his expertness in meddling and prying, was now called upon to convince me further of his capabilities in another department. His fond admiring mother requested him to indulge me (a great hater of *green* music—I mean music played by greenhorns) with a song, accompanied by himself on the piano-forte: which I, however, soon found was not quite so much his *forte* as the other department of his powers. He played rather under a disadvantage, I must confess, for a finger on his *bass* hand had been wounded in a late attempt to *pry* open the lock of the sweet-meat closet, and his *treble* wrist had been recently sprained by a fall from a ladder on which he had climbed to count the eggs in a martin's nest. Thus maimed he commenced operations, and his two paws fell like sledge-hammers upon the keys of the unoffending instrument. The boy's voice was bearable enough, when used in speaking, but as soon as he began to substitute squeaking for speaking, my afflicted ears were ready to forego their office. The misguided boy then murdered, in a fine self-satisfied style, the ballad of "Oh say not woman's heart is bought;" and though his tones might have found the way to the hearts of those who had been duly drilled into listening, they certainly missed my heart, and went very far beyond it. Hetty was as usual closely posted at my elbow, and said, when the song was ended, so as Beckey and I could distinctly hear her,—"If music be the food of love, play on." As soon as Beckey heard this she looked at me, then up to the ceiling, and then at Dickey. I confess I feared Dickey's ears were open to it, too—that he would construe it into an encore *nem. con.*, and inflict the murder over again: and as, according to the adage, "a burnt child dreads the fire," so did I dread what effects a second edition might produce on my nervous system. "Bravo! Dickey, my boy!" exclaimed Harry. "Do you know why you *played* so well?"

"No," drawled out the boy. "Why, then, I'll tell you," said Harry; "because you have got *game* hands."—"'Drat that boy!" again chuckled old Hopkins—"still a chip of the old block, I take it, Cousin F—, eh?"—Not only a chip, thought I, but the block itself.

As soon as the mirth which Mr. Harry's jest had excited was subdued, Miss Hetty began to enlarge, or rather to give me a running commentary, upon the ballad with which Master Dickey had favoured us; and in conclusion said, in the most emphatic manner, "Ah, cousin, you have lived all your life a bachelor, and have never therefore learnt by experience, that woman "loves, and loves for ever," as the song says.—"No, child—no," said I; "I have not learnt by experience, but by theory, which is a thousand fold better, and am therefore quite ready to believe that she loves a day longer even than the song gives her credit for."—"There, Cousin F—," said Mr. Harry again, "there you go at your quirks."—"Take care," said old Hopkins, "you see the boy watches you as a cat does a mouse—you can't escape him." I wish I could, thought I, and groaned inwardly, because we had yet five days more to spend at Hucklebury Hall.

For any one possessed of a more governable spirit than myself, I dare say it would have been a very fine thing to observe how each branch of the Hopkins tree endeavoured to display its fruits and flowers to the best advantage. Miss Hetty's small talk was monstrously large in *quantity*, but kept firmly to its standard of *quality*. Miss Polly gave loose rein to her hobby-horse, and entered into at least her hundred and fiftieth dotage on Vauxhall and Astley's Theatre. Miss Helen was all cowslips and conundrums as usual; and there certainly was one recommendation belonging to her *cowslips*, which was, that they were much better than her *own lips*; and that's all I know of the matter.

Day after day in this manner did our time pass—our days of penance, as I have reason emphatically to call them; and I often longed to see Beckey's imperial once more fairly strapped on the top of the carriage. In due time our period of banishment came to its last ebb. Old Hopkins had told me all he knew: Harry had done the same, and added a great deal more that he did not know. Hetty's small talk had

almost become bankrupt, from the heavy run she had made upon it, but her smirks and smiles still flourished, and as our time grew shorter, she had gradually drawn nearer and nearer to my elbow. Polly had exhausted all her extacies, and only waited for replenishment, when old Hopkins should have the time and opportunity to shew her Sadler's Wells, and the New Christmas Pantomime at Covent Garden, and then, like a jack wound up, she hoped to bound off again. Hebe had laid waste all the cowslips of the season, and, for conundrums, was spending sleepless nights in eager anticipation of the contents of the New-year's pocket-books. Dickey—that everlastingly meddling Dickey—was not quite tamed, and was as busy as ever on the morning of my departure, endeavouring to find out the movement of a peculiar patent lock on one of my portmanteaus; and when I came to my journey's end, I was obliged to force open the lock, for the urchin had put it out of all order by cramming a rusty nail into it.

But the events of my visit did not end here. There are some merciless people in the world who are not content with keeping you a prisoner for a week, but seek to ensnare you for the remainder of your days. Hopkins was one of these. An hour before the horses were put to, he beckoned me gravely into his study, and again I had the fear of common-place-books before my eyes, and began to be apprehensive he had overlooked one in our former conferences. However, this apprehension turned out to be unfounded; but a more formidable event than that presented itself. Hopkins began the conversation by pronouncing a flaming panegyric on me and my acquirements—my social qualities, and my sensitive nature; nor did he overlook my independent situation in life. He furthermore assured me that he, Mrs. Hopkins, and Hetty, all agreed in thinking I did not look by many years so old as I was, and many other things of the like character; and while I was lost in amazement to guess what all this might lead to, he deliberately pulled up his neckcloth round his chin, thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, hummed—haa'd—stammered, smiled, and at length complacently asked me what were my *serious* intentions towards his daughter, Hetty: adding (before I could make any reply) that it might be better to understand the business fully before my departure, as more could be done in matters of that sort by half an hour's conversation than by half a year's correspondence. He said he had observed that I was diffident and shy, but that he and Hetty both looked upon that as the result of the delicacy of my mind; and, therefore, to do away with any unnecessary reserve, it was thought best by the whole family that he should interfere as he had done. *Serious* intentions thought I; could any one in his senses ever think seriously of any thing connected with Miss Hetty? Stunned and confounded as I was, and boiling with rage, I had still sense enough left to use all this scene in my own mind as an explanation of Miss Hetty's system of haunting me and dodging at my elbow; and then indeed I remembered what had flashed across my mind, when this smirking and small-talking damsel gave me an inventory of the men she would *not* marry.

I was so enraged that I hardly know what I said in reply to all this. I remember, however, that I called Miss Hetty something or other that made old Hopkins hop like a parched pea. I vented all my spleen, which had been a whole week gathering; found a fitting epithet for every one of the Hopkinses—slammed the door in the old man's face—uttered something that was not a benediction, and like a shot bounded into the carriage, where Beckey had quietly taken her seat before me: nor was I cooled one degree until I reached my own door; and no sooner had I placed my foot in my own house, than I knelt down, and solemnly vowed eternal enmity against all cousins of all sorts, directing it more especially, and with double bitterness, against all the Hopkinses of Hucklebury Hall.

I did not at once tell Beckey what had so ruffled my temper; but when I did, she held up her hands in mute wonder; again assumed the same memorable squint which she blest us with at dinner at Hucklebury Hall; and from that moment, Beckey, my dear Beckey, has never been like herself again. She, poor soul, is worried by the reflection that all this happened through her love of gadding abroad; and while we live together, I fear poor Beckey will never again have the courage to express any wish of her own to her affectionate and too compliant brother.

G. F.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

"EMMA, dear, do you not hear the hour striking, and yet you are loitering here—who could fancy this to be your wedding-day?" Emma raised her blue eyes, with a look of gentle reproach, as she replied—"And is it Caroline Ormsby who can jest with me to-day?"—Caroline placed her white hand on the lips of the pale bride, and shook her head with a half-serious, half-playful smile.—"I see, I see of what you are thinking," cried Emma, "and I know it is too late. I know well that, long ere now, Harry has learnt to hate me."—"It is not of Harry we ought now to speak," said Caroline; "the bride of Lord Montressor should have other thoughts." Emma's fair brow became flushed as she listened to this reproof from the gentle Caroline. Never before had her friend spoken to her in anger; and she felt how wrong she must have been ere Caroline *could* thus have spoken.

These two young and lovely women were cousins. In their infancy they had been left orphans, and were by their dying parents committed to the care of the same guardian. Caroline Ormsby was some years Emma's senior, and was of a serious, reflecting disposition. Her beauty partook of her character. She was very pale; but the transparent fairness of her skin rendered the want of bloom scarcely a defect. Her dark hair was braided in shining folds over her high and unruffled forehead; and her eyes were generally cast downwards; thus allowing their long lashes to contrast their ebon tints with the pure snow on which they rested. Her cousin Emma was now in her twentieth year, and was the gayest and most bewitching of earth's creatures. To resist her fascinations was impossible. Her very laughter was enchantment, it was so full of the heart's mirth; and her blue eyes—who could withstand their brightness? No one could say whether her cheek were blooming, so varying were the tints that coloured it; and often the pearly whiteness of her throat was hidden by the redundance of her rich fair curls. Her temper was the sweetest—her heart the warmest that ever beat. Yet she had been her guardian's pet, and even in infancy every little whim had been indulged, and every fancy yielded to; and had not Caroline Ormsby's influence been powerful with her volatile cousin, the young beauty's caprices would have been endless.

At the commencement of this little narrative we found the two cousins seated together, on Emma's bridal morning; and never was there a more miserable bride. The cause of this the following conversation will develope. Emma had, for some time after Caroline had spoken, rested her beautiful head upon her folded hands with a silence very unusual to her; then, tossing back the abundance of her fair curls, she said—"Cary, dear, now I am going to be good, so you may dress me if you will;" and she held up her red lip for her friend's kiss. "One moment," answered Caroline, "one moment you must listen to me."—There was something singular in Miss Ormsby's manner—a struggle, as though she laboured under the weight of some untold feeling. Her hand was pressed upon her brow—her cheek was flushed—and Emma gazed upon her, fearing to be told she knew not what. At last, Caroline said—"But a moment since, Emma, I reproached you for talking of Harry Tresham, and yet it is of him I am now about to speak. You remember that night—nay, start not up so, for you must hear me, Emma. I must for once remind you of that night, when, in your groundless jealousy, you banished Harry from your sight. On that night his friend Montressor was sitting with me, when Harry rushed into the drawing-room with the frenzy of a madman. Lord Montresser heard the whole history of your quarrel, for Harry was in a state bordering on delirium, and was heedless by whom he might be heard." Emma shuddered. "I need not tell you," continued Caroline, "of my surprise, when, in a few days after this, you wrote to me, that, convinced of Harry's unworthiness, you had consented to become Lord Montressor's wife. Of that I need not speak; for, as you have said, it is indeed too late. I felt even then it was so, and I was silent; but I obeyed your wishes, and hastened to town. I found you still buoyed up by your resentment; but I saw, under the mask of gaiety, that you were wretched, most wretched, and I entreated you then, ere I knew that Tresham had never been unfaithful—even then, Emma, I entreated you to pause. Again,

you said it was too late. Then Harry's letter came, and he was justified. Once more I entreated—I begged of you never to become Lord Montressor's wife. You would not hear me, Emma; you were wretched, yet you would not hear me; and now, Emma, upon my knees—I, who never knelt to any but my God—now, even at this last hour, do I pray of you to stop!"

Emma raised the kneeling Caroline, while she uttered, in a deeply-agitated tone—"No! no! I must go on—stop at the very altar! No, Caroline, I dare not!"—Miss Ormsby looked compassionately at the erring girl, and ejaculated—"Oh, if I might but tell her!" then, checking herself, she said—"About an hour ago, Lord Montressor came to me, and told me that he had never believed you had forgotten your love for Harry Tresham; and that, to be convinced there was no feeling yet between you, he had requested Harry to be present at the ceremony. Ah, Emma! your cheek is blanched—you will listen to me now?" and Caroline's tall figure became loftier in its grandeur, as she added—"and hear me, Emma; hear me, as though my words were those of prophecy. Open your whole soul to Lord Montressor—confess to him your feelings, while they may yet be felt without crime; tell him, even now tell him, that you *dare* not become his wife!"

While Caroline continued to speak, Emma's face was hidden in her folded hands. When she looked up, she was very pale, but calm. "I know," she said, "I have done wrong to Harry Tresham; would you also have me do injury to Lord Montressor? No, Caroline, I will become Lord Montressor's wife; even in presence of Harry Tresham will I do this; and, when I forget the vows I shall then plight, may my God forget me!"

Caroline looked with wonder on her friend: her Hebe beauty—her sweet smile remained; and yet it seemed as though, in one brief moment, the thoughts of years had been present to her, so quietly did she speak, and yet so firm was she to her purpose.

In silence were performed the duties of the toilette—in silence were adjusted the white garments—the wreath of orange-flower—the bridal veil, scarcely whiter than the pale cheek it shaded. Then Emma knelt down and prayed long and fervently. When she rose from her knees there was not a trace of emotion to be discovered in her colourless face. She looked like some beautiful but lifeless thing. Her guardian's step was heard—then his voice, requesting admittance. With a calm smile Emma placed her arm within his, and they descended to the drawing-room. Already the wedding guests were there—and Lord Montressor moved forward to meet his bride. His form was noble, though it no longer owned the pride of youth. There was not a furrow on his serene brow; and his eyes shone with all the placid light which had beamed in them in his young days; but *grey* was slightly mingling with the dark hair that fell in rich waves upon his forehead, and seemed to say he was scarcely a fitting husband for the girlish Emma. He smiled gently upon her, but that smile spoke not of love: it had more in it of compassion. At a distant window of the apartment, almost concealed from sight, stood Harry Tresham. He wears not the look of one about to lose "the lady of his love;" his eyes are sparkling; and there is an arch happy smile upon his proud lip: the gallant soldier looks as though he were going to win and not to lose a bride. And Lord Montressor—where is he? He is at Tresham's side—he is leading the youth into the midst of the wondering circle—he places Emma in the young man's arms—he crosses the apartment; and, with a glad smile, clasps Caroline Ormsby's fair hand, and she raises her dark eyes with a glowing yet tearful glance. The ceremony proceeds—the two weddings are over—and the guests are gone.

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Some weeks after, the two fair brides were sitting in Lady Montressor's drawing-room. "Well," said the young Countess, "I almost wonder how I could have teased you so, my poor Emma. It was indeed a sad task that they imposed on me; and once, when I looked upon your poor pale face, I had nearly told you all; but then I hoped my entreaties would prevail, and that you would even then draw back; for I feared so much the effects of the surprise upon you—but Montressor said a happy surprise could never harm you; and he taught me to think, too, that you needed some little schooling. Harry, too, said it was the only chance he had to win you! and that you were a little shrew that needed taming."—"And, indeed," answered the smiling Emma, "had

you not schooled me as you did, I verily believe I never should have been Harry Tresham's wife—I was so full of fancies—so, I forgive you all—all but Harry; it was too bad of him to enter into such a league against me. But how slily you carried on your courtship, Cary! There was I, pouring into your ear all my love and folly, doubts, and fears, and all; and you shaking your wise head so demurely. But—now don't put up your lip, Cary—*my* wonder is, how you ever came to fall in love with Lord Montressor; handsome though he be, he is so—"—"Old," interrupted Caroline, smiling; and as she spoke, she turned her eye upon her husband, with a glance of happy love, which shewed that to her no charm was wanting. The two husbands approached the sofa on which the cousins sat; and as Captain Tresham threw himself on a low ottoman at the feet of his young bride, Lord Montressor said, with an arch smile, "Well, Emma, are we yet pardoned for the lesson we taught you on your wedding-day?"

B. B. B.

ADVENTURES IN PORTUGAL.

(*Concluded from page* 212.)

On our arrival at the scene of outrage, Thomson's first object, in the prosecution of which, to the extent of my powers, I promptly assisted, was to ascertain the nature and extent of the wounds inflicted, and to apply such dressings as were within reach. This was managed better than might have been expected; as, very fortunately, my friend had with him his pocket case of instruments. The injury sustained by some of the peasants was serious, but in no instance dangerous. Lourenço's wound was more alarming: a pistol bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his neck, and a great effusion of blood had ensued. However, the requisite applications were made; the sufferer was carefully placed on a mattress; and the chief fear was, lest the anxiety of his mind should induce fever, and, consequently, heighten the inflammation of the wounded part.

By the time that we had completed our task evening approached; but, contrary to the advice and even entreaties of the good curate, and the kind-hearted villagers, we refused to take with us a guide upon our return; and, supplying ourselves each with a tolerably-sized cudgel—bludgeon, perhaps, would be the more correct term—we received the necessary instructions, bade adieu to the village, and set out for Lisbon. Perhaps our conduct was rather fool-hardy than wise. Our little topographical knowledge soon failed us—we lost our way—night was rapidly coming on—and as not a star was yet to be seen in the horizon, we could only guess at the direction in which we were moving. We had wandered by unfrequented paths through a wood of some extent, and seemed to have entered upon the borders of a plain or common; but it was now dark—so dark that not even a tree or a house, had there been one, could be distinguished. At intervals, we heard some goats' bells; a circumstance which led to the belief that there must be some hut or cabin near us, in which, could we find it, we might obtain shelter for the night, or some one to assist us in our way home. To shout, we considered, might be rather perilous than otherwise, as it was possible that the neighbourhood might not be the safest in the world; for some time, therefore, we moved about in silence as chance directed. At length the moon arose, and again we ventured to proceed. The goats' bells seemed to be nearer, and, after advancing nearly a mile, we descried a hut which we concluded might be that of the shepherd. We soon reached it—all was silent within—but we resolved on arousing the inmates. It was not until after repeated applications of our cudgels at the door of the hut, that any answer was returned. A rough voice, in a subdued and soliloquising, but determined tone, was heard to exclaim in the language of the country, "I'm prepared for ye!" In the best Portuguese we could muster, we endeavoured to assure the man that we were friends—that we were benighted travellers, and all that we wanted was lodging or a guide. On the truth of our asseverations, he seemed not at all disposed

to rely. At last, the door suddenly flew open—a gigantic savage-looking figure stood before us, with a horse-pistol, cocked, in one hand, and a long knife in the other. However, the fellow only stood upon the defensive; and, perhaps thinking it might be the safer plan to take or seem to take us upon our words, he gave us the *entrée*. All was dark in the interior; but, having retreated to an inner apartment to procure a light, he returned with a lamp in his left hand, his right still retaining the pistol. He hung the lamp against the wall, bestowing on us, all the time, dark and scowling glances of the most scrutinizing suspicion. He was tall, brawny, and muscular, a very Hercules in form; his complexion was sallow; his face deeply pock-marked, his eyes full, black, and piercing; his hair, long and black; his beard black, bushy, and matted—altogether a glorious subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Thomson and I interchanged looks: mine were those of distrust, his were indicative of different feelings; but, aware that the intercourse of these people with the soldiery of England, and also of France, had given many of them a slight knowledge of the language of those countries, we ventured not to communicate by speech. With the exception of a rude painting on a board, of about ten or twelve inches square, which hung upon the wall near the lamp, there was not a single article of furniture in the apartment where we were; but, by degrees, the man, who affected civility and a wish to accommodate, provided us with a couple of wicker-bottomed chairs, placed a rude plank upon two cross sticks, by way of a table, and brought in some clean straw and a blanket. He would kill a young kid, he said, for our supper: his old woman should dress it; it would be ready in an hour; and, when we should have rested ourselves as long as we chose, he would proceed with us to a certain distance on our way to Lisbon. All our remonstrances against the providing of supper were ineffectual; and the fellow, still keeping himself armed, actually left the hut for the ostensible purpose of killing the kid. No sooner had he disappeared than Thomson said to me in a whisper, "Do you know who that villain is?"—"No!" was the answer.—"It is Domingos, one of the three sons of Ferragudo, of whom you have heard so much. I heard, a week ago, that he was concealing himself somewhere on the borders of a forest, in consequence of his having murdered his uncle." Thomson had scarcely made this important communication when the ruffian re-entered. His kids, he said, were all too old or too young; there was not one that was fit for us; his brother's pasturage was not far off—he would run and obtain one from thence. His glances were still scowling and suspicious; and, in all probability, he perceived that we too were not free from suspicion. "You have nothing to fear," said he; "I and my brothers are all *gente de bem*: you are in honourable company; make yourselves at home." He again left us, certainly under the influence of no very comfortable feelings. "Where," whispered I to Thomson, "is the old woman of whom he spoke?" We concluded that she was only an ideal personage.

The painting to which I have alluded, was as extraordinary in subject as it was rude in execution; extraordinary at least to an Englishman, at first sight, though there are thousands of similar pictures—objects of worship, &c., in all parts of Portugal. It represented a man, apparently a thief or an assassin, thrown from a four-pair of stairs window, and in the act of falling; Nossa Senhora in a cloud looking straight before her, in doll-like imbecility. Beneath the picture were words to this effect:—"Miracle performed by our lady of P. F. on Manuel Guzman, who, falling from a four-pair of stairs window, broke only one of his legs, when he might very easily have broken both."—Whilst we were silently contemplating this sublime effort of the pictorial art, a sound like that of a low moan suddenly caught our ears: it was followed by a louder, yet scarcely audible "hush!" We resumed our seats, gazed inquiringly at each other, but spoke not. Presently, the picture before us turned, like a door, upon hinges: the face of a shrivelled old hag presented itself in the aperture, but instantly receded, and the painted board resumed its position. "There must be some mystery here," I exclaimed; "let us, at all hazards, pursue it." As we approached the door, through which Domingos had entered with the lamp, we again heard low sounds as of female voices, accompanied by what seemed struggling and confusion. Retaining possession of our cudgels, that we might be prepared for the worst, we rapped at the door for admittance. Again the painted board moved, and again

the old woman's face appeared, demanding our business. We chose, we said, to know who the other inmates of the hut were, and, for that purpose, it was our desire to enter the apartment in which she was. "No!" she replied, there was no one there who would molest us, and she had strict orders not to open the door. This answer was any thing but satisfactory; we repeated our determination to know who and what were within; and added, that unless she would immediately, and without further altercation, open the door, we would force an entrance. Domingos, she said, would kill her if she disobeyed him; and he would kill us if he came back and found that we had forced our way into his chamber; she therefore entreated us, for the love of Our Lady and all the blessed saints in heaven, to desist from our purpose. However, critically circumstanced as we were, we had proceeded too far to retreat, and, Englishmen like, we determined not to abandon the adventure till we should have brought it to some termination or other. We attempted to force the door—a shriek, seemingly the result of mingled emotions, hope, alarm, and terror, resounded through the hut—the hag no longer resisted—we entered—and there, extended on a mattress, bound hand and foot, lay a youthful female. It was our beautiful high-born peasant—it was Inez Da Costa herself! Instantly she recognized us, and in a wild burst of feeling, she endeavoured, though ineffectively, to spring from the rude couch to which she was confined. Without a moment's loss of time, we effected her liberation—that is, we released her limbs from their bondage. It was with difficulty that she could be restrained from throwing herself at the feet of her deliverers; but her first anxious imploring inquiries were for her lover, her Louzenço. We gave her all the soothing information in our power, and conjured her to depart with us on the instant, lest the momentarily expected return of Domingos, with, probably, some of his ruffian associates, should render escape for all impossible. The old woman was in a state of terror almost as pitiable as that of Inez; but her we heeded not farther than to prevent her from leaving the hut to raise an alarm. Besides our cudgels, Thomson and I had each our brace of pocket pistols. The latter we examined; and, taking Inez between us, half bewildered, half unconscious of our object, we compelled the old woman to accompany us on our abrupt and hasty departure. This was necessary on two accounts: first, that she should not give information as to the route which we had taken; secondly, that she might serve as a guide towards the town. Our first idea, indeed, was to retrace our steps to the village; but a moment's reflection told us that Inez could not remain in safety there. To Lisbon, then, we determined to proceed. Our situation was desperate; for it seemed hardly possible that the return of Domingos to the hut should be long delayed. That he would be enabled to trace us was more than possible. To one man, howsoever formidable, we should not have surrendered our prize except with life; but should Domingos, accompanied by any of his brotherhood in crime, overtake us, the consequences were likely to be fatal. There was the more ground for our apprehension of being overtaken as it was fresh in our recollection that the banditti by which Inez had been carried off from the village were mounted, and some of the mules might not be far from the hut of Domingos. Onward, however, we proceeded, at as rapid a pace as the feeble steps of the exhausted Inez, and of the decrepid old woman, supported and dragged by us, would permit.

It has often been a question whether the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment, operated more powerfully on the human mind. In the present instance, we combined their force; threatening the woman with immediate death should she mislead or betray us, and assuring her of a handsome douceur at no distant period, in the event of her enabling us to reach Lisbon with Inez, in safety. In the prosecution of this plan, however, new difficulties presented themselves. Inez, upon entering the town, might be recognized; and, in that case, we should have the united power of her father and of the church against us. It is astonishing how rapidly the mind reasons and forms conclusions in situations of emergency. To devise a scheme, and resolve upon its execution, were little more than the thought of a moment. Chance, however, diverted our intentions. The first grey dawn of morning was now visible; and, in a short time, our sight was greeted by the towers, and domes, and spires, and pinnacles of the city. We were nearer to Lisbon than we had thought.

Inez, whose faculties had within the last

half-hour revived, was under the greatest alarm, and the apprehensions of the old woman were not less oppressive. At this time chance, or fortune, or Providence, suddenly favoured us. At a short distance from the path which we were pursuing, stood a very mean little cottage in a garden. Just as we arrived abreast of the cottage, we observed a man in a sailor's dress quietly leaving it. We hailed the fellow, and found him to be an English seaman, who had obtained leave to come on shore from one of the ships of war then lying in the Tagus. As we afterwards found, the man had picked up a sweetheart in Lisbon, and had been passing the night at a merry-making at her father's. He was the very man for our purpose. He had another day's leave; and, always confident in the fidelity of a British sailor, we, after a few questions, stated to him such circumstances as were necessary, engaged his services for the day, enjoined him to secrecy, and, enabling him to secure that of the cottagers, he returned, and prepared the way for our immediate entrance. Inez, we now thought, was in a place of temporary safety. Very willingly would we have been rid of the old woman, but, for security's sake, it was necessary to detain her. We therefore left our cudgels and a brace of pistols with honest Jack; and, conjuring him to protect the lady against any force that might be attempted during our absence, Thomson and I made the best of our way to our quarters, took a few hours' rest, arose, breakfasted, and again prepared for action.

From Inez Da Costa, who gave me the outlines of a history which I afterwards received in detail, I had learned the address of Louzenço's friend, Miguel Forjaz. Thomson and I so arranged our proceedings that he, with his servant, went to the village where we had left Louzenço, and I repaired to the residence of Louzenço's friend, appointing to meet in the afternoon at the cottage. The tidings of which Thomson was the bearer were most grateful to the feelings of the wounded lover; and the ease which his mind thus received proved eminently beneficial in the restoration of his bodily health. Forjaz was delighted with the intelligence of our rescue of the unfortunate Inez, but laboured under the most distressing apprehensions respecting the safety of his friend. He and I acted very promptly together. Considering Inez to be perfectly secure for a time in her retreat, it was yet thought necessary to procure for her some protection more efficient than that which the cottagers could afford. He therefore immediately engaged the services of two stout fellows, on whose courage and integrity he could implicitly rely. In the afternoon, as we had agreed, Thomson and I met at the cottage to relieve the sailor from his watch, and to reward him for his service. It so happened—another point in our favour—that the officer in command of the ship to which he belonged was an old school-fellow of Thompson's. For the present we dismissed the sailor; and, soon afterwards, Forjaz joined us. His plan was, that, under cover of the ensuing night, the two guards whom he had engaged—by-the-bye two of the most ruffian-like gallegos I had ever beheld—were to arrive at the cottage, there to remain during the stay of Inez Da Costa. Further arrangements were yet necessary. Thomson had left Louzenço in a state far more favourable than could have been expected from the circumstances of the case; but for him to continue at the village would subject him to the most imminent peril. His retreat was fully known; and whatever assistance the peasants might be disposed to afford him must prove unavailing against the influence and power of old Da Costa and of the church. For his safety, therefore, secrecy and promptness were equally essential. The day was wearing fast away, and much remained to be done. Gold is of sovereign potency in Portugal, and, fortunately, Forjaz had abundance of that precious metal at command. Thomson again proceeded to the village to prepare Louzenço for the determinations and views of his friends. Forjaz, in the interim, secured a cottage belonging to some of the *horda d'agua* on the banks of the Tagus, and then followed Thomson to the village. I remained at the cottage until the arrival of the two gallegos, to whom the safety of Inez Da Costa was to be consigned, and who also engaged for the secure custody of the old woman. The personal accommodation and comfort of Inez were provided for by the cottagers.

In the course of the night, Thomson and Forjaz, with suitable assistants for the enterprise, effected the removal of Louzenço Gonsalvez upon a litter to the cottage on the Tagus. In the succeeding night Inez was

safely conducted to the same spot, the old woman still remaining in durance.

All this time the emissaries of Da Costa, of the church, and of the police, were indefatigably active in their efforts, but without avail, to discover the new retreat of the fugitives. Of Dominges and his gang, we luckily never heard again.

Thomson, through the good offices of his naval friend, Captain ——, effected an arrangement with the master of a merchant vessel on the point of leaving Lisbon; obtained the assistance of a boat's crew from his Majesty's ship ——; and, within a week from the time of the outrage committed upon the lovers, they were under sail for the port of London, where, immediately on their arrival, they were married as private individuals at the chapel of the Spanish Ambassador.

Da Costa soon acquired a knowledge of the truth. At first he was desperate almost to madness, but at length he found solace in the proverb, that what cannot be cured must be endured: ultimately, a full reconciliation was effected; a dispensation from the Pope was obtained; Louzenço and Inez were remarried; and, in less than a twelvemonth, they returned, happy and rejoicing, to their paternal homes at Lisbon.

Original Poetry.

THE HOUR OF BLISS.

'Tis sweet to sit in the twilight hour
With the friend beloved and gaze on high
At the countless star —the bright, bright worlds
That tell us of Immortality!

'Tis sweet to wander at deep midnight
Neath the summer moon, on some lone shore;—
To look on the silver-crested wave,
And talk of days that return no more.

'Tis sweet to roam through the woodland glen
With those who gladden our earthly lot
To gather wild flowers—and breathe the words,
"Forget me not,—O, forget me not!"

But sweeter and dearer—dearer FAR,
To kneel in the holy house of prayer
With the chosen One, when each thought is hushed
That reminds us of a world of care!

To whisper together words of praise—
The tears of a contrite heart to shed—
To call down with true and tender zeal
Heaven's blessings on each other's head.

'Tis then that the soul may comprehend
The joys of a purer world than this—
'Tis *then* that we love as Spirits love—
—O *that* is the one,—*one* hour of bliss!

L. S. S.

LOVE IN PARADISE.

LOVE came one day to my ivied cot,
And he said—"So! so! I see,
A paradise quite you here have got,
But who is your EVE to be?

"Go! go! you must seek for one," he said;
"For it is not fit that you
Should dwell alone—Go, look for a bride!"
And away the wild thing flew.

I felt that I was indeed alone,
And I met a lovely girl;
Her hair was gemm'd with jewels and gold,
And her arms were twin'd with pearl;

I led her o'er my favourite walks,
And I shew'd her my favourite bow'rs;
But I saw that she scorn'd my humble home,
And trampled upon my flow'rs.

And the evening dew fell upon her hair,
And dimm'd the jewels and gold;
And the bushes caught her silken robe,
And destroy'd its graceful fold.

Thought I, fair girl, thou art not for me!
And poor LOVE looked on and sigh'd,
And said, in a low and sadden'd tone,
"You must seek an humbler bride."

'Twas then, my MARY, that first I saw
Your gentle and placid face—
Your robe of plain and unsullied white,
And your simple artless grace.

And LOVE look'd up with a bright'ning eye,
And shook his soft wings, and cried—
"I have found you an EVE, at last, I think;"
And the urchin laugh'd with pride.

I went and I knelt at your feet, sweet love,
And I woo'd you to my bow'r;
You smiled and blush'd, and I won my bride,
In the gentle twilight hour.

B. B. B.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1827.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Summer Promenade Dress.

A Gown of pistachio green taffety, made partially high; with a broad border composed of *foliage* ornaments round the skirt: the leaves, which extend upwards and downwards, are confined in the middle by a ring-strap, which seems to separate one leaf from the other: every leaf is edged round by a narrow *rouleau;* and the points of the upper leaves are each finished by a rosette of ribbon, the colour of the dress: the hem next the shoe is concealed by a wadded *rouleau.* Plain body, *à l'Espagnole*, with Castilian points round the waist: each side of the bust so ornamented as to form a stomacher in front, composed of zig-zag diamonds in rich silk *cordon.* The sleeves are in the *gigot* shape, but not very capacious, with antique points at the wrists, and next the hand a broad gold bracelet, fastened with a cameo. A collar, *à la Chevalière*, of fine lace, falls over from the throat, and is fastened in front, with a red cornelian, set in wrought gold. Over a small cap of lace is worn a Leghorn hat, lined with pink, and trimmed with bows of broad ribbon, of straw-colour and pistachio-green; very long strings of the same ribbon floating over the shoulders.

No. 2.—Evening Costume.

Dress of *tulle* or of gossamer gauze over white satin; the border richly ornamented in slight white satin: next the feet the ornament is of an antique Grecian figure, forming a sort of fluting: above this, a *rouleau*, which is surmounted by a regular row of scrolls of crape, edged with white satin: these scrolls are stiffened, and, though light, have a very rich appearance. The body is of white satin, fitting close to the shape, with a double falling tucker of broad *blond*, divided by narrow *rouleaux* of satin: the sleeves very short, plain, and full. On the right side of the bust is worn a small *bouquet* of full-blown summer roses. A sash of rich white ribbon has three ends depending in front, which do not come quite so low as the trimming at the border; each of these ends is terminated by a bow of ribbon. A diadem-*beret-toque* constitutes the head-dress, and is of pink spotted gauze; the diadem-*toque* part very much elevated: next the hair a regal coronet-*bandeau, à la Cleopatra:* a pink plume, resembling that of the bird-of-paradise, falls over the left side. The ear-rings are of fine pearls, as is the necklace; which is fastened in front with a cameo set in gold; beneath this necklace is tied a pink *barège sautoir*, drawn through a ring, with an antique head in cameo.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

As yet there have been but very few departures for the country among the leaders of fashion, except for ill-health or some family calamity: fashion, therefore, may be regarded as, in a great degree, fixed during the remainder of their stay in London, where all public entertainments for the morning and evening are now open, and offering their varied attractions to assembled crowds of rank and beauty.

The muslin pelerines, beautifully embroidered on fine jacconot, mentioned last month as in preparation, are now adopted, and in great favour for out-door costume. Over a chintz dress, of beautiful pattern, made partially high, they form a genteel and retired *déshabille* for the morning walk. On very young people a few muslin pelisses, lined with coloured sarcenet, have been seen; but they do not, at present, promise to be very prevalent. Muslin *canezon*-spencers, with coloured skirts of *gros de Naples*, seem likely to be as much in favour as they were last summer; but of these new ones the sleeves are invariably long, and not, as was then very frequently seen, of the same material as the petticoat. Scarfs seem likely to become the mode: some, of beautiful Indian silk, have been seen on two or three very elegant women. They are much more graceful than a shawl,



EVENING COSTUME

of whatsoever material it may be. The patterns on the ends of these scarfs are much varied, and rather large, with very lively colours. Silk pelisses are still worn, but there is no alteration in their make or trimming since last month. They are confined to the more matronly order of *belles*, for the carriage, or for the morning exhibitions. When the evenings are chilly, a cachemire shawl is the envelope generally adopted on quitting a party.

The bonnets, though they still continue large, are much improved in shape since last month. There is in them a smart rounding off at the ears, which takes from them the dowdy appearance that gave to gay fifteen the semblance of fifty. They do not disfigure the well-turned cheek, nor do they lie on the shoulders of her whose neck by nature is rather short, and cannot be lengthened by art. The materials of these improved head-coverings, are the white cotton, in imitation of chip, fine Leghorn, or Dunstable; or French white *gros de Naples*. The ribbons used in their trimming, are profuse; very broad, and of various colours. Some ladies have among the bows a few sprigs of very light-coloured flowers, such as the cotton-blossom, white lilac, primroses, &c.; but this sort of bonnet, so well suited to the promenade, is reckoned more genteel, without flowers. Long veils of lace, or of *blond*, white or black, are universal. We have seen a very beautiful carriage-bonnet of bird-of-paradise-yellow, ornamented with hyacinths of a pale blue; the strings were of *crêpe-lisse*, the ends finished by a broad fringe. Another carriage-hat is of white *gros de Naples*, lined with rose-colour; with large puffs of white *gros de Naples*, lined and bound with rose-colour. Each of these puffs is fastened, on the right side, by a bow of white and pink ribbons. The hat has one white string and one pink: the strings float loose, and the hat is confined under the chin by a quilling of *blond*.

For morning dresses, and often for home costume during the day, the chintzes mentioned at the commencement of our observations are in high favour. They are extremely fine in texture and high in price; often costing above double what far surpasses them in appearance—a beautiful dress of silk. The favourite chintz is generally of a bird-of-paradise-yellow, with the most delicate and beautiful pattern of varied, but not gaudy, tints over it, *en colonnes*. The boddice are made *à la Circassienne*, the sleeves *en gigot*; and one broad flounce, in bias, finishes the skirt at the border. There is, however, a newer sort of dress than this for home costume: it is of fine coloured cambric, of some retired, dull, though not dark colour; such as olive-brown, hare-colour, or slate. These dresses are bordered with a very broad ornament of shawl-work, of lively colours, and of laboured workmanship; narrower bordering finishes the *manchettons*, and ornaments the wrists; and the fair wearer usually adopts with this dress, a *reticule* formed of the same shawl material as the border on the skirt, which is quite broad enough for the purpose. We prefer these dresses to the chintzes, as having an air more *distingué*. Nevertheless, there are some ladies who, like ourselves, are more partial to the silk manufacture; and gowns of *gros de Naples* are yet in favour with them, either for the home-costume, half-dress, or dinner-party. White muslins have appeared on many, and, as the season advances, will, no doubt, increase in the estimation of our more fashionable women. Coloured gauze and *crêpe-lisse* over white satin, are yet worn at evening parties and in the ball-room. The style of trimming does not vary much; flounces of *blond* in festoons, broad bias folds, or *ruches* mingled with satin *rouleaux*, edged with narrow *blond*, forming the most prevailing style, according to the fancy of the wearer.

Small caps of *blond* yet prevail as the most approved head-dress for in-door costume. They are tasteful and becoming: those which have a coloured caul of silk are a pleasing novelty. The silk is sometimes of tartan: the head-piece and front of the cap, which is in the *cornette* style, are of rich *blond*: the hair is parted on the forehead, *à la Madonna*, and ringlets sport over each temple, and depend nearly as low as to the tip of the ear. The cap is placed very backward, and a *bandeau* of ribbon, corresponding in colours with the caul of the cap, is placed across the upper part of the forehead; and on each side of the *bandeau* are rosettes of the same ribbon, bows of which ornament the cap in a tasteful manner, and not too profusely. This is the newest article we have seen in this style of head-dress. Long white feathers are the prevailing ornaments on the opera-hats. They are made to

play in various directions. A dress-hat for a dinner-party has been much admired for its moderate dimensions, and appearing, on that account, what a dress-hat really ought to be. The one we saw was of white sarcenet; and under the brim, for it was placed very backward, was a fluting of broad *blond:* a very fine plume of *marabout* feathers towered over the crown, and broad *blond* lappets floated over the shoulders. Young ladies often wear small sprigs of flowers scattered among the bows of hair, which, we are sorry to say, are an imitation of the preposterously high head-dresses of the French ladies. Bows of coloured gauze ribbon, striped with silver, are also favourite ornaments on the head.

The leading colours are pink, blue, hare-colour, olive-green, Parma-violet, straw-colour, and slate.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

If one caprice give birth to another, and if, as your English censor says, we heap one colour upon another, we can at least boast of the novelty of our inventions; and we find that your ladies, who are allowed to have the best taste, do not fail to imitate us.

The *canezou* spencers, now worn in out-door *parure*, are only half high; all round the tucker part they are trimmed with large, sharp points, which fall like a *pelerine* over the back, and serve as *epaulettes* on the shoulders. The most admired are of embroidered muslin, of very rich patterns, and the points are trimmed round with fine Mechlin lace. *Fichu-pelerines*, with the ends fastened, and drawn through the sash, have a falling collar and a full forming a ruff round the throat. India muslin scarfs, embroidered in coloured worsted, are also worn: the ground is sprinkled over with small crescents, half black, half yellow; and the two ends are finished by large palm-leaves beautifully shaded: the scarf all round is edged with a narrow Turkish border. The work in these scarfs is superb, and they bear a great price. The newest cachemires are in small diamond-checquers, with a few light flowers.

Chip hats have sometimes ribbons under the brims, forming two rosettes; strings from the left side of which float as low as the shoulder. The crowns of these hats are surrounded by a wreath of narcissuses, sprigs of lilacs, and violets. Other chip hats are ornamented with a *bouquet* composed of Bengal roses, yellow roses, and Cape-heath. This *bouquet* is placed on the right side of the summit of the crown; on the left at the same height, is a second *bouquet;* and a third, at the edge of the brim, on the left. Instead of the broad bands, and the rosettes of ribbon, we now see long puffs of ribbon, one row above another. Broad ribbons of two colours, sewn together, continue to be worn: these are called twin ribbons; but many ladies prefer wearing on their hats a ribbon all of one colour, with flowers and ornaments of the same tint. Rose-coloured wheat is often seen on white chip hats, and sprigs of green fern on Leghorn bonnets. A charming *negligée* bonnet is of *crêpe-lisse*, the colour of the bird-of-paradise; a broad bias of crape is placed on the crown, in the form of a *fichu*, half concealing a *bouquet* of flowers, which is placed in front of the bonnet. Another beautiful bonnet is of Scotch tartan, on a green ground; and is ornamented with stripes of chip of about a finger's breadth: one of these bands borders the bounet; the others turn, *en limaçon*, over the crown and border, on one side of those ribbons which form the bows. The strings are remarkably broad, but the bonnet is confined under the chin by a quilling of *blond.*

The flounces of dresses are broad, pinked when of silk, and are in cockle-shells; others are very full, and *en dents de loups:* these are bordered sometimes with narrow *blond;* full, when it is plain *blond net*, but put on almost straight when it is figured. Coloured muslin dresses are trimmed at the border with one very broad bias fold, the top headed by a narrow lace. I have seen a dress of white Organdy, trimmed in this manner, except that having the bias placed next the shoe, the hem was covered by a *rûche*, surmounted by the bias; the head of which was cut in scalop-shells, trimmed round with a narrow *rûche.* Very pretty dresses of bird-of-paradise-coloured muslin have a pattern of small black chains, three of which being linked together form stripes, placed in a serpentine manner across the dress: these stripes are about a finger's breadth apart.

The flounce is in bias, and is trimmed with a triple row of black festoons, divided in the middle, and producing a very charming effect. Dresses, figured over in very large patterns, are much worn: these designs represent broad foliage, or wreaths crossed one over the other, forming a very confused pattern, in which are mingled five or six different colours. They recall to mind those ancient *Indian chintzes*, of which our grandmothers have preserved some specimens. No dress, however, is now reckoned so elegant as a white, watered *gros de Naples*, embroidered in colours, in a style to imitate the finest painting. These dresses, which are suited to *grande parure*, are worked so as to receive those flounces which are cut in the form of cockle-shells, round which is worked a small wreath in flat embroidery, and a *bouquet* of various kinds of flowers is seen on every shell. The same kind of *bouquets*, but much larger, are embroidered on the skirt, above the first flounce, indicating the arch that must be left to receive them. Dresses of light-green poplin, the body made tight to the shape, are trimmed at the border, with flounces and wreaths formed of clusters of the acacia, in rose-coloured silk. With dresses of coloured *gros de Naples*, where the sleeves are very short, and much cut away from the shoulders, it is customary to wear long sleeves of white *tulle*. When dresses of *gros de Naples* are worn in *demi-parure*, a *canezou* spencer of white muslin, richly embroidered, with long sleeves, is generally added. Clear muslin gowns, chequered with various colours, have appeared on several ladies. Scotch tartans of taffety are also in favour.

At benefits of eminent performers, and at first representations of new pieces, where full dress is generally adopted, a new *coiffeure* has appeared, displaying much taste and fancy. The hair was elegantly arranged, and adorned with three *aigrettes*, which formed a half-coronet on the summit of the head; half of these were cherry-colour, the other half that of bird-of paradise: one of the extremities of this coronet was fastened under a *bandeau* of braided ribbons, placed across the forehead; at the other extremity was a bow of cherry-colour, and bird-of-paradise, in broad satin ribbon; four long ends of which floated over the shoulders and the bust. At full-dress parties, long feathers, of great beauty, are worn by ladies of rank. Small dress-caps of *blond* are on the decline. White crape dress hats are much in favour: they are ornamented with white satin, and a beautiful plume of *marabouts*. Head dresses, solely of hair, are frequently observed for young persons: the curls that are brought on the temples are very large. The ornamental part of the tortoise-shell comb is extremely high: sustaining two large curls, which form the Apollo's knot. Many ladies have large roses mingled with their hair; when in wreaths, these roses are placed across, in bias. The back part of the head is frequently ornamented with bows of ribbon. A tall, and very beautiful lady, was seen a few evenings since, with three long gold pins in her hair; these were headed by emeralds, and surmounted by an *aigrette* formed of gold beads. At the same party was seen a cap of blue *gaze-lisse*, with two large wings over the temples, supported by wires. A wreath of blue-bells, sweet peas, and white-thorn, surrounded the cap: on the right side was a rosette of blue crape, with long ends.

Among our new articles in the jewellery department, are rings formed like chains: they are fastened by a small gold heart, which depends like the padlocks of the new bracelets.

Egyptian necklaces constitute another novelty: they are composed of several small spherical figures of *filagree* gold, in open work. The designs of these are beautiful. The ear-pendants worn with these necklaces are formed of the same material, and are in the form of pears.

The favourite colours are *cendres-du-Talma*, pearl-grey, Nile water-green, egg-brown, cherry-colour, yellow, myrtle-green, and hyacinth-blue.

Monthly View

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

THE list of new books within the month is numerous, but it contains few that are of high importance, and fewer still that demand extended notice. This is fortunate for us, as the annual exhibitions in the fine arts, now open, imperatively demand an extra portion of our space.

The first work that we shall notice is a quarto volume, by James Edward Alexander, Esq., Lieut., late H. M.'s 13th Light Dragoons, and attached to the suite of Colonel Macdonald Kennier, K.L.S., Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Tehran. This volume, illustrated with maps and plates, is entitled "*Travels from India to England, comprehending a Visit to the Burman Empire, and a Journey through Persia, Asia Minor, and European Turkey, in the Years* 1825-6;" and it contains a chronological epitome of the late military operations in Ava; an account of the proceedings of the present mission from the Supreme Government of India to the Court of Tehran; and a summary of the causes and events of the existing war between Russia and Persia; with sketches of natural history, manners, and customs. The author is a man of neither brilliant genius, profound research, nor very acute observation; but, for a sort of running commentary upon things as they appear upon the surface, his book is exceedingly pleasant in manner, and possessing considerable information. With some imagination and fancy, and a taste for the picturesque, he always contrives to keep the attention of the reader awake; and this we think is saying much. As Mr. Alexander has prefixed his portrait—that of a handsome young fellow—we may fairly presume that he is upon very good terms with himself.

The performance of another gay, lively, and amusing writer, presents itself in two little volumes of "*Travels through the Interior Provinces of Columbia.*" The author is Colonel J. P. Hamilton, late Chief Commissioner from his Britannic Majesty to the republic of Columbia. His work, though it is very deficient in method, contains much information, particularly with respect to natural history, and subjects of a miscellaneous nature. The worthy Colonel omits no opportunity of expressing his admiration —sometimes in terms a little too free—of the numerous pretty women, nuns, signoras, &c. &c., whom he from time to time met with in the course of his desultory travels.

Matter of a more grave and solid character offers itself in a translation, in two octavo volumes, of "*Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China, and Residence in Peking, in the Years* 1820, 1821; *by George Timkowski, with Corrections and Notes by J. Von Klaproth.*" This work, translated by Mr. Lloyd, and illustrated by plates and maps, contains much that is curious, and much that deserves to be known, relating to the Russian church, which has been established at Peking for an entire century. The habits, manners, and superstitions of the Tartars are treated of at large; and considerable light is thrown upon their history, poetry, and general literature. We cannot enter upon any analysis of these volumes; but we recommend them to notice; and we must find room for two brief extracts. The first of these is a traditional anecdote respecting the celebrated Chinese General, Koung Ming:—

The kingdom of Chu, founded by Lieou-chin, or Lieou-pei, having been invaded by the enemy, Koung Ming ordered a stone statue of a man of the ordinary size to be set up on the high road by which the hostile army must advance. This statue held in one hand a sword, and in the other a book, the leaves of which were impregnated with poison. The general of the enemy's army coming to this spot, and seeing the book open, began to read it, and found it interesting. As he frequently put his fingers to his mouth to moisten them, to turn over the leaves more easily, he soon felt the effects of the poison. He attempted to retire, but could not, his coat of mail being attracted by the pedestal, which was composed of load-stone. Enraged at this, he seized the sword which the statue held in the other hand, and struck it. This action proved still more fatal to him. The stroke having caused sparks to fly, they kindled the combustible enclosed in the interior of the statue, the explosion of which killed him. His army, terrified at the

sudden death of its general, was obliged to retreat.

The next is concerning brick tea—a beverage which, we presume, the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE are unacquainted with:—

The Mongols, and most of the Nomades of Middle Asia, make use of this tea; it serves them both for drink and food. The Chinese carry on a great trade in it, but never drink it themselves. In the tea manufactories, which are, for the most part, in the Chinese government of Fokien, the dry, dirty, and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside, they are then mixed with a glutinous substance, pressed into moulds, and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, brick tea. The Mongols, the Bouriats, the inhabitants of Siberia, beyond lake Baikal, and the Kalmucks, take a piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar, made on purpose, and throw the powder into a cast-iron vessel, full of boiling water, which they suffer to stand a long time upon the fire, adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea, or broth, is known by the name of satouran. I have drunk brick tea prepared both ways, and found it palatable enough; at least very nourishing; all depends on the skill and cleanliness of the cook. This brick tea serves also instead of money in the dealings of these people, as well as in Daouria.

The success of "*Original Letters, Illustrative of English History, including numerous Royal Letters from Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other Collections, with Notes and Illustrations; by Henry Ellis, F.R.S., Sec. S.A., &c. &c.,*" was so great—so deservedly great—that the author has been encouraged to publish a second series, which has just made its appearance in four volumes. These Letters, &c., from which it is impossible for us at present to make any extracts, are brought down from the time of Henry IV., to the year 1795. The contents are not more curious than valuable: in fact, to the student of European history—more especially of the history of England—they are essential. We regret that we have room only to announce the appearance of this work.

"*Personal Sketches of His Own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c. &c. &c.,*" in two octavo volumes, will be read with great interest. They abound with highly-seasoned, characteristic anecdote. Of the well-known Sir Boyle Roche, whom Sir Jonah describes as the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish Parliament, the following, amongst many other stories, is related:—

Sir Boyle Roche was induced by government to fight as hard as possible for the union:—so he did, and I really believe fancied, by degrees, that he was right. On one occasion, a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. 'Gentlemen (said he) may titther, and titther, and titther, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads, at present, are hot, and will so remain till they grow cold again; and so they can't decide right now: but when the *day of judgment* comes, *then* honourable gentlemen will be satisfied on this most excellent union. Sir, there are no levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister.*' He was a determined enemy to the French revolution, and seldom rose in the House, for several years, without volunteering some abuse of it. 'Mr. Speaker,' said he, in a mood of this kind, if we once permitted the villanous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, Sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! 'There,' continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, whilst he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; 'There,' Mr. Speaker, 'if those Gallican villains should invade us, Sir, 'tis on *that very table*, may-be, these honourable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another. Here, perhaps, Sir, the murderous *marshal-law-men* (Marseillois) would break in, cut us to mincemeat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!' Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland:—'It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker,' said he, 'to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole* of our constitution to preserve the *remainder*!'"

Another work, but of a very different character, relating to the sister island, has been published, in two octavo volumes:—"*Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, written by Himself; comprising a Complete Journal of his Negociations to procure the Aid of the French for the Liberation of Ireland; with Selections from his Diary, while Agent to the Irish Catholics; Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone.*" Regarding this work in the light of materials for

history, it is deserving of considerable attention. It pourtrays the character of a United Irishman—a wild, restless, and ill-fated adventurer—written in the true Irish spirit.

Two more octavo volumes appear in the form of "*Reminiscences of T. Dibdin, of the Theatres Royal Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Haymarket, &c., and Author of 'The Cabinet,' &c.*" The lovers of theatrical anecdote, &c., will buy these volumes, and read them, and laugh heartily over them. The following is at least as remarkable as it is droll: it comes at the fag end of a story about a party assembled to hear the reading of a ridiculous MS. opera:—

Doctor Hoadley Ashe, one of the guests, (lately dead) was nephew of Doctor Hoadley who wrote "The Suspicious Husband." I had the pleasure of sitting next Dr. Ashe at dinner, when he began a story with—"As eleven of my daughters and I were crossing Piccadilly,—" —"Eleven of your daughters, Doctor?" I rather rudely interrupted. "Yes," Sir," rejoined the Doctor, "I have nineteen daughters all living; never had a son; and Mrs. Ashe, myself, and nineteen female *Ashe Plants*, sit down one-and-twenty to dinner every day. Sir, I am smothered with petticoats."

"*Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur, chiefly respecting the Italian Opera in England, for Fifty Years from* 1773," constitute a small volume of extraordinary interest, understood to have emanated from the pen of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe; a nobleman who, both as critic and composer, has ever been regarded in the highest light. Had we room, we could crowd our pages with extracts; but it is of little consequence that we cannot, for the work will be read with avidity in every musical and fashionable circle. We have never seen a more critically just opinion of Madame Pasta, than that which is expressed in the following passage:—

In a small room her voice was too loud and sometimes harsh, her manner too forcible and vehement: but in the theatre all blemishes disappeared: she is really a first rate performer, both as singer and actress, and that by mere dint of talent, without any very pre-eminent natural qualifications: for, though a pretty woman, her figure is short and not graceful, and her voice, though powerful and extensive, is not of the very finest quality, nor free from defects. No part could be more calculated to display her powers than that of Medea, which affords opportunities for the deepest pathos, and the most energetic passion. In both she was eminently successful, and her performance both surprised and delighted me. None since Banti's had equalled it, and perhaps she even excelled her great predecessor as an actress, though in quality and sweetness of voice she infinitely falls short of her.

It is always delightful to contemplate a union between the sister arts of poetry and painting; and therefore we hail the appearance of "*Tales of the Harem, by Mrs. Pickersgill*," the wife, we believe, of that distinguished artist, H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. Dedicated to the Right Hon. the Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, these tales constitute, as we are told in the advertisement prefixed, "part of a series of poems, illustrative of Oriental scenery and mythology, which, should the present specimens be approved, may hereafter be published in a similar form." Light, airy, and graceful, they are evidently the productions of an elegantly-cultivated mind —of a mind richly imbued with Eastern lore—of a mind that luxuriates in all that is tender, and beautiful, and lovely in nature

The first and principal tale, The Witch of Hymlaya, is partly founded upon a fact in Chardin's well-known work. On a certain evening, in solemnization of rites due to Rhemba, the sea-born goddess of beauty, the lady of a powerful Rajah repairs with her infant daughter and a female slave, to bathe in the Ganges. While waiting on its banks, the tide bears to their feet an infant girl asleep in an earthern vase. On removing the babe a serpent darts from the vase, entwines itself around the Rajah's child, and, infixing its deadly fangs, destroys it, The hapless mother loses her reason, and the slave, prompted by fear, imposes the wave-borne infant upon her master as his own. Reared as the Rajah's daughter, Aza conceives a passion for Zelindah, her supposed brother: The "Witch" is a mysterious attendant upon Aza, and in the sequel, proves to be her mother, the Rajah's sister, who had fled from home with her infant to preserve it from death. Aza and Zelindah are consequently rendered happy in marriage.—The Cave of Gulistan, from which the second tale derives its title, is the depository of an enchanted sword, the acquisition of which is to render its owner invincible. Selim, a warrior knight, achieves the grand exploit, and, through the virtues of the sword, obtains the blooming Gullee as his bride.—The Hetæria, the tale of the Greek slave, is a spirited

sketch, illustrating the character of a secret society, formed by the modern Greeks to promote the cause of freedom.—The main incident of The Indian Maid, as of The Witch of Hymlaya, is founded upon fact. A warrior overhears the lament of some women for the fate of Alia, the daughter of an aged chieftain who labours under mental derangement. The chief of Caroo-Gully, a person of mean caste, threatens war against the old chief, offering, as an alternative, to marry his daughter, and thus obtain possession of his kingdom. The warrior, a lover of Alia, vows her rescue. Preparations for the marriage of Caroo Gully are continued, and the guests are seated at the nuptial feast, when Sanga rushes in, overpowers the chieftain, and receives the hand of his beloved.

We have little room for extract; but we cannot render justice to this volume without submitting a few lines to the attention of the reader. The following are from the Hetæria:—

'Twas at that hour when nought around
Could break the solemn stillness, save
The night-bird's low and plaintive sound,
And murmuring of the Ilyssus' wave,
As o'er its pebbly bed it flings
Its pure wave in its wanderings.
E'en at that lonely hour, alone,
O'er broken earth and rugged stone,
A care-worn matron bent her way,
To where a temple's ruins lay.
So wild and haggard was her form,
It seemed as if Time's direst storm
Had swept across her pallid brows,
And blanched her locks like Alpine snows,
Yet had not quenched her glancing eye,
Which told of brighter hours gone by.

One who at such an hour had sought
Those sacred haunts, in that fair clime,
And seen that spectral form, had thought
A sybil of the olden time
Had left her long and silent sleep,
O'er her lost country's wrecks to weep—
The splendour of three thousand years
Sunk in the gulph of time:—if tears
Could have recalled the hour when free,
The sun of Greece shone gloriously!
But no;—she, like her country, now
Must to the Moslem despots bow:
Yet had a spirit bold and free
Taught her to scorn her destiny,
How could her aching bosom turn
To Greece's wrongs, nor inly burn,
To hurl revenge on Moslem foes,
From whom had sprung her country's woes.
Though she had passed long anxious years
Of mental gloom and withering tears,
Yet might she live its sons to see
Break their foul bonds—again be free;
She had not felt the galling chain,
Nor borne the tyrant's rage in vain.

We should like to insert also the patriot song of the Greeks from the same tale, but must content ourselves with a lighter and perhaps a more characteristic lyric effort—the Syren's Song—from the Cave of Gulistan:—

Come! fly with me to my fairy cell,
And with summer flowers I'll bind your brows;
And shew you where the sea-spirits dwell,
And where the rosente coral glows:
All hidden beneath the ocean's waves,
In amber grots, and coral caves.
And there you a fairer bride will find,
Than the dark-eyed maid you left behind,
For how can the daughters of earth compare
With the matchless forms of the sea and air!

Then come with me to the wild sea-shore,
I'll bring you to where the ruby glows,
And where lies hidden the golden ore,
O'er which the murmuring streamlet flows;
Then fly with me to our bowers of light,
Where the cheek is more fair, and the eye more bright:
And there you a fairer bride will find
Than the dark-eyed maid you left behind;
For how can the daughters of earth compare
With the matchless forms of the sea and air!

A light and airy satire upon fashionable life has just appeared under the title of "*May Fair.*" It is evidently the production of some person conversant with the scenes which he sketches, though, for the credit of the polite world, we trust that he deals more in caricatura than in character. Many passages are sadly deficient in delicacy.

"*The Reigning Vice; a Satirical Essay, in Four Books,*" is a poem of a very different stamp. It is powerfully written, but it is not always just; and, in many instances it is most unnecessarily coarse, and even verging upon indecency.

It seems as though we should never have done with reminiscences. However, "*The Military Sketch Book—Reminiscences of Seventeen Years in the Service, Abroad and at Home, by an Officer of the Line,*" in two post octavo volumes, is one of the liveliest, cleverest, most graphic productions that we have for a long time seen. Fresh and glowing, it bears the impress of truth on every

page. We shall probably return to it for extract in our next Supplementary Number.

"*English Fashionables Abroad*" ought not to have been published in the form of a novel; for, although it abounds in delightful anecdotes, descriptions, and sketches of character, its plot, if plot it may be termed, as a work of fiction, is altogether without interest or effect. Yet, as a book for light reading, these volumes are full of amusement and information.

They who prefer a work of deep and powerful painting, sketched upon the autobiographical model, will peruse with intense interest "*The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton.*" This impressive fiction is of the northern school. Cyril Thornton, the hero, had the appalling misfortune, in early youth, accidentally to shoot his elder brother. For a time, his reason was shaken; his father's insurmountable dislike ensued; and every subsequent incident of his life seems more or less to have taken its colour from the great and overwhelming calamity. We apprehend there is at least as much truth as imagination in these volumes.

Mr. Cooper is to the western world what the no longer *great* "Unknown" has long been to Scotland—the free, the bold, the unrivalled painter of its scenery, and of the character, manners, and customs of its inhabitants; old as well as new. No writer has ever given us so accurate, so vivid a picture of the Red Indians, or of the American Squatters and Back-Woodsmen as Mr. Cooper. All, therefore, who have read his former works, will be gratified by our announcing the appearance, in three volumes, of "*The Prairie, a Tale, by the Author of 'The Spy,' 'The Pilot,' &c. &c.*" Who that has read The Last of the Mohicans, and The Pioneers, would not wish to know more of a character so deeply, so touchingly interesting as that of old Natty Bumppo, the Scout of the former, and the Leather-Stocking of the latter? "It is quite probable," observes Mr. Cooper, in his preface to the work before us, "that the narrator of these simple events has deceived himself as to the importance they may have in the eyes of other people. But he has seen, or thought he has seen, something sufficiently instructive and touching in the life of a veteran of the forest, who, having commenced his career near the Atlantic, had been driven by the increasing and unparalleled advance of population, to seek a final refuge from society, in the broad and tenantless plains of the west, to induce him to hazard the experiment of publication. That the changes, which might have driven a man so constituted to such an expedient, have actually occurred within a single life, is a matter of undeniable history; that they did produce such an effect on the 'Scout,' of the 'Mohicans,' the 'Leather Stocking' of the 'Pioneers,' and the 'Trapper' of the 'Prairie,' rests on an authority no less imposing than these veritable pages, from which the reader shall no longer be detained, if he be disposed to peruse them after this frank avowal of the poverty of their contents."—Mr. Cooper seems to have been aware that The Prairie must depend for its success more upon its vivid descriptions of Indian life and manners, and of the wild deserts to the west of the Mississippi, than upon the usual claims of a work of fiction. The story is slight, and the characters are few, but they are very striking, and, we doubt not, genuine portraits. The kidnapping of Inez, the wife of Captain Middleton—her concealment in the train of an emigrant, Ishmael Bush, travelling with his family from the United States towards the new settlements in Louisiana—the difficulties encountered by the emigrants on their march—the rescue of Inez by her husband, aided by the Trapper, the Leather-Stocking of The Pioneers—the capture of the whole party by the Siouxes—their escape through the assistance of the Pawnees, a tribe hostile to the Siouxes—and the final restoration of Middleton and Inez to their home—form the leading incidents of the plot. The principal *dramatis personæ* are the Trapper; Paul Hover, a Bee Hunter; Ishmael Bush, and his wife Esther; Ellen Wade, Ishmael's niece, and the beloved of Paul; Abiram White, the brother of Esther, a lawless ruffian, who had carried off Inez; and Mahtoree and Hardheart, the former the chief of the Sioux tribe, the latter of that of the Pawnees. The character of the generous, high-minded, youthful Hardheart, is finely contrasted with that of his cunning wily foe Mahtoree; and the final contest between these chiefs, with the death of the latter, is most happily effected. It is hardly necessary to add that the work contains much powerful writing—painting we would rather say; especially in the separation of Mahtoree and his wife Tachechana—in the awful justice inflicted

upon the murderer, Abiram White—and in the death-scene of the honest, generous, noble-minded old Trapper. We hope that we shall be enabled to transcribe some of these scenes in our next Supplementary Number.

As "*The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Susquehanah, a descriptive Tale, by the Author of 'The Spy,'*" &c., has, we believe, been some time out of print, it will interest many of the admirers of Mr. Cooper's writings to know that a new edition of that spirited work has just been published. He must be an able artist who could imagine, pourtray, and sustain, such characters as those of Natty Bumppo—Mr. Richard Jones, land-steward, architect and factotum—Benjamin Penguillian, *alias* Ben Pump, a Cornish sailor, who filled the office of Majordomo—Remarkable Pettibone, an antiquated housekeeper—Mohegan, an Indian Chief—Hiram Doolittle, Esq., carpenter, architect, and Justice of the Peace—Billy Kirby, a wood chopper—Betty Hollister, the Irish landlady of the Bold Dragoon, &c.

Sketches from life are always more or less valuable; yet, from what we have seen of "*The Guards, a Novel,*" in three volumes, we are of opinion that the reader will derive little instruction, amusement, or any other advantage, from its perusal. It is light—very light indeed; but it wants *grace* in more acceptations of the word than one.

Students of heraldry—and who amongst the fashionable world in the present day are not either students or adepts in that historically and biographically illustrative science?—will be eminently gratified by a recently-published quarto volume, entitled "*Heraldic Notices of Canterbury Cathedral, with Genealogical and Topographical Notes; by Thomas Willement, Author of 'Regal Heraldry.'*" The whole of the information contained in this valuable work, embellished as it is with numerous wood-cuts, appears to have been acquired by personal and local research, and reflects the greatest credit upon the industry, judgment, and knowledge of the author.

"*An Illustrated Introduction to Lamarck's Conchology, &c., containing Twenty-two highly-finished Lithographic Plates; by Edmund A. Crouch, F.L.S.,*" is a work evincing great taste and judgment, and it must prove of proportionate utility in the elegant department of science to which it relates. The coloured plates are very ably executed.

"*The Roman History; by G. B. Niebuhr; translated from the German by F. A. Walter, Esq.,*" in two octavo volumes, is a work of extraordinary utility and research. It ought to be universally read and studied in schools and colleges.

To select a passage or two from a work which has just offered itself to our notice, will convey to the reader a more accurate and general character of its contents, than any analysis that our limits would permit us to make. Its title, indeed, is in a great measure descriptive of the materials which compose it—"*Vestigia Anglicana, or Illustrations of the most interesting and Debatable Points in the History and Antiquities of England, from the earliest Ages to the Accession of the House of Tudor; by Stephen Reynolds Clarke.*" The work is in two octavo volumes.—The first passage that we shall introduce to our readers, gives the form of administering the earliest coronation oath in this country:—

Bishop—Sire, will you grant and keep, and by your oath confirm to the people of England, the laws and customs granted to them by the ancient kings of England, your predecessors, righteous and devout, namely, the laws, the customs, and the liberties granted to the clergy and people by the glorious king, St. Edward, your predecessor?

King—I grant them, and promise to keep them.

Bishop—Sire, will you preserve to God, to holy church, to the clergy and people, the peace of God, fully and to the utmost of your power?

King—I will preserve it.

Bishop—Will you cause to be observed in all your judgments, equal right and justice, with discretion in mercy and in truth, to the utmost of your power?

King—I will cause it to be observed.

Bishop—Will you promise to keep, and cause to be kept, the laws and good customs, which the commonalty of your kingdom have chosen; and will you defend and protect them to the utmost of your power?

King—I grant and promise these things.

The prices of provisions, &c., as attempted to be regulated by Parliament, in the reign of Edward II. are not incurious:—

For the best stalled ox, twenty-four shillings; other oxen, sixteen shillings; a fat cow, twelve shillings; a fat hog, two years old, three shillings and fourpence; a fat wether, unshorn,

twenty-pence, if shorn, fourteen-pence; a fat goose, twopence-halfpenny; a fat capon, twopence; a fat hen, one penny; two chickens, one penny, four pigeons, one penny; two dozen of eggs, one penny. These regulation prices appear to have been those of the market in its usual state.

NEW MUSIC.

The Overture, Songs, Duets, Glees, and Choruses in the grand serious Opera, The Siege of Corinth; composed by Gia. Rossini.—Willis and Co.

The Siege of Corinth was the last opera Rossini produced at Paris; a great part of it is original, and those pieces which were borrowed from Maometto 2do, were subjected to so much alteration, that it may almost *in toto* be considered as a new piece. The overture exhibits little novelty: it is a sparkling, brilliant movement, generally in triplets, in Rossini's latest style. No. 2, "Eventful Moment," a trio for two tenors and soprano, is elegant, and the allegro movement particularly brilliant. "Now Fortune our Arms attending," a spirited baritone song of easy execution. "Hymen's torch brightly," air and chorus, is one of those striking simple melodies likely to be very popular. Michael Kelly has written an old song very similar in melody, though not in character—so similar indeed, that we suspect *il Maestro* of pilfering. Air, "Hapless Greece," a most terrific bravura for the *prima donna*. "Thy Fears dispel," a very splendid duo for soprano and bass, but too dramatic in character for private performance. "Light of the Faithful," an easy characteristic little quartetto, perfectly attainable by amateurs "I must not hear thee," trio for a soprano, tenor, and bass; a very effective concerted piece, much more practicable than the former trio. "Thei thousands defying," a martial chorus; and "Ruler of all Creation," a distant prayer, with the principal voice occasionally bursting in, are both essentially dramatic in their character. "Alas, and must thy people," an allegro agitato for a high tenor voice, is not of much general utility. "The Son that's Freedom's Dwelling," terzetto for soprano and two tenori, in the form of a round, elegant and effective. "Let every Heart be steeled," invocation, bass voice, principale and chorus, is decidedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the opera; the slow movement is grand and majestic in the extreme; and the burst into the beautiful marziale at the end is highly splendid. We only regret that, from the nature of the piece, we are not likely to hear it with any advantage in family circles. H. Hertz, and several other composers, have already made the march the subject of their instrumental pieces. "Fate's awful Hour," a prayer, with accompaniment of a subdued chorus, is beautiful and original, and worth the attention of amateurs. Having given a *catalogue raisonnée* of the contents, we have only to touch upon the execution. The arrangement from the score is judicious, and the piano-forte accompaniment easy. The words are given in French and English, which, with all deference to Mr. Willis, we consider ill judged. The French language never will be taken by choice for vocal purposes, and in England it is utterly useless; but an Italian adaptation, which might have been procured at a trifling expense, would have been really an acquisition. The English translation, by Mr. Shannon, is very close, and well adapted to the accentuation; and as the bringing out a copyright edition of a foreign opera before it has been heard in this country is an expensive and uncommon proceeding, we hope the publisher will be remunerated.

"*Oh give that Wreath to me;*" *harmonized and arranged by Sir John Stevenson.*—Willis and Co.

This, though an English national air (from Lancashire we believe), and one of our most beautiful, is scarcely known to the musical world; we therefore feel obliged to Sir John for bringing it forward in so elegant a garb: the accompaniment is good, the poetry well selected, and the symphonies elegant and appropriate, and carry with them an air of antiquity which we think a national melody should ever possess. We hate to hear a nursery ditty of our early days, with all its delightful reminiscences, frittered and Rossini-ized till we can scarcely detect it.

"*The Old Maid,*" *a song sung by Mrs. Waylett.*—Willis and Co.

"*He's a charming Fellow,*" *composed by Mrs. Miles.*—Do.

The first of these is a genuine old English air, in the chaunt style, which used to be appropriated to the ballad of Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford. It seems almost

sacrilege to convert it to any modern purpose. The second is a new arrangement of Mrs. Miles's sweet air, The Bonny wee Wife, adapted to words appropriate to a lady.

Original Sacred Music: consisting of Psalms, Hymns, Sacred Songs, and Anthems, by various composers; the whole compiled and arranged by Alfred Pettet.

This volume comes before us in a most imposing form; the title-page presents the names of Attwood, Bishop, Crotch, Cramer, Calcott, Novello, Shield, T. Wesley, &c. &c. of musical celebrity; and those of Southey, Milman, Montgomery, Barton, Baillie, and Opie, as contributors of original articles in the poetic department. Our expectations were of course highly excited, and the contents of the work have on the whole not much fallen short of them. Mr. Pettet's influence must have been great to procure the co-operation of so many of our first composers; indeed we scarcely can mention any addition to his list which would be acceptable. The first thirty-six pages of this work consist of psalms; five by W. Linley; four by Mr. Shield; three by Holder; and the rest by the editor himself, including three harmonized airs by Sir William Herschel. They are, generally speaking, pleasing specimens of this style of composition; but being of less general interest than the rest of the work, we shall pass them slightly over. "Songs of praise," a duet, by Attwood, is deliciously harmonious. "Oh, Lord supreme," simple and beautiful. The third song by this gentleman is Weber-ish, and much too light in character. Mr. Shield has been very beautiful. The Waterloo anthem is bold and effective, but not overburdened with science; we want a rattling fugue to wind up with; if this style of writing is ever required it is on such an occasion. The four rounds are pleasing; in two of them, in particular, the melodies are extremely natural. "Behold how good and pleasant," and "When I was a Child," are good Cathedral anthems. Dr. Crotch has favoured us with a motcto from Heber's Palestine, and an anthem, both fine compositions, but heavy as lead: the same character will apply to Mr. Wesley's solitary specimen. Mr. Novello has given us ten pages of a hymn in his own peculiar style, soft, flowing, elegant, and highly-finished, but heavy and insipid from a want of variety. Mr. Holder's "When the Disciples saw their Lord," is something similar to the Maid of Allan Water. What profanation! The song is nevertheless a good song, if adapted to proper words. "Oh magnify the Lord," and another thanksgiving anthem, are excellently adapted to feelings of jubilation either in church or chamber. The composer, Mr. Goss, though like most tyros a little too learned, is a promising church composer. Mr. Walmisley's "Oh God the Protector" is a beautiful specimen of the old, but not the antiquated church style: we hope to see it on the books of the metropolitan choirs. The subject of the fugato alla breve is rather too hackneyed. Mr. Horsley has favoured us with two hymns and some rounds: they are pleasing, but he has not expended much midnight oil on any of these productions: we expected more of him, considering the company in which he was to appear. Mr. Calcott has not been particularly happy in either of his pieces. "I weep, but not rebellious Tears," by Bishop, is a most splendid song; but it requires such singing! Mr. B.'s $\frac{8}{8}$ time is quite unique. "There seems a Voice" is pleasing, but not equal to the former song. The subject of Cramer's hymn, "Resignation," is too heavy, though he has dressed it up in a very beautiful manner; but our pet of the whole collection is Charles Smith's beautiful air "Oh Lord, while the Shadows of Eve are descending:" there is such a tender pathos, mixed with piety, in both poetry and music, that we are quite delighted with it. Our scientific friends will perhaps laugh at our preference; but were we a young lady, we should buy, beg, borrow, or steal the book, and copy till our fingers ached, to possess this little song. Mr. Smith's other song we consider as a failure, which we regret, for Miss Baillie's poetry is capable of a splendid adaptation. We have forgotten to thank Mr. Horsley for a most edifying note at the bottom of page 18: we were most highly amused by it; but Mr. H. must have considered Mr. Pettet's friends and subscribers as marvellously stultified to require such an annotation. Does the editor consider such a progression as the transient fifth united with the second and third, defensible (*vide* page 4, bar 10); we must differ from him if he do. There are one or two other trifling flaws in the work, but scarcely worth commenting on; and on the whole it is very correctly edited.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

MADAME PASTA'S return has operated with magnetic power upon the frequenters of this Theatre. On this occasion, Rossini's opera of *Semiramide* has been most judiciously revived, with great force and splendour of general effect. It would be difficult to decide whether Pasta's approaches to perfection are nearer in her histrionic than in her vocal efforts; they are each wonderful, and not less delightful than surprising. Her *Queen* of *Babylon* is majesty itself.

In the revival of *Semiramide*, Signiora Brambilla, a young and very pretty woman made her first appearance as *Arsaces*. Her voice is good and of considerable power; but she is deficient in science and management. Within a certain range she seems likely to acquire expression, and much neatness, if not beauty, of execution. Indeed, her principal song, "*D'un tenero amore*," was given with much sweetness. In her duet with Madame Pasta, "*Giorno d'orrore*," she was less successful; yet she will prove no mean acquisition.

Tancredi, *Romeo e Giulietta*, and *Medea*, have also been revived, to afford a due display of Madame Pasta's powers.

DRURY-LANE.

WE scarcely remember a month less fertile in dramatic novelties than the present. To be sure several benefits have taken place, a circumstance which always gives a short holiday to criticism. However, on the whole, the theatres have been dull and unproductive.

Ben Nazir, the Saracen, a new tragedy, from the pen of Mr. Grattan, the author of *High-ways and By-ways*, has been produced. We cannot, however, with any justice hazard the most general opinion on its dramatic fitness; the manifest imperfections of Mr. Kean, to whom was, of course, entrusted the principal character, excited to a great degree the indignation of the audience, and the whole piece was, but with few intermissions, gone through in complete tumult. On the falling of the curtain Mr. Wallack appeared, and stated that he was commissioned by Mr. Kean—whose "mental annoyances" had destroyed his memory, and rendered him incapable of exertion—to apologise for the failure of the tragedy, and to take upon himself the censure of the public.

We shall not here attempt to speak of the literary merits of *Ben Nazir*, as the author having wisely published it, a review of the work will, in due season, appear in its wonted place. At the same time we cannot quit the subject without expressing our keenest regret that an actor, who was, at one period, at once the prime adornment and the idol of the theatrical world, should suffer himself to fall so low as to become the petitioner of a merciful consideration from that audience whose patience he had so grossly outraged, and to whom he was indebted for every worldly good. The prosperity of Mr. Kean was sudden, even to a wonder—we fear as sudden a declension.

No other subject calling for a specific notice has occurred at this establishment.

COVENT-GARDEN

ONE of the most successful pieces that have for some time been acted at this house, is *Love and Reason*; a *petite* comedy, in three acts, from the French of *Le Mariage de Raisin*. The whole plot of the piece turns on the endeavours of *General Dorlon* (Farren) to effect a separation between *Alice* (Miss Jarman), a girl of humble birth, brought up under the care of the general, and *Captain Albert*, his own ward. The *Captain* is a professed libertine, who has left many lamentable instances of his success, and is endeavouring to add to the number the unsuspecting and intelligent *Alice*. In order to break the connexion, the *General* proposes as a husband to *Alice*, a middle-aged, good-humoured swain, in the person of *Adjutant Vincent*. After much persuasion, on the part of the *General*, *Alice* promises to marry the *Adjutant*—the wedding takes place, and the *Captain*, relinquishing his evil courses, sets out to travel, and wholly to reform himself. A couple of characters, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Dingle* (Keeley and Mrs. Glover), although they are sketched, we may say, *à la crayon*, add considerably to the effect of the piece. *Alice*, after her marriage, learning from *Mrs. Dingle*, that the *Adjutant*, who is lame, had received his hurt whilst endeavouring to shelter the *Captain* from the evil consequences of an intrigue, of course receives a more favourable impression respecting *Vincent*, whilst her regard for *Albert* almost wholly declines.

It will be seen by the above that the plot is somewhat meagre; but the superiority of the language, and the opportunities which were given, and seized upon, for excellent acting established its success. The *General* of Farren was powerfully developed; Fawcett threw his happiest peculiarities into the *Adjutant*, and Ward made the most of *Captain Albert*. Miss Jarman, who is certainly a great acquisition to the company, played *Alice* in a style which drew forth the loudest testimonials of a very general and well-deserved approbation. Altogether the piece was admirably played, and its announcement for repetition was received with great satisfaction.

To enter into a criticism of any other piece would be to indulge in a twice-told tale; we shall, therefore, hope for a more plentiful supply for our next.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE will not have been misled by the intimation in our last, that the approaching exhibition would be rich in history, in poetry, and in landscape. It is equally so in portrait; and, if not the finest assemblage we ever witnessed within the walls of Somerset House—we rather doubt its superiority in the aggregate to that of the year 1825—it is certainly amongst the finest, and inferior to none. Yet some of the most astounding absurdities we ever encountered stare us obtrusively in the face. We are the more surprised at this, as we have been informed that about a thousand pictures, many of them confessedly of very high merit, were returned from want of room.

In the great room there are some unusually large pictures, which, not more by their size than by their merit, force themselves upon the spectator's notice, before he can possibly attend to any others. The post of honour has this season been changed, we know not why, from the south to the west side of the room: it is filled, with perfect propriety and justice, by Hilton's Crucifixion (178). This is the finest modern altar-piece that we have seen for many years: indeed, we know not that we ever saw a finer. The composition, the grouping, the colouring, the effects of light and shade, are all good. The benign features, the placid resignation of our Saviour, are, as they always ought to be, but as they very seldom are in pictures, really divine. The very powerful light which falls full upon the body seems to account for the somewhat too livid hue of the flesh; a hue which almost indicates commencing decomposition. In this respect, we almost doubt whether, for the sake of effect—and the effect is certainly fine—too great a sacrifice of truth have not been made. It would be difficult to imagine a stronger contrast than that which is produced by the appearance of the two thieves—the happy tranquillity depicted on one countenance, the terrific agony on the other. In the varied emotions and expression pourtrayed in the groups below, there is also much to admire. A most skilful effort of the art of fore-shortening presents itself in one of the arms of the principal figure in the left hand compartment of the picture. This production which reflects the highest honour upon the British school of painting, is intended, we believe, to be re-produced in glass, for one of the churches at Liverpool. We should like to see the painting itself transferred to the National Gallery, or to that of the British Institution.

Etty's Judith (12) is another very large picture; the figures almost colossal, displaying with happy effect, the artist's acquaintance with the antique. The attitude of Judith, who is most heroically tall, may be pronounced almost sublime. She appears to be invoking heaven to sustain her in the appalling act of decapitation: thus, taking the moment of time before, instead of after, the sacrifice, the artist has avoided offensiveness in his mode of treating the subject. Holofernes, whose mould is altogether Herculean, constitutes a fine academy figure. The armour, the gold and silver vessels, and all the other accessories are very splendid. The colouring is gorgeous in the extreme: probably, if less so, the effect would have been more intense.

Etty has two other pictures in the exhibition: one, without a title (219) in the school of painting; the other (438) The Parting of Hero and Leander, in the anti-room. The latter is good, as a whole; and it displays more purity of taste than is usual with this artist; but the countenance of Hero is deficient in expression, passion, and feeling.

We were somewhat disappointed with Daniell's Dead Elephant (1). The artist seems to have failed in his intention of impressing the beholder with an idea of an "elephant of an enormous size." The landscape part of the picture possesses great interest.

In the companion to this—Attack of a Boa Constrictor (36)—the head of the serpent, according to the specimens that we have seen of the boa, appears too slight and small for its other proportions.—Hindoo Females on the Banks of the Ganges (344) are, from their display of costume and character, highly interesting.

W. Daniell has also some home scenes of considerable interest and merit; especially Windsor Castle from Snow Hill (322)—mellow and deep in tone.

The Embarkation of Cleopatra on the Cydnus, when she first met Mark Anthony in Cilicia (13) by Danby, is a gorgeous subject, most gorgeously, most magnificently treated. It is truly a splendid and beautiful work, admirably picturesque, but by no means theatrical in effect. The barge "like a burnished throne" burning on the water—the sails of crimson cloth of gold—the blue and gold canopy—the temples and other stately edifices—the obelisks—the pyramid in the far distance—the water—the glowing effects of the declining sun—are all in exquisite keeping.

It is time to notice some of the principal portraits, in which, as a matter of course, Sir Thomas Lawrence takes the lead. He has his complement of eight:—Miss Croker (26); the Countess of Normanton (75) extremely elegant and beautiful; the Earl of Liverpool (117) a spirited whole-length; Mrs. Peel (134) a most charming, most lovely woman, inimitably painted; Sir Walter Scott (146); Lord Francis Leveson Gower (212); John Nash, Esq. (314);

and Richard Clark, Esq., Chamberlain of the City of London (432).

Pickersgill, the academician, who, in his fine perceptions of the female form and character, stands second only to Sir Thomas Lawrence, has also his complement of eight pictures:—a Lady (53); the Eldest Son of Sir Jacob Astley, Bart. (57) a most graceful effort of the pencil, which, were it larger, would form an admirable companion to Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Mr. Lambton's Son, exhibited in 1825; Mrs. Cooke (72); Lady Jemima Mann (171) eminently classical in taste, arrangement, and effect; Mrs. Jones (217); Mrs. Beauchamp Proctor (254); John Jones, Esq. (372); and the Rev. Dr. Phillpots (416).

Jackson's Duke of Wellington (65) is very striking and characteristic. So also is his portrait of the late John Flaxman, Esq. R.A. (286). His other portraits are:—Jesse Watts Russell, Esq., M.P. (91); Mrs. Kinder (142); George Philips, Esq., M.P. (199); a Lady (226); Lord Villiers (356); and Archdeacon Barnes (378).

Sir William Beechey has only four pictures; probably in consequence of the sacrifice which was made by several of the academicians to favour the reception of works from other artists. Gillian (86) from Milman's Lord of the Bright City, has great beauty of expression, though we do not altogether admire the contour. Sir William's portraits are:—Captain Schomberg (152); Major H. D. Campbell (187); and a Gentleman (439).

Phillips is this year very successful. His portraits are:—J. P. Brunel, Esq. (21); G. Watson Taylor, Esq., M.P. (24); the Hon. G. Agar Ellis, M.P. (60); Lord Stowell (71); a Lady (116); Captain Parry (310), finely painted, and faithful in resemblance; the Rev. J. Hadow (382); and Admiral J. Jones (426).

Howard's productions, five in number, are as follows:—a Lady in a Vandyke Dress (16); a Lady in an Italian Costume of the Sixteenth Century (58); the Daughter of a Nobleman in an old English Dress (81); a Study (111); and a portrait of Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P. (348).

Shee has five portraits:—Edward Johnstone, Esq., in a Vandyke dress (80); Thomas Lack, Esq. (92); Mrs. Burr (110); John Wilde, Esq., LL.D. (165); and W. H. Harriott, Esq. (320).

Chatfield has a well-painted portrait (89) but it is almost up in the clouds; consequently, it will not obtain the notice it deserves.

Mrs. Hakewell, whose softness and delicacy of touch we always remark with pleasure, has a most pleasing portrait of a Lady (289); and another—Portrait of Master R. Whitworth (535).

Miss Beaumont, whose Portrait of Miss Vernon was recently given in LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE, has only two pieces, each very pleasing and characteristic:—Portraits of the Daughters of a Nobleman (138); and Effie Deans, from Tales of My Landlord (78).

Sportsmen Regaling (20) by Kidd, is a picture of some merit; and Highlanders Returning from Deer Stalking, &c. (25) by E. Landseer, is clever, but not in the artist's best style: his human are always inferior to his brute animals.

In Sides All (64) by J. Ward, the pigs and the poultry, the dickey and the horses, are all capital; but why throw away so much exertion in the pulling up of an *empty* barrel?—Ward has several portraits of horses, all magnificent in their way:—the Norfolk Phenomenon (61); a Shooting Poney, the property of Lord Southampton (305); Smolensko (318). He has also The Day's Sport (201); an Italian Greyhound, the property of Lady Agnes Buller (195); and Persian Sheep (359).

Turner has four or five pieces, some of which are very beautiful; though, as usual, he sacrifices too many essentials for the mere effect of colour. In Now for the Painter!—passengers going on board (74)—the water has great spirit; but, otherwise, the picture has little interest. In Port Ruysdael (147) the water is also very spirited, and the general effect more pleasing. Intense interest is expressed in the countenance of Rembrandt's Daughter (156) yet the picture is not one that we should be anxious to possess. The two others are Mortlake Terrace, the seat of William Moffatt, Esq. (300); and a Scene in Derbyshire (319).

Carse's Auld Lang Syne (84) displays true Scotch humour.

Lady Jane Grey prevailed on to accept the Crown (85) by Leslie, is not without its tolerable points; but, in its *tout ensemble*, it is positively bad: Lady Jane is neither very young nor very beautiful, and the people seem all out of their places. We hope Mr. Leslie meant no allusion to modern politics. With this artist's studies for the heads of Sancho Panza and Don Quixote (449 and 458) we were much pleased.

Boxall's View of the Turl, with Exeter, &c. (93) is well painted—the perspective good.

We always admire the grace of Stothard; but the overpowering blueness of his May-day Vision on Loch Lean (199) absolutely chills the spectator.

Roberts presents a charming *morceau* in the West Entrance to the Church of St. Germain, at Amiens (101).

In Callcott's Heavy Weather coming on (111) the sky, the water, the wave-cresting foam, the dashing spray, the ships, are all life, spirit, and truth.—The distance, the sun-light, the air-tint, in this artist's Bruges from the Ghent Canal (173) are equally admirable. Callcott has two other pieces:—Dead Calm, Boats off Cowes Castle (290); and the Thames below Greenwich (306).

The Landing of Mary Queen of Scots at Leith, in the year 1561, is a very meritorious and attractive picture: the principal figures, we presume, are portraits.

Partridges are delightful things, but, really partridges for breakfast, partridges for dinner, partridges for tea, and partridges for supper, as old King Hal said, are too much. So also, it is too much to have Mr. Newton's *one* woman eternally before us. Beautiful as she may be, in a certain style of beauty, it does not follow that all the world is to be as much in love with her as Mr. Newton is. We ask pardon: in Mr. N.'s Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina (320) there are *two* women; one of them lively, spirited, and original; but the other, with her sleepy, die-away eyes, we have seen at least ninety-nine times.

"Had *we* been a Bishop," said somebody lately, "we would have done so-and-so and so-and-so." Now, had we been Dumbedikes, to a certainty we should never have become enamoured of such a Jeannie Deans as we find in Heaphy's 345. She would never have had to "whish" herself beyond the reach of *our* paw.

Scene from Kenilworth, with Portraits (347) by M. W. Sharp, as far as the portraits are concerned, is shockingly ugly. Surely poor Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester were never before so grossly libelled.

Briggs has a very effective piece in Romeo and Juliet (349). It is the garden scene, where the old nurse, attended by Peter, returns from her embassy of inquiry respecting Romeo. It is altogether highly characteristic; though we think it might be improved, and rendered more in consonance with our feelings, were an additional softness, sweetness, and tenderness of expression imparted to the countenance of Juliet.—Briggs, besides some portraits, has another very able production—The Challenge (106) from the last canto of Orlando Furioso.

Clint's Portrait of Liston (369) is very successful. His Paul Pry, in the scene from Poole's comedy (222) is also a capital resemblance.

Bonnington—whose early efforts in the delineation of French coast scenery, we noticed, with much approval, in the season of 1826, in the Gallery of the British Institution—has a successful effort in the same style (373).

Richter's Brute of a Husband (398) forms an admirable display of broad, coarse humour; and we are glad to remark that the sentiment of the scene is in better feeling than that with which Mr. R. generally treats his friends. A more inveterate *brute* of a husband we never remember to have seen: there is great variety and great force of character in this piece: Mr. R. improves, too, in his colouring.

We wish we could say as much of Chayter. His Christmas in the Country (103) would be capital on a Birmingham tea-tray.

G. P. Reinagle has several interesting nautical pieces.—Reinagle, the Academician, has only one—a landscape with cattle (47).

In the principal room R. Westall has a large picture, with all his mannerism, of Christ praying on the Mount of Olives (123). Also the *Peacefulness* of the Kingdom of Christ (22) very *tame* indeed; a landscape (377); and a very uninteresting portrait of Miss Fanny Ayton (479). W. Westall has several landscapes, views, &c. chiefly of Indian scenery.

Mulready, we regret to observe, has only one picture; that of a Boy Firing a Cannon (124) and it is not one of his most successful efforts. The boy is a great lubberly, cowardly dog, unlike the boys of *our* time. *Our* boys, too, understood the recoil of artillery better than Mr. Mulready's boys. The cannon in the picture is so placed as to endanger the safety of the group behind.

Cooper's Death of Sir Francis Russell, slain at a border-meeting (135) is good in composition, and well painted, but the story is not successfully told.

Collins's Buying Fish (158) is a very interesting picture of its class.

The often-painted subject of Alexander Returning with Bucephalus, by Haydon (159) displays the undiminished vigour of this artist's pencil, embodying the powerful conceptions of his mind. The countenance and figure of Alexander are remarkable for cool self-possession and confidence. Many critical objections, however, might be urged against this picture.

Holland's Moonlight landscape (225) is in his very best style: it is exquisitely beautiful.

Wood's Allegory of May-Morning, from Akenside (227) is entitled to praise.

Jones, the Academician, produces great variety of subject: his Waterloo (231) will probably attract most notice. His Andernach on the Rhine (213) is a good picture. With his drawings of Aaron Staying the Plague (181); Darius obtaining the Kingdom of Persia, by the Neighing of his Horse (490) &c., we have been greatly pleased.

Prout's Temple of Pallas, Rome (553); and Hôtel de Ville, Ghent (558) fully sustain the artist's credit.

F. P. Stephanoff has three companion pieces: Love (232); Jealousy (236); and Revenge (237); the first of which is unworthy of his reputation, but the second and third are excellent.

Matlock Bath (503) and Studies from Hampstead Heath (510 and 606) by G. Shepherd, are very pleasing efforts of the art in water-colours.

J. Varley has only one specimen in this department, a Moon-Light (801) in his usual style of excellence.

The Library contains many valuable architectural drawings, designs, models, &c., but we have not room to enumerate them.

In the miniature department, Ross, whose portrait of Lady Chetwynd this month embellishes La Belle Assemblee, has portraits of Lady Augusta Vernon Wentworth (662); Mrs. Wingfield (706); Lady Henry Cholmondeley (805); Mrs. Morier (814); Peter Hesketh, Esq. (817); and Mrs. Hesketh (823).—Robertson has portraits of the Marquess of Wellesley (657); Eneas Ranaldson Macdonnell, Esq. (685); the Rev. Edward Bickersteth (784); Mrs. Clayhills, (824); the Rev. J. Moore Halsey (830); Mrs. Dealtry (844); Mrs. North (852); and Mrs. Smith (854).—Collen, to whose pencil we were indebted for the portrait of Lady Johnstone, has five portraits:—Octavius Wigram, Esq. (825); and four Ladies (705, 785, 795, and 827).—From Mrs. J. Robertson we have—Mrs. Anstruther Thomson (644); the Right Hon. William Adams (648); Sir Edward Antrobus, Bart. (661); the Eldest Son of Sir Edmund Antrobus (676); Mrs. James Alexander (684); Lady Adam (713); the Hon. Robert Lindsay (786); and Lady Majoribanks (821). — Miss Jones (Eliza) contributes two portraits: the Right Hon. Lady Lucy Bentinck (791); and Miss Coleridge (799) daughter of Coleridge the poet.—Rochard has portraits of the Earl and Countess of Normanton, Lord Somerton, &c.—Miss Kendrick has portraits of the Hon. Mrs. Smith, the Hon. Misses Forrester, and Miss Smith (698); Lady Forrester (773); and several others.

In the sculpture, this year, there is less than usual to notice. A statue in marble, however, of the late J. P. Kemble, by Flaxman (1127 will attract much attention. In busts, Behnes stands forward most conspicuously and meritoriously. Amongst these are—the late Rev. David Bogue, D.D., (1096); Lord and Lady Southampton (1103); and the Countess of Jersey (1113).—Turnerelli's bust of Miss Stephens (1084) is an excellent likeness, of almost colossal size.—Baily has a bust of Campbell, the poet (1105); a group of a mother and child (1104); a bas relief, representing the death of Sir Thomas Picton (1090); a figure of Piety (1091) &c

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The gallery of this most interesting national establishment, was re-opened on the 21st of May, with his Majesty's fine private collection of pictures, all newly arranged, and with many valuable additions, some of which are from our native masters. By the new and improved disposition of the respective works, the general effect is almost inconceivably splendid. We shall return to the banquet next month, with keen and anxious appetite.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Blake, as well as Bradley and Stevens, furnish some excellent specimens of dead game, fish, &c.

Amongst Hofland's productions, we particularly notice a Moon-light composition (109): though good, it is not equal to a piece of his of similar character at Somerset House. His Jerusalem at the Time of the Crucifixion (230)—rather a large picture—will not be without its admirers; though, to us, we confess, it wants feeling, and is deficient in story. Relating to this picture, we have, in a preceding page, quoted a sonnet from Miss Mitford's new volume.

Glover has no fewer than twenty-one pieces, large and small. His View on the Arno between Florence and Valambrosa (394) is very beautiful: the sun-light falls through the trees in the foreground with the happiest effect imaginable. In the Sacristy and Chapter House, Netley Abbey (385) the lights are also extremely well managed.

Snow-balls (71) by W. Kidd, is a clever picture of its class. It is a winter scene, as the name imports, in which a luckless wight of a boy sustains a severe pelting. A chimney-sweeper is one of his most formidable assailants.

In Cartwright's Port of Venice (97) the water is very fresh and lively, and the objects in the distance are well managed.

Mrs. Pearson's portrait of a Lady (108) is well painted; and so is a Girl's Head from Nature (207) by another able female artist—Mrs. Hakewill; but, under the guise of portraits, there are some sad libels upon the human face divine in this exhibition. From this censure we must except Mr. Meyer's portrait of Charles Lamb, Esq. (211) which is highly characteristic. His portrait of A. J. Valpy, Esq. (289) is also very respectable.

The Wounded Heron (125) by G. Lance, is very ably treated, but the subject is unpleasant and even painful. This artist has a beautiful fruit-piece (350). His Well-stored Kitchen (386) is less satisfactory.

Childe's Westminster Abbey, from the Broadway (224) appears to be correct in its effect. Mr. C. has several other pieces, some of them entitled to considerable praise.

L'Eglise de St. Leu, Amiens (236) by C. J. Scott, is interesting from its apparently correct representation of old houses, costume, &c. Scott has several other pieces.

In Wilson's Scheveling Fishing-Boats standing in (258) the water displays great fidelity of representation.

Crouch's Crab-Catching (277) is a clearly-painted, pleasing little picture.

F. C. Turner's Patriotism (278)—the self-devotion of Marcus Curtius when Rome was

threatened with an earthquake—is more spirited than correct. We suspect the architecture to be much finer than any that Rome could boast at the period when the event depicted is said to have occurred. From the terror betrayed by the horse—the accuracy of which in representation we doubt—it is evident that he possessed none of the *patriottism* of his master.

A Group of Cattle (306) by Platt, is pleasing, from the clearness of its atmospheric effect.

So, also, is Dearman's Cattle and Figures, Milking-time, Evening (337); but the cattle are not equal in merit to the landscape. His River Scene, Evening (419) is warm and mellow, clear and brilliant: the cattle are full of life. This artist has evidently studied Cuyp with advantage.

Sir John Falstaff selecting his Recruits (378) by Cawse, has considerable humour.

Breaking-up (380) by J. Bonden, is lively and spirited.

View of the Place de Robec, at Rouen (435) by Crawford, is an excellent and praiseworthy portraiture of very old houses, with their gable ends, &c.

Poachers Watching (450) by H. P. Parker, has much intenseness and truth of character.

The portrait of Major Laing in the habit he wore during his travels in Africa (196) by J. W. Childe, will excite additional interest from the melancholy circumstances of the much-to-be-lamented death of the Major.

Amongst the miniatures the names of Collen, Miss Kendrick, Mrs. J. Robertson, &c., are very conspicuous.—Shepherd has good things in water colours. Evening Effect, with Harrow in the distance, from Hampstead Heath (529); and The Pier and Light-House at Scarborough (759).

The productions in sculpture are not numerous, but, in several instances they are highly interesting. Baily has admirable casts of his Apollo, Eve at the Fountain, Maternal Affection, and Hercules throwing Lycas into the sea; busts of J. Stothard, Esq., J. Munden, Esq., and Lord Byron. Adonis and the Boar, by J. Carew, will be regarded as very creditable to the English school of art. Productions of Garrard, Physick (E. and E. G.), Henning, &c., appear to advantage.

In the room appropriated to prints and water colour drawings, we should have noticed an unfinished proof of Martin's mezzotint engraving from his impressive picture of Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still; also a proof impression of his yet more popular production—Belshazzar's Feast. The effect of these engravings is much injured by the intervention of a broad black border between the print and the frame.

Madame Comolera, Miss Hay, &c., have some pleasing groups of flowers.

PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

With extraordinary satisfaction we have repeated our visits to this delightful assemblage of exclusively native art. We still think, as we thought last month, that the present exhibition is the best that this society has yet had. If its catalogue were constructed upon the same principle as that of the Royal Academy, &c., subjoining the numbers of the pictures to the names of the respective painters, we could render them more justice by classification: as it is, we must occasionally take the subjects at random.

Commencing with Havell, whose return to England may almost be hailed as an epoch in the art of painting in water colours, we first mention his Garden Scene on the Braganza Shore, Rio di Janiero (27); and his Sun-set View of the Harbour of Rio di Janiero, taken from the Braganza Shore (57). The latter, in particular, is warm and mellow, bright and beautiful. If either of them have a fault, it is that of too much colour. This objection is felt more forcibly in his Sun-rise—Entrance to the Grand Canal, with the Junks employed in the late Embassy to China (80). View in the Suburbs of the City of St. Sebastian, Rio di Janiero (82); and East Cliff, Hastings, Sun-rise (83) have rather an excess of colour, but every touch is the touch of an artist. His Richmond Castle, Yorkshire (119) is also beautiful, but somewhat too florid. The distance, in Ryddal Lake, Westmorland (127) is remarkably fine. His Sun-set near Twickenham (158) affords one, amongst several instances, of the sun's appearance in the horizon with the happiest effect. His Wood-scene, Autumnal Morning—the new opening in Park Place, the seat of C. Maitland, Esq., near Henley, Oxon., is brilliant and sparkling beyond description. Boulney on the Thames, from Park Place, Henley (135); and View of the River Brathay, near Ambleside, Westmorland (37) are also specimens of the art very honourable to his pencil.

Copley Fielding's pieces are so numerous, and most of them abounding so in excellence, that we hardly know how to dispose of them. His Scene on the Waveney, near Beccles (14) is extremely well treated; his Stirling Castle (38) is in a fine style of drawing; and, amongst other merits, his Shoreham Harbour, Sussex (54) has a remarkably sweet sky. The last of these, however, as is not unusual in Mr. Fielding's productions, wants a point or two of excessive force. We admire nothing more than his Pilot-boat going off to a Vessel in a Hard Gale, near the Eddystone (109). Delicate and simple, it yet possesses breadth, and spirit, and power, in an extraordinary degree. Still, its general effect might be heightened by two or three rings of intense black on the floating mast in the foreground, or

even by making the buoy black instead of brown. Arreton Down, &c., over the Woods near Binstead, in the Isle of Wight (186) is beautifully warm and glowing, but in a style different from this artist's productions in general. A View near Bramber, Sussex (213) is also in a varied style: it presents a charming group of trees. A most harmonious feeling pervades the View of Snowdon (198). Loch Lomond (52) is exceedingly soft and sweet. Folkstone—sun-set (291) is quite a gem.—We have passed over several, some of them probably as good as those we have noticed, but we cannot enter further into detail.

Robson presents the same merits and the same defects as formerly. His productions are very numerous, and some of them are very beautiful. A scene at the head of Nant Frangon, North Wales (46) is remarkable for its hardness, increased by spots of intense light. York (122); Canterbury (123); and Lincoln (124); are intended for Mr. Britton's publication of English Cities, noticed at page 237. Lincoln forms a very sweet picture; but in Canterbury there is too much shadow, and the objects are too much scattered.

Dewint, than whom no artist ever paid a purer homage to nature in her simplicity, is this year very successful. Dewint's genius always seems to luxuriate in corn-fields, hay-fields, &c. Of this a striking instance presents itself in his Westmorland corn-field (144). His View in Silverdale, Lancashire (6); Windmills near Lincoln (140); Dacre Castle, Cumberland (161); and Hay-field (257) are very attractive. So also is the Landscape (144); and it would not be easy to imagine a nearer approach to nature than his Kenilworth Castle (241). His View on the River Yore (259) delights by the most beautiful simplicity.

In Fingal's Cave, Staffa (29) by Nesfield, the water is good, but certainly the sky is not natural. Mr. N. has several other subjects respectably treated.

Prout never appeared to more advantage. His Ponte Rialto, at Venice (26) is at once brilliant, splendid, and magnificent, yet not gorgeous. A companion to this—another view of the Rialto—presents itself in 259. Nuremberg, Bavaria (39) is excellent. The Bridge of Sighs, Venice (67) is curious and interesting; but, perhaps from the nature of the subject, the effect is not perfectly satisfactory. Prout can afford to have twenty beautiful pictures passed over in silence.

In the remains of Peel Castle, Isle of Man (35) by Gastineau, the mode of treatment is good, but the colouring is not harmonious. Barnard Castle, Durham (53) is very fine, but the blues are too vivid. Bridge above the Pools, Capel Curig, North Wales (177) wants decision in the fore-ground. Peel Harbour, Isle of Man (282) is a very pleasing moon-light; and Castletown, Isle of Man (313) is really beautiful.

St. Aghadoe's Ruins, near Killarney Lake (49), by J. Varley, is, we believe, very correct; but the effect of the picture seems to be impaired by the abrupt manner in which it is cut asunder, as it were, by light and shade: it is in two distinct halves, one dark and the other light. The water and the hills in the distance are very fine. Bamborough Castle, Northumberland (327) and York Minster (306) are admirable. The effect of the Lake and Town of Killarney, with Ross Castle (182) would be superior, we conceive, if it had less of cold blue and green. The view of the Town and Harbour of Nice (153) is a curious and interesting picture; but, in contrasting too powerfully with Barrett's Castle of Indolence (154) it is very unfortunately hung.

Barrett's Castle of Indolence here mentioned is deficient in interest from its want of a decided light, and from its monotony of colour. The distant objects do not recede as they ought. What should have been a noble foreground, is tamely spotted with little flowers. Barrett merely keeps his station: each of his smaller pieces is beautiful in itself, but the eye is palled by repetition of the same effect. His Evening (254) is very sweet; his Morning (253) not so successful.

Cristall's Fishing-party on the Thames—portraits—(70) wants interest, chiefly, we believe, because the figures are portraits, and portraits of not very interesting people. In Scotch Peasants (130) this delightful artist is quite himself. There is something absolutely classical in this piece. The extreme flatness of the back-ground gives an astonishing force and breadth to the figures in front. We do not like the Fountain at Inverary (179) quite so well. That, too, has a classical air, but it is deficient in simplicity, and is too much crowded. It has material sufficient for two pictures, each of which might be rendered superior to the one under consideration. The Welsh Peasant-girl (183) is good; in fact, no one paints peasants so well as Mr. Cristall.

The more we look at Richter's Taming of the Shrew (101) the less we like it in its general effect. The expression of character is not in accordance with our preconceived ideas; and the green drapery, intended, we presume, to contrast with the scarlet, painfully offends the eye.

Composition—Hunters resting after the Chase (121) by S. Jackson, is fanciful, but we doubt the accuracy of its effect.

Cox has some very clever pictures: particularly his Scene on the Coast near Towyn, North Wales (125); and his Scotch Drovers (324).

Finch, a young artist, a pupil, if we mistake not of Varley's, is making great progress. We notice with pleasure his Hawthornden, a sketch (192). His Twilight—landscape composition

(229) is perhaps rather too black. His View on the river Tay (252) does much credit to his talents.

Hunt's Paper Lanthorn (165); Irish Labourer (181); Rabbit and Lobster (216); Sea-gull (238); and several others, are very clever. His Grapes (234) seem to want light and force.

Nash has several Interiors of Churches, &c. some of which are very good. Amongst the best is—The Interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor (221). His Bath and Bristol Boats—View near Maidenhead—Clifden in the Distance—(220) is a charming picture, but too vivid in its colours.

Austin's Gleaner (9) is quite a beauty. The perspective, in his Interior of the New Market, Liverpool, is admirable. Altogether, this is a very interesting picture of the sort. Parts of Sun-rise after a Storm—Boats going out to the assistance of a Wreck (246) are excellent.

W. Turner's View from Broadway Hill, Worcestershire (249) is good in light and shadow, but bad in colour.

Lewis's Lion vanquished by a Negro (239) displays great force and character. Its companion, the Dying Lioness (251) is also good.

Wild has several subjects of considerable interest, two of which, in particular, attracted our notice: Terrace, Front of the Castle of Heidelburg (2); and Part of the Quadrangle with the front of the Knight's Hall of the Castle of Heidelburgh (271). It is evident, from the manner in which parts of the stone-work in these pictures are treated, that the artist is perfectly master of his subject; but we cannot help thinking that he has committed an unfortunate oversight, in unnecessarily throwing all his grand masses into shadow.

Hills is perfectly stationary: his cattle are generally excellent; but his landscapes almost invariably ineffective. There is always an appearance of woolliness in his productions. His Cattle—Scene in Borrowdale (261) is, however, extremely pleasing.

J. Stephanoff has treated the subject, Berengaria, with Edith and her attendants, interceding with Richard Cœur de Lion for the Life of Sir Keneth (207) in a manner superior to any other artist, often as, within the last twelvemonth, it has been painted. By the same artist, a Nautch Girl dancing before an Indian Prince and his Attendants (310) may be said to revel in Oriental splendour. We are not altogether so well pleased with his Mary Queen of Scots, attended by the four Maries, receiving Randolph on his mission to negotiate a marriage between her and the Earl of Leicester (316). The subject is fine; but the faces of the women in the centre of the picture want shadow, want character and expression. Randolph, to the left, and the lady to the right, are not in this respect objectionable.

Miss Byrne has, as usual, some charming flower pieces.

We cannot close this extended notice without particularly adverting to the drawings, twenty-seven in number, upon the third screen. They are mentioned in the catalogue as having been made expressly for the album of a lady. The lady, we understand, is Mrs. Haldimand, wife of one of the members in the late Parliament for the borough of Ipswich. We cannot here enumerate the subjects, but the artists employed, twenty-seven in number, are as follow:—

Walker, Cox, Essex, Fench, Turner, Nash, Barret, Dewint, Austin, Wild, Lewis, Hunt, Wright, Miss Byrne, Miss Barret, Mackenzie, Richter, Harding, Varley, Havell, Whichelo, Fielding, Gastineau, Byrne, Hill, Robson, and Prout. This is a noble mode of patronising the arts, and we shall rejoice to see it followed. These pictures form, of themselves, a charming little exhibition; and it would be injustice to the artists not to say, that, in their production, they seem to have been inspired by a most generous spirit of emulation.

THE COSMORAMA.

This gallery, to which we have so often turned for information, as well as for amusement, is now open with almost an entirely new range of subjects. We have always regarded the Cosmorama as one of the cheapest and one of the best exhibitions in the Metropolis, for youth; and this, we think, will be evident to the reader, from the mere enumeration of the present series of pictures:—1. Mausoleums found in the Valley which leads to Palmyra;—2. A General View of the Ruins of Palmyra;—3. The Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra;—4. and 5. The Palace and Park of Versailles;—6. Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral;—7. Oriental Village of Buyuk-Déré, on the Bosphorous;—8. City and Lake of Geneva;—9. Athens;—10. Interior of the Priory of St. Julian, at Quevilly, near Rouen;—11. City of Edinburgh;—12. Interior of St. Peter's, at Rome;—13. Bridge of Cords of Penipe, in Peru;—14. Grindenwald and Glaciers.

The three first are well defined, distinct, and very interesting views relating to Palmyra.—In the Village of Buyuk-Déré there is much novelty of effect. The Peruvian Bridge of Cords is not only beautiful as a picture, in its display of scenery, but interesting for its clear delineation of what must be considered an exceedingly curious structure. Grindelwald with the Glaciers, forms a remarkable and striking representation of Swiss scenery.

Of the two new Dioramic subjects—the Priory of St. Julian, and the City of Edinburgh—exhi-

biting the effects of a conflagration—we hardly know which to prefer; but, as a work of art, probably the former is entitled to the higher praise. The effects of light and shade upon the floor, and upon different parts of the structure, are managed with admirable skill. The interest excited by this view is the more intense, from our knowledge of the great historical events connected with the building, once a palace but now a barn, and of the numerous and extraordinary changes to which it has been subjected.

The moonlight view of Edinburgh, taken from Arthur's seat, at the time of the conflagration which broke out in the Old Town, on the night of the 15th of November, 1824, is another proof of surprising ingenuity in the artist. The issuing forth of the smoke, of the sparks, of the flames, with the consequent increase or decrease of light in the atmosphere, or upon the distant buildings, produces a sublimity and beauty of effect, which could hardly be expected in a picture upon so comparatively small a scale. If there were only these two last-mentioned subjects in the gallery, they would prove an abundant compensation to the visitor.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Madame Pasta.—Sketches of Madame Pasta in the opera of Medea, with portraits of Madame Pasta and Curadori, and Signior Curioni, upon stone, by Mr. John Hayter, will prove exceedingly interesting to the frequenters of the opera—to the admirers of Madame Pasta in particular—and to all who can estimate the beauties and excellences of acting of the very first order. "The MEDEA," justly observes Mr. Hayter, in his Dedication to the Countess St. Antonio, "was confessedly the triumph of PASTA's Histrionic Art, as combining in one the leading characteristics of all her favourite parts. Tender in Romeo, animated in Tancredi, grand in Semiramide, deeply pathetic in Nina, feeling and dignified in Desdemona—she was each and all by turns in the various scenes of the MEDEA. The blending of original and magnificent Tragic Action, with incomparable Vocal Powers (talents so seldom combined, never perhaps in an equal degree of perfection), the gradual development of character till it rose and towered to sublimity, the conflict of mortal affections and supernatural powers, the tenderness of the wife, the agonies of the mother, the pangs and fury of a woman scorned—

"When the deep passions flashing through her form,
Made her a beautiful embodied storm;"

and the final and terrible Vengeance of the Sorceress, were given with a truth, a power, a grandeur of effect, never to be forgotten while feeling and memory remain to those who witnessed that admirable piece of acting. Every gesture and movement of MADAME PASTA is a study for a Painter. Nothing can exceed the Grace and Originality of some of her attitudes; the effect of which is heightened by a resemblance in the grand forms of her Person to the Antique—and more particularly to the NIOBE."—These Sketches and Portraits, thirteen in number, are very spirited and effective; and, though somewhat coarse in their execution, they reflect great credit upon the artist-like feeling of the painter.

Illustrations of Time.—Illustrations of Time, by George Cruikshank, consist of seven plates, embracing about forty-three subjects, the greater part of which are treated in the artist's best style. The frontispiece, with the two mottos—There is a Time for All Things, and Tempus Edax Rerum—is capital in conception, and not less so in execution. With one hand the insatiate devourer is forking into his huge cavern of a mouth an elephant with its castle and host of armed men; and, in a spoon, in his other hand, as the next delicate morsel, is a church with its tower and steeple. Ruined abbies, and palaces, and trees, and ships, and coaches, and horses, and even the storm-defying pyramids, are waiting to be swallowed up in turn by the great destroyer of all things. One of the best jokes, perhaps, is that of a "Long Time to Wait;" in which an old woman, who has heard that ravens live for a hundred years, has "got one to see if so be they do." "Time thrown away," is a new version of the old fable of labour lost in attempting to wash a black-a-moor white. Summer Time and Winter Time are well contrasted. Christmas Boxes, a remaining custom of the good old times, is a very spirited characteristic sketch.—We know not whether it be an oversight in Mr. Cruikshank, or whether he may intend another series of his Illustrations of Time, that he has omitted all reference to the second scene of the third act of As You Like It, in which Rosalind, with admirable *naïveté*, tells Orlando "who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who Time stands still withal." Four very clever sketches might be made from this scene.

Christ dispossessing the Maniacs.—The very large picture bearing this title, by Mr. W. C. Ross, exhibited at Somerset House, in the season of 1825, has been lithographed with very accurate and powerful effect. The originality, spirit, and strong expression evinced in the demoniacs—two figures which establish the reputation of the artist as that of a man of genius—contrast with the quietness displayed in the group of Christ and his disciples as forcibly in the print as in the original picture. When lithography can be so applied, it constitutes not merely a pleasing but a valuable branch of art,

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

THE foundation stone of the London University was laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, on the first of May. His Royal Highness, Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Brougham, &c. made speeches upon the occasion, and afterwards dined with a company of between four and five hundred, at the Freemasons'-Hall.

At the Zoological Society in Bruton Street, Mr. Brooks has been delivering lectures on the comparative anatomy of the ostrich. Mr. Vigors, also, has been pursuing his lectures on the affinities of birds.

At the Russell Institution, Mr. Henry Neele has been delivering a course of lectures on English poetry.

To obtain flowers of different colours in the same stem, split a small twig of elder-bush lengthways, and having scraped out the pith, fill each of the apartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot, filled with earth properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

In Italy a curious fragment of Greek literature has been lately discovered. It purports to be a letter from Aspasia to Pericles. Threatened with the loss of her beauty by a tumour which was spreading over her face, she visited the various temples, celebrated for the cure of those who repaired to them, and was at length successful, in the temple of Podalirius, the son of Esculapius and Epione. The letter contains a brief account of Aspasia's travels on this occasion.

It is said that a person in one of the towns of Asiatic Turkey is in possession of the MSS. of the celebrated Ali Bey, and that he is disposed to sell them.

The King of France has given directions for the immediate publication of the journal of a voyage round the world made during the years 1824, 1825, and 1826, by the Thetis frigate and Esperance brig, under the command of the Baron de Bougainville. It will be illustrated by eight large maps, twelve plates of natural history, and eighteen of views, costumes, &c.

The Isle of France is so infested by rats, and by granivorous birds at the time of harvest, that in consequence of a reward offered by government for the destruction of those animals, 830,473 rats' tails, and 930,549 birds' heads were transmitted to the governor from eight of the arrondissements of the island in the course of a single month.

Mr. J. P. Neale, who has lately been taking views of several mansions for the concluding numbers of his Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats, is about to resume the publication of that work.

Messrs. Christ and Co., late of Frankfort on the Maine, and now of London, have discovered a curious and beautiful mode of enamelling cards, and of printing on them, in ink, gold, silver, &c. For visiting and invitation cards, &c. the manufacture is extremely elegant; and, for painting on, it answers all the purposes of ivory.

A mode of treatment employed in Thrace, in cases of the bite of rabid animals, has been communicated to the French Academy. It consists of making incisions under the tongue at any period of the disease, and without any regard to the appearance of the ordinary pustules there. In Thrace, this remedy is regarded as infallible, and no apprehensions of hydrophobia are entertained.

Works in the Press, &c.

Nearly ready, Miss Roberts's long-expected Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster, Historical and Biographical, to the death of Henry VII.

Illustrated by Cruikshank, a Translation from the German of Popular Fairy Tales.

By Mr. Horace Smith, a novel entitled Reuben Apley; the scene of which is laid in England during the reign of James II.

By various writers, a volume of prose fictions, entitled Tales of all Nations.

Pathological and Practical Observations on Spinal Complaints, &c., and an Inquiry into the Origin and Cure of Distorted Limbs; by Dr. Edward Harrison.

The Poetical Works of Collins, with Biographical and Critical Notes by the Rev. Alex. Dyce.

By the same Editor, the Dramatic Works of John Webster, with Notes.

Memoirs of Michael Angelo, the Fencing Master, from the middle of the last Century to the Present Time.

By the Hon. Frederick de Roos, R.N., a Personal Narrative of his Travels in the United States, with remarks on the State of the American Maritime Resources.

Original Correspondence between the Right Hon. Edmund Burke and French Lawrence, Esq., LL.D.

School of Architecture and Engineering, by Mr. Peter Nicholson.

Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren, a Tale.

The Connection of Sacred with Profane History, from the Death of Joshua until the Decline of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah; intended to complete the Works of Shuckford and Prideaux; by the Rev. Dr. Russell.

An Account of Hayti, from the Expulsion of the French to the Death of Christophe, by Mr. Woodis Harvey.

A Series of Thirty-seven Lithographic Designs by Charles Le Brun, developing the Relation between the Human Physiognomy and that of the Brute Creation; with a Dissertation on the System.

A Series of Lithographic Views in the Brazils, with Scenes of the Manners, Customs, and Costume of the Inhabitants, from Drawings by Maurice Rugendas, a German artist; accompanied by letter-press Descriptions, under the superintendance of Baron Humboldt.

Mr. Cooke announces Thirty Views of Rome to be *printed in gold*, after a newly-discovered process.—The Views are to be drawn and engraved by M. Pinelli, of Rome.

SUPPLEMENT

TO

La Belle Assemblee,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. V.

SKETCH

OF THE PROGRESS AND STATE OF LITERATURE,

FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

BIOGRAPHY.

At the close of the preceding half-year, we had few historical volumes left to notice in our Supplement, and not a single production to advert to under the head BIOGRAPHY; so industriously attentive had we been in recording in our monthly sheets the appearance of works as they came fresh from the press. In our present volume, also, we have said all that we deemed requisite upon every historical production as it came before us. However, with the writers of biography, memoirs, &c, we have hardly been able to keep pace: at least, there are some of the works of those writers, to which, for the advantage of our friends, we are anxious of returning; especially to Boaden's Life of Mrs. Siddons, Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches of His Own Times, and Lord Mount Edgecumbe's Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur.

We commence with Sir Jonah Barrington, who affords us an opportunity of introducing some exceedingly interesting particulars respecting Thalia's favourite, poor Mrs. Jordan. After mentioning that he witnessed her *début*, as Miss Francis, at the Dublin theatre, when she was not more than sixteen years of age, he justly observes—

Nature was her sole instructress. Youthful, joyous, animated, and droll, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tears welled out ingenuously from the deep spring of feeling. Her countenance was all expression, without being all beauty: her form, then light and elastic—her flexible limbs—the juvenile but indescribable graces of her every movement, impressed themselves, as I perceived, indelibly upon all who attended even her earliest performances. Her expressive features and eloquent action at all periods harmonized blandly with each other—not by artifice, however skilful, but by intellectual *sympathy;* and when her figure was adapted to the part she assumed, she had only to speak the words of an author to become the very person he delineated. Her voice was clear and distinct, modulating itself with natural and winning ease; and when exerted in song, its gentle flute-like melody formed the most captivating contrast to the convulsed and thundering bravura. She was, throughout, the untutored child of Nature: she sang without effort, and generally without the accompaniment of instruments; and whoever heard her *Dead of the Night*, and her *Sweet Bird*, either in public or private, if they had any soul, must have surrendered at discretion.

Who that ever saw, that ever heard Mrs. Jordan, does not recognise the truth of this portrait? Who that ever heard Mrs. Jordan speak or sing, has not her almost divine voice yet ringing in his ears? Ah, how different, how melancholy, how distressing, were the last hours of this "untutored child

of nature!" Yet we find a pleasure in transcribing the following passage, because it records the important fact—a fact with which we were previously acquainted from unquestionable evidence—that Mrs. Jordan did not expire in a state of poverty, or indebted to strangers for the necessaries of life. We know, as we have already stated, upon authority which cannot be questioned, that never for a single day, a single hour, was the munificence of her royal friend and protector withheld.

Estranged from those she loved, as also from that profession the resort to which had never failed to restore her animation and amuse her fancy; mental malady soon communicated its contagion to the physical organization, and sickness began to make visible inroads on the heretofore healthy person of that lamented lady. We have seen that she established herself, in the first place, at Boulogne-sur-Mer. A cottage was selected by her at Marquette, about a quarter of a mile from the gate of the fortress. Often have I since, as if on classic ground, strolled down the little garden which had been there her greatest solace. The cottage is very small, but neat, commodious, and of a cheerful aspect. A flower and fruit garden of corresponding dimensions, and a little paddock (comprising less than half an acre), formed her demesne. In an adjoining cottage resided her old landlady, Madam Ducamp, who was in a state of competence, and altogether an original. She had married a gardener, much younger, and of humbler birth than herself. I think she had been once handsome her story I never heard fully; but it appeared that she had flourished during the Revolution She spoke English well, when she pleased; and, like most Frenchwomen, when *d'âge mûr*, was querulous, intrusive, and curious *beyond limitation*, with as much *professed* good nature as would serve at least fifty of our old English gentlewomen. She was not, in good truth, devoid of the reality as well as the semblance of that quality: but she *overacted* the philanthropist, and consequently did not deceive those accustomed to look lower than the surface. This good lady is still in *statu quo*, and most likely to remain so. Under colour of taking her vacant cottage for a friend, a party of us went to Marquette, to learn what we could respecting Mrs. Jordan's residence there. The old lady recognized her name, but pronounced it in a way which it was scarcely possible for us to recognize. A long conversation ensued, in some parts as deeply interesting, and in others nearly as ludicrous as the subject could admit of Madame Ducamp repeated to us a hundred times, in five minutes, that she had "*beaucoup*, BEAUCOUP *de veneration pour cette chere ma-*

eureuse Dame Anglaise!" who, she assured us, with a deep sigh, was "*sans doute un ange supérieur.*" She was proceeding to tell us every thing she knew, or I suppose could invent, when, perceiving a child in the garden pulling the flowers, she abruptly discontinued her panegyrium, and ran off to drive away the intruder—having done which, she returned to resume: but too late! in her absence her place had been fully and fairly occupied by Agnes, an ordinary French girl, Madame Ducamp's *bonne* (servant of *all work*), whom we soon found was likely to prove a much more truth-telling person than her mistress. Agnes informed us, with great feeling, that the economy of that charming lady was very strict: *nécessairement, par contrainte*, added she, with a slow movement of her head, and a truly eloquent look. They had found out (she said) that their lodger had been once *riche et magnifique*, but when there she was *very, very* poor indeed. "But," exclaimed the poor girl, her eye brightening up, and her tone becoming firmer, "that could make no difference to me! *si j'aime, j'aime! J'ai servi cette pauvre dame avec le même zele (peut-être encore plus) que si elle eut été une princesse!*" This frank-hearted display of poor Agnes's sentiments, however, was not in fact called for in speaking of Mrs. Jordan, since *she might have commanded, during the whole period of her continental residence, any sums she thought proper. She had money in the bank, in the funds, and in miscellaneous property, and had just before received several thousands.* But she was become nearly careless as well of pecuniary as other matters, and took up a whim (for it was nothing more) to affect poverty,—thus deceiving the world, and giving, herself, a vantage-ground to the gossipping and censorious. Agnes's information went on to shew that Mrs. Jordan's whole time was passed in anxious expectation of letters from England, and on the English post days she was peculiarly miserable. We collected from the girl, that her garden and guitar were her only resources against that consuming melancholy which steals away even the elements of existence, and plunges both body and mind into a state of morbid languor:—the fruitful parent of disease, insanity, and death. At this point of the story, Madame Ducamp could no longer be restrained, and returned to the charge with redoubled assertions of her own friendship "to the poor lady," and *bonne nature* in general. "Did you know her, monsieur?" said she: "alas! she nearly broke *my* heart by trying to break *her own*." "I have heard of her since I arrived here, madam," replied I, cautiously. "Ah! monsieur, monsieur," rejoined Madame Ducamp, "if you had known her as well as Agnes and I did, you would have loved her just as much. I am sure she had been ac-

customed to grandeur, though I could never clearly make out the cause of her reverses. Ah!" pursued Madame, "she was *aimable et honnête* beyond description; and though *so very poor*, paid her *louage* like a goddess." At this moment, some other matter, perhaps suggested by the word *louage*, came across the old woman's brain, and she again trotted off. The remaining intelligence which we gathered from Agnes related chiefly to Mrs. Jordan's fondness for music, and perpetual indulgence therein—and to her own little achievements in the musical way, whereby, she told us with infinite *naïveté*, she had frequently experienced the gratification of playing and singing *Madame to sleep*. She said that there was some little mutual difficulty in the first place as to understanding each other, since the stranger was ignorant of the French language, and she herself "had not the honour" to speak English. However, continued Agnes, "we formed a sort of language of our own, consisting of looks and signs, and in these *Madame* was more eloquent than any other person I had ever known." Here the girl's recollections seemed fairly to overcome her; and with that apparently exaggerated sensibility which is, nevertheless, *natural* to the character of her country, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "*Oh ciel! oh ciel! elle est morte! elle est morte!*"

We proceed:—

After Mrs. Jordan had left Boulogne, it appears that she repaired to Versailles, and subsequently, in still greater secrecy, to St. Cloud, where, totally secluded, and under the name of Johnson, she continued to await, in a state of extreme depression, and with agitated impatience, the answer to some letters, by which was to be determined her future conduct as to the distressing business that had led her to the continent. Her solicitude arose not so much from the real importance of this affair as from her indignation and disgust at the ingratitude which had been displayed towards her, and which, by drawing aside the curtain from before her unwilling eyes, had exposed a novel and painful view of human nature. I at that period occupied a large hotel adjoining the Bois de Boulogne. Not a mile intervened between us; yet, until long after Mrs. Jordan's decease, I never heard she was in my neighbourhood. There was no occasion whatever for such entire seclusion; but the anguish of her mind had by this time so enfeebled her, that a bilious complaint was generated, and gradually increased. Its growth, indeed, did not appear to give her much uneasiness—so dejected and lost had she become. Day after day her misery augmented, and at length she seemed, we were told, actually to regard the approach of dissolution with a kind of placid welcome. The apartments she occupied at St. Cloud were a house in the square adjoining the palace. This house was large, gloomy, cold, and inconvenient;—just the sort of place which would tell in description in a romance. In fact, it looked to me almost in a state of dilapidation. I could not, I am sure, wander over it at night without a superstitious feeling. The rooms were numerous, but small; the furniture scanty, old, and tattered. The hotel had obviously once belonged to some nobleman, and a long, lofty, flagged gallery stretched from one wing of it to the other. Mrs. Jordan's chambers were shabby; no English comforts solaced her in her latter moments! In her little drawing-room, a small old sofa was the best-looking piece of furniture: on this she constantly reclined, and on it she expired. The account given to us of her last moments, by the master of the house, was very affecting: he likewise thought she was poor, and offered her the use of money, which offer was of course declined. Nevertheless, he said, he always considered her apparent poverty, and a magnificent diamond ring which she constantly wore, as quite incompatible, and to him inexplicable. I have happened to learn since, that she gave four hundred guineas for that superb ring. She had also with her, as I heard, many other valuable trinkets; and on her death, seals were put upon all her effects, which I understand still remain unclaimed by any legal heir. From the time of her arrival at St. Cloud, it appears Mrs. Jordan had exhibited the most restless anxiety for intelligence from England. Every post gave rise to increased solicitude, and every letter she received seemed to have a different effect on her feelings. Latterly, she appeared more anxious and miserable than usual: her uneasiness increased almost momentarily, and her skin became wholly discoloured. From morning till night she lay sighing upon her sofa. At length an interval of some posts occurred, during which she received no answers to her letters, and her consequent anxiety, my informant said, seemed too great for mortal strength to bear up against. On the morning of her death, this impatient feeling reached its crisis. The agitation was almost fearful: her eyes were now restless, now fixed; her motion rapid and unmeaning, and her whole manner seemed to bespeak the attack of some convulsive paroxysm. She eagerly requested Mr. C—, *before* the usual hour of delivery, to *go for her letters* to the post. On his return, she started up and held out her hand, as if impatient to receive them. He told her *there were none*. She stood a moment motionless; looked towards him with a vacant stare; held out her hand again as if by an involuntary action; instantly withdrew it, and sank back upon the sofa from which she had arisen. He left the room to send up her attendant, who however had gone out, and Mr.

C— returned himself to Mrs. Jordan. On his return, he observed some change in her looks that alarmed him: she spoke not a word, but gazed at him stedfastly. She wept not—no tear flowed: her face was one moment flushed and another livid: she sighed deeply, and her heart seemed bursting. Mr. C— stood uncertain what to do: but in a minute, he heard her breath drawn more hardly, and, as it were, sobbingly. He was now thoroughly terrified: he hastily approached the sofa, and leaning over the unfortunate lady, discovered that those deep drawn sobs had immediately preceded the moment of Mrs. Jordan's dissolution. She was already no more! Thus terminated the worldly career of a woman at the very head of her profession, and one of the best-hearted of her sex! Thus did she expire after a life of celebrity and magnificence, in exile and solitude, and literally of a broken heart! She was buried by Mr. Forster, now chaplain to the ambassador.

Some of our readers—especially those who may be likely to visit Paris—will be pleased with the information that a respectable, though not splendid monument, has been erected to the memory of Mrs. Jordan, in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*.

We could select fifty other interesting and amusing passages from Sir Jonah's work; but the only addition which our limits will permit us to make, is the subjoined *marvellous* narration, which we recommend to the particular notice of all lovers of the supernatural:

Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the vice-royalty of Earl Hardwicke, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord Lieutenant was to be of the company. "My little farmer," said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, "when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter—so tell him that come he must!" She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and towards two in the morning I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened: it occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly. The sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone: it seemed *descending*: I felt every nerve tremble: it was not a *natural* sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came. At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself. She suggested that it might be an Æolian harp; but to that instrument it bore no similitude: it was altogether a different *character of sound*. My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath; the sound then seemed obviously to *ascend* from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of "Rossmore!—Rossmore!—Rossmore!" I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed: in about a minute after, the sound gradually died away, until all was silent. Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered laughing stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber. About seven the ensuing morning, a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was right: I went to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed, on the other side, "O Lord, Sir!" "What is the matter?" said I, hurriedly. "O, Sir!" ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing, that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health; but that about half after two this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed (he slept in the same room) went to him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over!" I conjecture nothing; I only relate the incident as unequivocally matter of fact. Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let sceptics draw their

own conclusions: perhaps natural causes may be assigned; but I am totally unequal to the task."

In our brief notice of "*Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur, chiefly respecting the Italian Opera in England, for Fifty Years from* 1773," we remarked (page 270) that, had we room we could crowd our pages with extracts from the work; and, upon taking the volume up again, we cannot resist the inclination to transfer to LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE some of its very clever and faithful portraits of eminent singers at the King's Theatre. Independently of these portraits, however, it should be remarked that Lord Mount Edgecumbe's book may be said to comprise a critical history of music and of the opera during the period to which it refers down to the present time. Declining to enter upon those parts of his Lordship's production which may be deemed more exclusively historical or critical, we shall at once proceed to make our selections of sketches.

Of Madame Banti, whose acting, as well as singing, is perfectly within our own recollection, his Lordship speaks as of far the most delightful singer he ever heard.

She had begun the world as a *cantante di piazza*, and as such having attracted notice by her fine voice, she had been taken from her humble calling, taught, and brought out as a singer in concerts, first at Paris, and then in England, as before mentioned, at the Pantheon, under the name of Giorgi. But though she had the best masters, she was an idle scholar, and never would apply to the drudgery of her profession: but in her genius, supplied the place of science; and the most correct ear, with the most exquisite taste, enabled her to sing with more effect, more expression, and more apparent knowledge of her art, than many much better professors. She never was a good musician, nor could sing at sight with ease, but having once learnt a song, and made herself mistress of its character, she threw into all she sung more pathos and true feeling than any of her competitors. Her natural powers were of the finest description: her voice, sweet and beautiful throughout, had not a fault in any part of its unusually extensive compass. Its lower notes, which reached below ordinary sopranos, were rich and mellow; the middle full and powerful, and the very high totally devoid of shrillness: the whole was even and regular, one of those rich *voci di petto*, which can alone completely please and satisfy the ear. In her youth she extended to the highest pitch, and was capable of such agility, that she practised and excelled most in the bravura style, in which she had no superior; but losing a few of her upper notes, and acquiring a taste for the cantabile, she gave herself up almost entirely to the latter, in which she had no equal. Her first appearance in this country was in the opera of *Semiramide*, or *La Vendetta di Nino*, by Bianchi, and all her part in it was of the most beautiful description. Her acting and recitative were excellent, and in the last scene, when Semiramide dies, was incomparably fine. No opera ever had greater success or a longer run than this; indeed it was one of those of which it is impossible to tire.

Grassini—the majestic, the magnificent Grassini—whose style of acting, at once chaste and classical, grand and powerful, was such (so we remember to have heard it stated at the time) as to attract Mrs. Siddons to the Opera House every night of her performance, is introduced, with that other magnificent creature, the wonder of her day, Mrs. Billington. Each was engaged as *prima donna* alternately with the other.

This very handsome woman [Grassini] was in every thing the direct contrary of her rival. With a beautiful form, and a grace peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile, which became heavy *à la longue*, and bordered a little on the monotonous: for her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto. She had entirely lost all its upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural notes; if she attempted to go higher, she produced only a shriek, quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear. Her first appearance was in *La Vergine del Sole*, an opera of Mayer's, well suited to her peculiar talents; but her success was not very decisive as a singer, though her acting and her beauty could not fail of exciting high admiration. So equivocal was her reception, that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare to encounter it alone, but called in Mrs. Billington to her aid; and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera composed for the occasion by Winter was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which Mrs. Billington acted Ceres, and Grassini Proserpine. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performance of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sung several easy simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning favourite. Her deep tones were undoubtedly fine, and had a particularly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of Mrs. Billington; but though, from its great

success, this opera was frequently repeated, they never sang together in any other. Grassini having attained the summit of the ladder, kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. Not only was she rapturously applauded in public, but she was taken up by the first society, *fêtée*, caressed, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies * * * *

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It was the comparison of these two rival performers that discovered to me the great superiority of Mrs. Billington as a musician and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally admired, and no doubt the deaf would have been charmed with Grassini, while the blind must have been delighted with Mrs. Billington.

The portrait of Madame Catalani, though drawn at full length, is, in our view at least, not altogether so striking. Lord M. mentions the uncommon quality of Madame C.'s voice—her capability of almost supernatural exertions—the unusual power of expansion and muscular motion of her throat—while the agility of her voice in divisions, running up and down the scale in semi-tones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, were equally astonishing.

It were to be wished she was less lavish in the display of these wonderful powers, and sought to please more than to surprise: but her taste is vicious, her excessive love of ornament spoiling every simple air, and her greatest delight (indeed her chief merit) being in songs of a bold and spirited character, where much is left to her discretion (or indiscretion) without being confined by the accompaniment, but in which she can indulge in *ad libitum* passages, with a luxuriance and redundancy no other singer ever possessed, or if possessing never practised, and which she carries to a fantastical excess. She is fond of singing variations on some unknown simple air, and latterly has pushed this taste to the very height of absurdity, by singing, even without words, variations composed for the fiddle. This is absolute nonsense, a lamentable misapplication of that finest of instruments the human voice, and of the delightful faculty of song.

His Lordship considers that Catalani had a bad choice of music, and that she preferred the compositions of inferior masters, written expressly for herself, to the more regular works of better composers. In particular, she detested Mozart's music, which keeps the singer too much under the control of the orchestra, and too strictly confined to time, which she was apt to violate.

We come now to two performers of a very different character—Madame Ronzi de Begnis and Madame Camporese.

The former, with a pretty face and pleasing countenance, has a voice of great sweetness and flexibility, which she manages with considerable skill and taste, is a good singer, and a good actress, both in serious and comic parts. But she decidedly excels most in the latter: indeed I have rarely seen a better buffa. She made her first appearance in *Il Turco in Italia*, and acted in it delightfully. Her husband, De Begnis, is an excellent comic actor. Camporese's talent is of a higher order. Born of respectable parents, and married to a member of the family of Giustiniani, she originally cultivated music only as an accomplishment, yet made herself complete mistress of its science. Subsequent events occasioned her converting what had been her amusement into her profession, and she became a public singer for concerts only. It was not till her first arrival in this country that she ever appeared on the stage, which she soon trod with all the ease of an experienced actress, and became immediately a very good theatrical performer, yet still retaining on the stage the genteel, lady-like manners for which she is distinguished in private society. She performed first in an opera called *Penelope*, which was not much admired, nor acted very often; consequently she did not make so favourable an impression as might have been expected from her talents; but every succeeding one developed them more and more, and added to her reputation. Amongst her happiest efforts must be ranked the beautiful and affecting part of Agnese, before alluded to. That opera, which is of the *semi-seria* kind, is one of Paer's most charming compositions. She excels greatly in Desdemona, and in the opera of *Mose*.

Slight as is the notice respecting Signora Garcia, it is not without interest:—

Her extreme youth, her prettiness, her pleasing voice, and sprightly, easy action, as Rosina, in the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, in which part she made her *début*, gained her general favour; but she was too highly extolled, and injudiciously put forward as a *prima donna*, when she was only a very promising *débutante*, who, in time, by study and practice, would in all probability, under the tuition of her father, a good musician, but (to my ears at least) a most disagreeable singer, rise to eminence in her profession. But in the following year she went with her whole family (all of whom, old and young, are singers, *tant bons que mauvais*) to establish an Italian opera in America, where, it is said, she is married, so that she will probably never return to this country, if to Europe.

Our succeeding and closing sketches will embrace Signior Velluti, Madame Caradori, and Madame Bonini.—After describing Velluti's first appearance in this country—the opera he had chosen for his *début* was *Il Crociato in Egitto*—his Lordship remarks:

The first woman's part was filled by Caradori, the only singer left who could undertake it, Pasta's engagement having terminated; and her performance gave great sasisfaction. Though from want of power she is not to be ranked in the first line of *prima donnas*, it may truly be said she is *without a fault*. Her voice is sweet, but not strong; her knowledge of music very great; her taste and style excellent, full of delicacy and expression. In a room she is a perfect singer. Her genteel and particularly modest manner, combined with a very agreeable person and countenance, render her a pleasing and interesting, though not a surprising performer.

Speaking more minutely of Velluti, his Lordship says:—

This singer is no longer young, and his voice is in decay. It seems to have had considerable compass, but has failed (which is extraordinary) in its middle tones, many of which are harsh and grating to the ear. Some of his upper notes are still exquisitely sweet, and he frequently dwells on, swells, and diminishes them with delightful effect. His lower notes too are full and mellow, and he displays considerable art in descending from the one to the other by passages ingeniously contrived to avoid those which he knows to be defective. His manner is florid without extravagance, his embellishments (many of which were new to me) tasteful and neatly executed. His general style is the *grazioso*, with infinite delicacy and a great deal of expression, but never rising to the grand, simple, and dignified *cantabile* of the old school, still less to the least approach towards the *bravura*. He evidently has no other; therefore there is a great want of variety in his performance, as well as a total deficiency of force and spirit.

Velluti's extraordinary patronage of Madame Bonini, a performer rather below than above mediocrity, is thus accounted for:—

Pasta had returned to England some time before, for her usual short engagement; but they [Velluti and Pasta] never appeared in the same opera. This was thought to be occasioned by a jealousy or rivalry in one or both: Velluti, however, was in the right to decline it. She would not only have overpowered him with the strength and volume of her voice; but her style was so different, often so superior to his own, that they could never have harmonized well: whereas Bonini, trained by him, accustomed to sing with him, and having acquired all his peculiar graces, was exactly suited to him by equality of power and similarity of style: in the duettos accordingly, nothing could be more perfect than the union of their voices.

Of Madame Pasta, we have already presented Lord Mount Edgecumbe's Sketch (vide page 270); and therefore we close, expressing ourselves much indebted to the noble writer for the satisfaction which we have enjoyed in the perusal of his work—a work that will long be resorted to as a little manual of criticism respecting the Italian Opera and its most distinguished vocal ornaments in this country.

At page 83 we announced the publication of "*Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, Interspersed with Anecdotes of Authors and Actors, by James Boaden, Esq.*"—we quoted Mr. Boaden's felicitous dedication of his work to the King—and we expressed a hope of being able to return to the biography of our great actress in the Supplementary pages of the volume. We are gratified in the opportunity of so doing. As, however, in our review of the same writer's "Memoirs of the Life of Kemble,"* we disclaimed all intention of exhibiting an abridged biography of the chief actor of his age and time—of the chief actor since the days of Garrick—we shall adhere to a similar plan in the present instance—confining ourselves to some characteristic sketches of the great subject of the work, with, occasionally, illustrative traits of the times, and of other performers of celebrity. It is of Mrs. Siddons's "professional life" alone that Mr. Boaden proposes to treat. He says—

I had, I confess, the ambition to shew, that I could furnish a suitable companion to the portrait which I had exhibited of Mr. Kemble; and as in the brother I found the greatest actor of his time; so in the sister I possessed, in all probability, the GREATEST ACTRESS *of any times*. Nor did I shun the question, as to the propriety of estimating her pretensions while living. Mrs. Siddons has, however honoured, long existed as a private member only of the community:—and it is the life which she has already *closed*, which alone it would become me to write. I have no motive whatever to draw me aside from a level consideration of her

* *Vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. I. pages 126 and 286; where, independently of our own analysis of the work, will be found several curious and valuable extracts.

merits. I estimate them, seeking no favour, and certainly fearing no displeasure. The task, if at all to be performed by me, must be executed NOW.

Mr. Boaden says he has always understood Mrs. Siddons to have been senior to her brother, Mr. Kemble, by two years; and that she was born in Brecknock, in South Wales, in the year 1755. On turning to the historical account of the town of Brecknock, in the "Beauties of England and Wales,"—Brecknockshire,—page 112—we find it recorded that she was born there at the Shoulder-of-Mutton public house, on the 14th of July, 1755. Mr. Boaden tells us little, very little indeed, relating to her earlier years. Were it necessary, which it is not, we could illustrate this portion of Mrs. Siddons's life from sources with which Mr. B. was probably unacquainted. It is generally known that Miss Kemble's attachment to Mr. Siddons was, in the first instance, disapproved by her parents—that she was in consequence for a time removed from the stage—and that she subsequently married with the consent of her friends. She made her first appearance on the London boards, in the character of Portia, on the 29th of December 1775, without appearing to have produced any extraordinary sensation. Not finding her expectations realized in the metropolis, she returned to the country, and was for several seasons the leading favourite at Bath, &c. The immediate cause and mode of her return to London, are, we think, better stated in Miss Lefanu's "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan,"* than by Mr. Boaden. It was on the 10th of October, 1782, that Mrs. Siddons made her *second* FIRST appearance on the Drury Lane stage, in Southerne's tragedy of Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage, the heroine of which she personated. Mr. Boaden, as is his custom on such occasions—a custom in which we cannot follow him—gives a critical analysis of the play, and also of Mrs. Siddons's performance of the character. We shall insert, however, what strikes us as being at once more curious and more interesting—some strictures written by Mr. Boaden at the time of Mrs. Siddons's appearance. We deem them curious and interesting, because they shew us, we have no doubt accurately, what Mrs. Siddons was in the early part of her career, and because they shew us also that she possessed then, in person and in manner, the *stamina* of all the superlative greatness which, in the subsequent stages of her life, she displayed:—

There never, perhaps, was a better stage figure than that of Mrs. Siddons. Her height is above the middle size, but not at all inclined to the *en-bon-point*. There is, notwithstanding, nothing sharp or angular in the frame; there is sufficient muscle to bestow a roundness upon the limbs, and her attitudes are, therefore, distinguished equally by energy and grace. The symmetry of her person is exact and captivating. Her face is peculiarly happy, the features being finely formed, though strong, and never for an instant seeming overcharged, like the Italian faces, nor coarse and unfeminine under whatever impulse. On the contrary, it

so thoroughly harmonized when quiescent, and so expressive when impassioned, that most people think her more beautiful than she is. So great, too, is the flexibility of her countenance, that the rapid transitions of passion are given with a variety and effect that never tire upon the eye. Her voice is naturally plaintive, and a tender melancholy in her level speaking, denotes a being devoted to tragedy; yet this seemingly settled quality of voice becomes at will sonorous or piercing, overwhelms with rage, or in its wild shriek absolutely harrows up the soul. Her sorrow, too, is never childish; her lamentation has a dignity which belongs, I think, to no other woman; it claims your respect along with your tears. Her eye is brilliant and varying like the diamond; it is singularly well placed; "it *pries*," in Shakspeare's language, through the portal of the head, and has every aid from brows flexible beyond all female parallel, contracting to disdain, or dilating with the emotions of sympathy, or pity, or anguish. Her memory is tenacious and exact—her articulation clear and distinct—her pronunciation systematic and refined.

Nor has nature been partially bountiful—she has endowed her with a quickness of conception and a strength of understanding equal to the proper use of such extraordinary gifts. So entirely is she mistress of herself, so collected, and so determined in gesture, tone, and manner, that she seldom errs, like other actors, because she doubts her powers or comprehension. She studies her author attentively, conceives justly, and describes with a firm consciousness of propriety. She is sparing in her action, because English nature does not act much; but it is always proper, picturesque, graceful, and dig-

* *Vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. II. page 250, where an abstract of the passage alluded to will be found.

nified; it arises immediately from the sentiments and feeling, and is not seen to prepare itself before it begins. No studied trick or start can be predicted; no forced tremulation of the figure, where the vacancy of the eye declares the absence of passion, can be seen; no laborious strainings at false climax, in which the tired voice reiterates one high tone beyond which it cannot reach, is ever heard; no artificial heaving of the breasts, so disgusting when the affectation is perceptible; none of those arts by which the actress is seen, and not the character, can be found in Mrs. Siddons. So natural are her gradations and transitions, so classical and correct her speech and deportment, and so intensely interesting her voice, form, and features, that there is no conveying an idea of the pleasure she communicates by words. She must be seen to be known. What is still more delightful, she is an original, she copies no one living or dead, but acts from nature and herself.

To this we are induced to subjoin a few lines from Mr. Boaden's Introduction, which seem to throw an important light upon Mrs. Siddons's qualifications for representing the tender and the pathetic—

They who have only witnessed the *force* retained in her decline, have no conception of the *tenderness* which was *once* equally transcendent. So almost exclusively was her latter period devoted to characters of strength and majesty, that it became, among recent spectators, a question, whether the *pathetic* was ever equally in her range?—a notion, that could never have been entertained, but that Lady Macbeth, and Queen Katharine, and Volumnia, and Elvira, had effaced the recollections of the Isabella, the Shore, the Belvidera, the Euphrasia even of her middle life; but it was in her three first seasons, or from her twenty-seventh to her thirtieth year, that the *utmost* PATHOS prevailed; for this many reasons might be assigned but they are too obvious not to strike every intelligent observer of human nature.

A large portion of the first volume of these Memoirs relates less to Mrs. Siddons, than to the general state of the drama and of the stage; and we are constrained to admit, that though much of its contents are very amusing, they are less striking, less important, less valuable, than the materials of a similar class which were extensively employed in the construction of the companion work.

Before we proceed to the second volume, however, we shall transcribe a handsome, pleasing, and admirably just tribute to the remarkable professional attractions of Mrs. Stephen Kemble, formerly Miss Satchell:—

The stage never in my time exhibited so pure, so interesting a candidate as Miss Satchell—her modest timidity—her innocence—the tenderness of her tones, and the unaffected alarm that sat upon her countenance—all together won for her at once a high place in the public regard, which she cultivated long and extended under the appellation—Mrs. Stephen Kemble. This young lady carried into a family abounding in talent, powers of so peculiar a kind, so perfect, so unapproachable, that, if they were inferior as to their class, they shared a kindred pre-eminence. No one ever like her presented the charm of unsuspecting fondness, or that rustic simplicity which, removed immeasurably from vulgarity—betrays nothing of the world's refinement, and is superior to its cunning. *Double entendre* in her presence had nothing beyond the *single* sense that might meet the ear of modesty. I have often listened to the miserable counterfeit of what she was, and would preserve, if language could but do it, her lovely impersonation of artless truth. But it may be gathered critically in its *abstract*, by the negative assistance of many of its modish imitations. The FANCY may restore her, or be contented at least with its own creation. That of Steele, in one of its softest inspirations, first saw her about the year 1674, on the continent of America, fondly bending over a young European, whom she had preserved from her barbarous countrymen; she was bauquetting him with delicious fruits, and playing with his hair. He called the vision Yarico. Chateaubriand, a century after, beheld it with additional charms, and named it Atala.—"You observed in her countenance, I know not what of virtuous and impassioned, of which the charm was irresistible. To this she added graces yet more tender. An extreme sensibility, united to a profound melancholy, characterized her look, and her smile had something in it scarcely earthly;" and thus, unintentionally, painting only the creature of imagination, he completes the portrait of an English actress.

We transcribe the following also, because it is a just tribute to another lady—Miss Lee—whose admired novel of the Recess was originally published in portions—the latter parts being almost literally torn from the press, so powerful had been the interest and avidity excited by the former. The blind idolaters of the no longer *great* UNKNOWN should read the Recess before they award the palm to the "Author of Waverley:"—

The plan of her *Recess* was fortunate beyond parallel. The known designs of Norfolk upon

Queen Mary, rendered the private marriage probable; and to produce two of the most interesting and unfortunate species from such an union, was only continuing the calamities of a race, which Voltaire conceived to be even sovereign in misery. Throwing one of these children of her rival before Elizabeth in her last moments, heart-broken, like herself, at the loss of Essex, is one of the happiest fictions of romance; and it has a pathos hardly to be approached. *The great novelist of the north has yet to excite a sympathy equally profound and dignified*—yet who has touched the regal character with so masterly a hand as the author of Waverley? Mary — Elizabeth — James, and Queen Caroline, are all *dramatic* BIOGRAPHY.

"We have had four ladies," observes Mr. Boaden, "eminent among our comic writers —Behn, Centlivre, Cowley, and Inchbald; and a not very rigid moralist would strike out much from the writings of each of them." Very true, Sir, very true, indeed!

We find that in the season of 1782-3—the first season of Mrs. Siddons's renewed engagement—that lady played eighty nights: Isabella, in the Fatal Marriage, 22; Jane Shore, 14; Calista, 14; Belvidera, 13; Euphrasia, 11; Zara, 3; and a character in Hull's Fatal Interview, 3. In her second season she played "Isabella, seven times; Mrs. Beverley, seven also; Belvidera and Lady Randolph alike, six repetitions; Shakspeare's Isabella and Thomson's Sigismunda, five each; Euphrasia and Constance, four; Shore and the Countess of Salisbury, three; Zara, in the Mourning Bride, two; Calista, one;" constituting, in the aggregate, fifty-three nights—allowing for the oratorios in Lent, nearly once in every three nights of the company's performance.

It was by royal command that Mrs. Siddons commenced her second season in Southern's Isabella; and it is considered to have been the exact propriety of her utterance that led to her appointment as reading preceptress to the princesses. Somewhat remotely connected with this appointment, is a circumstance which occurred during the memorable illness of his late Majesty, in the year 1788:—

On one occasion, the King put into her hands a sheet of paper, merely subscribed with his *name*, intended, it may be presumed, to afford the opportunity to Mrs. Siddons of pledging the royal signature to any provision of a pecuniary nature, which might be most agreeable to the actress herself. This paper, with the discretion that was suited to the circumstance itself, and which was so characteristic of Mrs. Siddons, she, I was assured, delivered into the hands of the Queen; upon whom conduct so delicate and dignified was not likely to be lost.

Mrs. Siddons's first Shakspearian character, was Isabella, in Measure for Measure, in which she appeared on the 3d of November, 1783. On the 10th of December, following, by royal command, she played Constance in King John. "I preserve the dresses of Mrs. Siddons," observes Mr. Boaden, "where I find a note of them in my papers: in Constance she wore a *black* body and train of white satin, and a petticoat of white, disposed in certainly the most tasteful forms of that day. The true actress is in every thing an artist; the genius before us dishevelled even her hair with graceful wildness." Trivial as this memorandum may be thought by some, it will be interesting to many. There are more indications of *mind* in the judicious selection and arrangement of costume—whether for the stage, the drawing-room, or the promenade—than is generally imagined.

In the notice of Mrs. Siddons's performance of Lady Randolph, Mr. Boaden indulges in some remarkably good criticism, especially on the contested exclamation of "Was he alive?" as given respectively by Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Siddons, to the latter of whom the preference is, we think, justly, awarded. The character of Lady Randolph, says Mr. B., may be considered as sealing the reputation of Mrs. Siddons.

Our great actress's first performance of Lady Macbeth, was with "Gentleman Smith," as the ambitious Thane, who is mentioned as having "sunk under her at once." On that night, "criticism, and envy, and rivalry, sunk at once before her." The subject was as fortunate to her as to the GREAT POET himself, and from that hour her dominion over the passions was undisputed, her genius pronounced to be at least equal to her art, and Sir Joshua's happy thought of identifying her person with the muse of tragedy, confirmed by the immutable choice of the public."

Reverting to the subject of costume—"it is difficult," observes our author, "to imagine how such a consummate artist as Garrick could play Gloucester, Richard the Third, who lived in the year 1480, in what is called a shape; and yet act Macbeth, who

I think murdered Duncan 440 years earlier, in a general's uniform of the reign of George the Second. However, the fact is unquestionable, and he so acted it all his life."

Mrs. Siddons played Desdemona to her brother's Othello, on the 8th of March, 1785; and on the last day of the same month, she supported with her unrivalled powers, his first appearance in Macbeth.

Mason's Elfrida was the next character that she played; and, after that, Rosalind, in As you like it. Rosalind, we are told, "was one of the most delicate achievements of Mrs. Siddons." This season, she personated Lady Macbeth 13 times; and the Countess of St. Vallori, in Cumberland's tragedy of the Carmelite, 12 times; performing, altogether, 71 nights.

Turning, for a moment, from the tragic to the comic muse, we are here tempted to introduce another tribute to the memory of poor Mrs. Jordan. It will not prove the less interesting for the comparison to which it may lead with Sir Jonah Barrington's remarks and statements commencing at page 287 in our present volume. Mr. Boaden says:—

Certainly no lady in my time was ever so decidedly marked out for comic delight. She seemed as if expressly formed to dry up the tears which tragedy had so long excited, and balance the account between the dramatic sisters, which Garrick alone entirely succeeded to do in his own single person. For although his friend Johnson preferred his comedy, yet his Lear stood unapproached in the records of tragic excellence. The mark of this great actress had been made upon all the little caresses of female artifice, that inspire confidence, because they presume ingenuousness: all those sportive enjoyments of bounding youth, and whim and eccentricity; things that are usually done laughing, and provoke the laugh of unavoidable sympathy. Her sphere of observation had for the most part been in the country, and the *Country Girl*, therefore, became her own, in its innocence or its wantonness, its moodiness under restraint, or its elastic movement when free. Her imagination teemed with the notions of such a being, and the gestures with which what she said was accompanied, spoke a language infinitely more expressive than words—the latter could give no more than the meaning of the mind, the former interpreted for the whole being. She did not rise to the point where comedy attains the dignity of moral satire, but *humour* was her own in all its boundless diversity.

She had no reserve whatever of modest shyness, to prevent her from giving the fullest effect to the flights of her fancy. She drove every thing home to the mark, and the visible enjoyment of her own power added sensibly to its effect upon others. Of her beautiful compact figure she had the most captivating use; its spring, its will activity, its quickness of turn. She made a grand deposit of her tucker, and her bosom concealed every thing but its own charms. The redundant curls of her hair, half shewing and half concealing the archness of her physiognomy, added to a playfulness, which even as she advanced in life could not seem otherwise than natural and delightful. But all this would have been inadequate to her pre-eminence, without that bewitching VOICE which blurted out the tones of vulgar enjoyment, or spleen, or resistance, so as to render even coarseness pleasing, or flowed in the sprightly measures of a joy so exhilarating as to dispel dulness in an instant: she crowned all this by a *laugh* so rich and so provoking, an expression of face so brilliant, and that seemed never to tire in giving pleasure, that the sight of her was a general signal for the most unrestrained delight. We know that all this was but the imitation of a reality—her delight must have been not in the part but its success—it could at most but amuse her, and the twentieth repetition of the best written character must be matter of business, and serious business, too—yet there was no languor to betray the constraint of a prescribed task—her vivacity always characterred as fresh sparkling truth, and even life itself seemed hardly to be so natural as her representations.

Nor did her powers as an actress stop here: for though the accomplished woman of fashion was not within her reach, and the heroine of tragedy was a mere day-dream of her youth, never to be realised, yet there was a power of tenderness about her all but equal to her hilarity. I cannot say that her exterior indicated much sensibility (I use the term in its restricted sense); the charm was in an organ of amazing sweetness, which when, as in Viola, it found a passage musically constructed, poured it upon the ear in a strain of singular melody. As to what may be termed the grammatical analysis of a passage, by which the construction of it is forcibly marked, the clauses well detached from each other, and yet the *whole* meaning bound together—there was no effort of the sort; the words streamed on from the beginning to the close—it was a land "flowing with milk and honey," and neither had nor appeared to need the cultivation of art. But delightful as was her voice in speaking, it shewed its quality with rather increase of effect when, as she frequently did, she introduced any ballad story, serious or comic, to a common air, unaccompanied by the band. The effect of these voluntaries cannot be described, nor did I ever hear any thing like

them. She would begin often in one key, and end in another; but every key to her unlocked the avenue of the heart.

We participate with Mr. Boaden in his "doubt as to the policy of permitting Mrs. Siddons to descend from the higher sphere of tragedy." Adverting to her performance in Murphy's comedy of *The Way to keep him*, he observes—"The actress, whose mighty powers in tragedy were confessed in the agonies she excited in some, and the tears she drew from all—in Mrs. Lovemore, allowed her audience to retire with an expression much too cold for her fame. VERY WELL, is a poor commendation for her exertions."

To compensate for the moderateness of her salary, Mrs. Siddons was accustomed to have two benefit nights in the course of the season. On her second night, in the season of 1786-7, she acted Ophelia, in Hamlet. "It might at first be thought," remarks her biographer, "that her figure would not express the *agility* of this lovely sacrifice to her affections—but the height was diminished by lowering the head-dress, and the *countenance* permitted not the eye to be discursive." On the same night she performed the *Lady* in Milton's Comus.

On the night of her first benefit in the ensuing season, "she performed Imogen in such a way as to at once satisfy the student of Shakspeare, that if ever complete justice could be done to the loveliest of his female characters, that wonder was then achieved." * * * * "The amateurs of transformation in those days, a little complained of the delicate style of her male attire; but it was exactly the strait, or frock-coat and trowsers of our modern beaux, and you saw, as you ought in fact to see, the attempt at the opposite sex not quite successful."

Mrs. Siddons, who had imparted universal delight in her personation of Jane Shore, was induced to undertake the performance of that less interesting character, Alicia—a character with which the audience can never sympathize. Mr. Boaden says:—

The great actress held on this occasion opinion with Pythagoras. Her soul appeared to be as much at home in the second habitation as it had been in the first, and seemed to have lost every particle of compassion for her *former self*; in plainer language, nothing whatever of Shore appeared in Alicia. But scream for scream, and distortion for distortion, the Alicia of Mrs. Crawford was many degrees more *terrific* than that of Mrs. Siddons. The "nodding ruin" of the former was announced in the wild scream of the vulture, and of the whole rant it might be truly said—

"This NOTHING is much *more* than MATTER."

For the benefit of her brother, in March, 1788, Mrs. Siddons condescended to appear as Katharine, in Katharine and Petruchio.

Perhaps it was never better acted, if you could get over the conviction that such a physiognomy as that of the actress never could belong to a termagant; and that, if the bent of mind had once been given, it would not have been possible for the teasing, violent, and harassing discipline of Petruchio to have tamed down such a woman to so absurd an obedience to his pleasure.

We have seen Kemble—John Kemble—and Mrs. Charles Kemble, play the chief characters in Katharine and Petruchio; and certainly the fair termagant was then personated in fine style.

In the following season, Mr. Kemble succeeded King in the stage management of Drury Lane Theatre. This event, though constituting an epoch in the history of the English stage, appears to have been of but little, if any, advantage to Mrs. Siddons.

We break the thread of our theatrical narrative for the sake of transcribing Mr. Boaden's remarks upon Mr. Sheridan's celebrated speech on the trial of Warren Hastings. After remarking that Mr. Sheridan, whatever might have been the result of his steady application to the drama, had determined to run the greater course as a politician, and to eclipse his celebrity as a dramatist by his fame as an orator—and that he had succeeded in impressing those who *heard* him in Westminster Hall, with the notion "that they had then witnessed the grandest display of talent of ancient or modern times," observes:—

And, perhaps, so large an assembly as that which concurred in this opinion could not be entirely deceived. Yet I may be permitted to think that he did wisely in *authentically* trusting it only to the EAR. The ostentation and boldness of its figures, its affectation of displaying all the knowledge that he must have painfully gathered together—its florid style—its external exclamation and appeals to violated nature and morals,—AND bore too much of the character of Irish oratory;—and would have looked in the closet, to the dispassioned reader, tumid and artificial. I heard Mr. Burke's fine summing up; and I found there the full dignity of long-trea-

sured wisdom; an imagination rich but not gaudy, and at times invested with an almost prophetic awfulness, as it pictured forth the effects of successful guilt. The grave and masterly figure of JUSTICE, with which he solemnly closed his appeal to the judges of Mr. Hastings, was in my judgment infinitely beyond the more *theatrical* images of Sheridan.

Dr. Johnson, some years before, inquired of Mrs. Siddons, "with which of Shakspeare's characters she was most pleased?" Upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Katharine, in Henry the Eighth, the most natural—"I think so too, Madam," said he; "and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself." It is to be regretted that Dr. Johnson never witnessed her performance of that character—a performance which she undertook, for the first time, on the 25th of November, 1788. The play of Henry the Eighth was then carefully revived by Mr. Kemble, and it became, from that night, one of the most attractive pieces that the stage has ever known. Bensley was the Cardinal; and John Palmer, the King: "his towering figure, fair complexion, and explosive manner, gave an absolute *facsimile* of Harry."

And now comes one of the strangest of all strange personations—at least, to us, by whom it was never witnessed, it would so seem—Mrs. Siddons, in her *thirty-fifth* year, as Juliet! She was, as Mr. Boaden observes, twenty years older "than the fond enthusiast of Verona!" Hear what her biographer and critic says:—

Her beauty was of that kind, to which time adds strength, without much diminishing sweetness. Her heart had more impressed her features than her age. The agonizing calls upon their expression had compelled the muscles into powerful action; and however they might be composed under the control of the great magician, yet the countenance was *too strong* [we should think so!] for Juliet. The eye, however, perfectly answered the mind; and what is or can be so essential to an actress as this visual eloquence?

Mr. Boaden proceeds to observe, that "had Mr. Garrick, at her first appearance in London, brought her out in Juliet, the winning gentleness of her first scenes, contrasting with the ardent affection and speaking terrors of the latter, must have established her at once." On this point we have considerable doubt. Even at the time of her first appearance in London, Mrs. Siddons was too far advanced in life, to be a *perfect* representative of Juliet. If an actress be young enough and lovely enough to personate Juliet, it will rarely occur that her *mind*—her *intellect*—is sufficiently mature. If on the other hand, we wait for the maturity of *intellect*, we must, in nineteen cases out of twenty, submit to the loss of the *physically characteristic* graces of the part.

Now hear what Mr. Boaden says further:—

The passion of Romeo and Juliet is entirely without dignity: it sprung up like the mushroom in a night, and its flavour is earthy. To speak without a figure, there is no *mind* in it, family interests it opposes, and the first glance on both sides renders it irresistible. It is adorned by all the magic of Shakspeare's fancy, and the play is consequently the text-book of our English lovers before the years of discretion. It is afterwards, I believe, deemed childish, and the actual age of the lively Italian is thought the best justification of her vehemence and folly.

Really Mr. Boaden's good sense and critical acumen ought to have prevented him from writing such stuff. Were we requested to write an essay upon one of Shakspeare's female characters—for which at the present time, we have neither room nor inclination—we doubt the possibility of our selecting a more delightful subject than Juliet. Shakspeare never delineated a character, the outlines and colouring of which evinced a more intimate and profound knowledge of the workings of the human heart and mind—of that richest and divinest of all treasures, the heart and mind of *woman*—than Juliet. Juliet is the very *beau idéal* of all that is lovely, and tender, and devoted in woman. The flavour of JULIET'S affection *earthy!*—having no *mind* in it!! Heaven and earth! Juliet is the character of all times, of all countries, of all ages. *Her* affection, howsoever it may have originated, is *pure* as it is *warm*—deep, spiritual, and undying. However—

The art of the great actress made a powerful struggle against her natural strength; and so much of seeming artlessness was assumed, and so delightfully was the language modulated, that at times the ascendancy of the mother and the nurse did not seem preposterous and incredible.

That Mrs. Siddons gave a fine *reading* of Juliet, we cannot have a doubt.

From policy, or some other cause, Mrs.

Siddons absented herself from the metropolis, during the second season of her brother's Drury Lane management. In consequence of the condemnation of the old theatre, she was next to be seen upon the much larger stage which had been constructed for Italian Opera and *ballet*. "Conspiring with the larger stage, to produce some change in her *style*," observes Mr. Boaden, "was her delight in statuary, which directed her attention to the antique, and made a remarkable impression upon her, as to simplicity of attire, and severity of attitude." Yes, certainly, as far as action and attitude were concerned, it was the study of the antique that made Mrs. Siddons an actress—it was the study of the antique that made Mr. Kemble an actor—it is the study of the antique—of the simple and the severe, the grand and the magnificent, the sublime and the beautiful—which gives to the leading performers upon the Italian stage a superiority almost unapproachable by the comparatively vulgar histrions of the London theatres. We are told that upon the stage of the King's Theatre, Mrs. Siddons's deportment varied considerably. The variation is thus accounted for:—

> In a small space the turns are quick and short. Where the area is considerable, the step is wider, the figure more erect, and the whole progress more grand and powerful, the action is more from the shoulder; and we now first began to hear of the perfect form of Mrs. Siddons's arm. Her walk has never been attempted by any other actress; and, in deliberate dignity, was as much *alone*, as the expression of her countenance

Mr. Boaden tells us that he was never "strongly tempted by the comedy of either Mrs. Siddons, or her late brother." We suppose not; "but her Mrs. Oakley," he adds, "was certainly the perfect representation of a sensible but jealous woman."

The new theatre opened on the 21st of April, 1794, with the tragedy of Macbeth Macbeth by Mr. Kemble, Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Siddons. This occurrence afford Mr. Boaden an opportunity of discussing at some length the propriety of the actual appearance of Banquo's ghost in the banquet scene. On the night alluded to, the ghost did not appear; but the voice of the public was against the innovation; and the *substantial spectre* was, consequently, again allowed

> To frighten children with his *mealy* face.

In noticing that demoralizing nuisance Kotzebue's play of the Stranger, Mr. Boaden ought to have corrected the generally received error, which we pointed out in our review of his Memoirs of Kemble—that Palmer died in the performance of the Stranger, on the Liverpool stage, immediately after uttering the words, "There is another and a better world." Our statement, made upon the authority of a gentleman who was in the theatre at the time, that it was not even in the scene where those words occur that Palmer expired, has since been confirmed in Reynolds's "Life and Times."

Mr. Kemble, disappointed in his wish of purchasing a share in the property of Drury Lane Theatre, made a purchase in that of Covent Garden; the consequence of which was his own removal and that of his sister to the rival stage. It is remarkable, however, that the triumph of Covent Garden was not complete even in their first season. Bannister took the management at the other house; and, through the production of three striking, though intrinsically unimportant novelties—the Caravan, Cinderella, and the Soldier's Daughter—his nightly receipts throughout the season averaged £242. 2s. 8d.; and this too, while Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Charles Kemble, Braham, Incledon, and Storace, were all at Covent Garden.

The introduction of the boy Betty, who, for a time, was allowed to fret his hour upon the stage, and to carry away the uproarious applauses of the mob, seems to have been a source of no slight annoyance to adult performers—not excepting even Mrs. Siddons and her brother.

To the remarkable destruction of the two winter theatres by fire, rapidly succeeded the erection and opening of the new and splendid edifice in Covent Garden. The O. P. row—sixty-seven nights of outrage—consequent upon the attempt to increase the prices, is not yet forgotten. Mrs. Siddons opened the theatre with Lady Macbeth on the 18th of September, 1809; but her second night, when she repeated the character, was not till the 24th of April, 1810.

In the last season but one of Mrs. Siddons's appearance—that of 1810-11—she performed nearly the whole of her characters. On the 29th of June, 1812, she took leave of the public in the part of Lady Macbeth. Her nephew, Mr. Twiss, supplied some very beautiful verses, which she re-

cited upon the occasion. The following year, however, she again appeared as Lady Macbeth, for the benefit of her brother Charles; in 1816, she performed Queen Katharine, also for Mr. Charles Kemble's benefit; and, on the 8th of June, in the same year, for the gratification of the Princess Charlotte, whose illness unfortunately prevented her from attending, she once more personated Lady Macbeth.

This, if we except her public readings from Shakspeare at the Argyll Rooms, during two seasons, must be regarded as constituting the close of Mrs. Siddons's professional life. A course more splendid, or more dignified, can never have been run upon the stage.

In the course of his Memoirs, Mr. Boaden dwells much and repeatedly upon the little inequality that was ever apparent in Mrs. Siddons's performances, how often soever might have been her repetitions of a part. He says:—

Kemble, to use the extravagant opposition of one of Dr. Young's figures, in acting was a "worm or a god." He walked or dozed through the character; or sublimed it with energy and grace. Constitutional infirmity, cough, and the opium he used to quiet it, are to account for this—we had often to regret it. But I never saw an *indifferent* performance from Siddons: though I may have witnessed a cold or a noisy audience. The uniform temperance of female life had its share in the conversation of this fulness of power—but no domestic life is without its own cares, vexations, or sorrows; and the admirable art by which their effects were suspended for the duties of profession, shews a mental firmness of the highest value.

We dismiss these amusing volumes—less important, however, than those which relate to the life of Mr. Kemble—with the remark, that we consider Mr. Boaden to have been, not only from his critical knowledge, but from his intimate chronological acquaintance with every thing concerning the theatres, better qualified than any other man for the performance of the task which he was induced to undertake.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

To convey a full and distinct view of Mr. Buckingham's elegantly embellished quarto volume of "*Travels in Mesopotamia*," would be impossible within any compass which our limits would permit us to devote to its illustration. We briefly, at page 124, announced its appearance; and we now return to it, not indeed with the idea of subjecting it to a review, but for the purpose of transcribing from it a few such passages as may interest the reader, and in some measure indicate the capabilities of the author. These passages—the first of which shall present the description of an Arab tent compared with the tent of Abraham—will serve chiefly to throw a light upon the manners of some of the oriental tribes, amongst which it was Mr. Buckingham's lot, from time to time, to travel and sojourn:—

Others of the caravan, seeing us halted here as they passed, alighted likewise, and took their seats without invitation, all being received with the same welcome salute, until the party amounted to twenty-six in number. While we were talking of the Turcomans, who had alarmed us on our way, a meal was preparing within; and soon afterwards, warm cakes baked on the hearth, cream, honey, dried raisins, butter, leben, and wheat boiled in milk, were served to the company. Neither the Sheikh himself nor any of his family partook with us, but stood around, to wait upon their guests, though among those who sat down to eat, were two Indian fakirs, or beggars, a Christian pilgrim from Jerusalem, and the slaves and servants of Hadjee Aba-el-Rakhman, all dipping their fingers into the same dish. Coffee was served to us in gilded China cups, and silver stands or finjans, and the pipes of the Sheikh and his son were filled and offered to those who had none.

If there could be traced a resemblance between the form of this tent and that of the most ancient buildings of which we have any knowledge, our reception there no less exactly corresponded to the picture of the most ancient manners, of which we have any detail. When the three angels are said to have appeared to Abraham in the plains of Mamre, he is represented as sitting in the tent door, in the heat of the day. "And when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself towards the ground." "And Abraham hastened into the tent, unto Sarah, and said, 'Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.' And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat." When inquiry was made after his wife, he replied, "Behold, she is in the tent." And when it was promised him, that Sarah should have a son, it is said, "And Sarah heard in the tent-door, which was behind him." The angels are represented, as merely passengers in their journey, like ourselves: for the rites of hospitality were shewn to them, before they had made their mission known. At first sight they

were desired to halt and repose, to wash their feet, as they had apparently walked, and rest beneath the tree, while bread should be brought them to comfort their hearts. "And after that," said the good old Patriarch, "shall ye pass on, for therefore are ye come unto your servant;" so that the duty of hospitality to strangers seems to have been as well and as mutually understood in the earliest days, as it is in the same country at present.

The form of Abraham's tent, as thus described, seems to have been exactly like the one in which we sat; for in both, there was a shaded open front, in which he could sit in the heat of the day, and yet be seen from afar off; and the apartment of the females, where Sarah was, when he stated her to be within the tent, was immediately behind this, wherein she prepared the meal for the guests, and from whence she listened to their prophetic declaration.

The following romantic tale of love, jealousy, revenge, fidelity, and heroism, was related to Mr. Buckingham by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, to whom all the parties were known:—

Two young persons of the same tribe loved each other, and were betrothed in marriage: their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period for its celebration. It happened, one evening, that they met accidentally, alone, but in sight of all the tents: they stopped a moment to speak to each other; and were on the point of passing on, when the brothers of the girl perceiving it, rushed out, with arms in their hands, to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musquet wound; but the poor girl received five balls in her body, besides being mangled by the daggers of her own brothers, who had armed to plunge them in her heart; and when she fell, they abandoned her carcass to the dogs! The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe, encamped near them, and told his story; begging that he would assist him with a troop of horse, to enable him to rescue the body of his love from its present degradation. He went, accompanied by some of his own people, and found life still remaining. He then repaired to the tent of her enraged brothers, and asked them why they had done this? They replied that they could not suffer their sister to survive the loss of her honour, which had been stained by her stopping to talk with her intended husband on the public road, before her marriage. The lover demanded her body for burial; when her brothers, suspecting the motive, exclaimed, "What! is she not yet lifeless?—then we will finish this work of death;" and were rushing out to execute their purpose, when the youth caused the troop of horsemen, sent to aid his purpose, to appear, and threatened instant death to him who should first stir to interrupt his design. The young girl was conveyed to his tent, and, after a series of kind attentions, slowly recovered. During her illness, the distracted lover, now expelled from his own tribe, came under cover of the night to see her; and, weeping over her wounds, continually regretted that he had been so base as to seek his safety in flight, and not to have died in defending her. She as heroically replied, "No! no! It is my highest happiness that I have suffered, and that you have escaped; we shall both live, and heaven will yet bless us with many pledges of our lasting love." This really happened; the girl recovered—was married to her impassioned swain, and they are still both alive, with a numerous family of children.

A most animated scene—the last that we shall offer, though we could select fifty of equal value—now occurs. On the road from Mardin to Mousul the heat was excessive, and the thirst of men, horses, and even camels, was, in consequence, of a most distressing nature. The caravan approaches, and at length arrives at the banks of a stream:—

It was near midnight when we reached a marshy ground, in which a clear stream was flowing along, through beds of tall and thick rushes, but so hidden by these, that the noise of its flow was heard long before the stream itself could be seen. From the length of the march, and the exhausting heat of the atmosphere, even at night, the horses were exceedingly thirsty. Their impatient restlessness, evinced by their tramping, neighing, and eager impatience to rush all to one particular point, gave us, indeed, the first indications of our approach to water, which was perceptible to their stronger scent long before it was even heard by us. On reaching the brink of this stream, for which purpose we had been forcibly turned aside, by the ungovernable fury of the animals, to the southward of our route, the banks were found to be so high above the surface of the water, that the horses could not reach it to drink. Some, more impatient than the rest, plunged themselves and their riders at once into the current, and, after being led swimming to a less elevated part of the bank, over which they could mount, were extricated with considerable difficulty; while two of the horses of the caravan, who were more heavily laden than the others, by carrying the baggage as well as the persons of their riders, were drowned. The stream was narrow, but deep, and had a soft muddy bottom, in which another of the horses became so fastly stuck, that he was suffocated in a few minutes. The camels marched patiently along the edge of the bank, as well as those

persons of the caravan who were provided with skins and other vessels containing small supplies of water; but the horses could not, by all the power of their riders, be kept from the stream, any more than the crowd of thirsty pilgrims, who, many of them, having no small vessels to dip up the water from the brook, followed the example of the impatient horses, and plunged at once into the current. For myself I experienced more difficulty than I can well describe, in keeping my own horse from breaking down the loose earth of the bank on which he stood, and plunging in with the others; it being as much as all my strength of arm could accomplish to keep him back from the brink, while he trampled, and snorted, and neighed, and reared himself erect on his hinder legs, to express the intensity of his suffering from thirst. An Indian fakir, who was of the Hadjee's party, being near me at this moment of my difficulty, and when I was deliberating in my mind whether I should not risk less in throwing myself off my horse, and letting him follow the bent of his desires, as I began to despair of mastering him much longer, took from me my tin drinking-cup, which was a kind of circular and shallow basin, capable of holding only about a pint; this having two small holes in the sides for the purpose of slinging it over the shoulder on the march, longer pieces of cord were fastened to the short ones before affixed to it, and having now dismounted, by letting go the bridle, and sliding back over the haunches of the horse while he was in one of his erect positions from rearing, we succeeded in coaxing him into a momentary tranquillity by the caresses and tender expressions which all Arab horses understand so well; and with this shallow basin, slung in cords, we drew up from the stream as much as the vessel would hold, and in as quick succession as practicable. But even when full, the cup would hardly contain sufficient to moisten the horse's mouth; and as, at some times, it came up only half full, and at others was entirely emptied by the impatience of the horse knocking it out of the giver's hand, we let it down and drew it up, I am certain, more than a hundred times, till our arms were tired; and even then we had but barely satisfied our own thirst, and done nothing, comparatively, to allay that of the poor animal, whose sufferings, in common with nearly all the others of the caravan, were really painful to witness. This scene, which, amidst the obscurity of the night, the cries of the animals, the shouting and quarrelling of the people, and the indistinct and perhaps exaggerated apprehensions of danger, from a totally unexpected cause, had assumed an almost awful character, lasted for upwards of an hour; and so intense was the first impulse of self-preservation, to allay the burning rage of thirst, that, during all this time, the Yezeedis were entirely forgotten, and as absent from our thoughts as if they had never once been even heard of.

We close this volume under the impression of great obligation to Mr. Buckingham, for the valuable additions which he has made to our knowledge respecting the countries through which he travelled.

Another richly varied production, to which our confined space equally precludes the possibility of rendering justice, is the Hon. Captain Keppel's "*Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon,*" &c. From Captain Keppel's narrative we (page 78) on announcing its publication, extracted an account of the funeral procession of Mohumud Ali, governor of Kermanshah, and one of the sons of the Shah of Persia; and we shall now transcribe from it some interesting and characteristic sketches. The present state of Bagdad is thus noticed:—

Bagdad is surrounded by a battlemented wall; the part towards the palace, as was the case in ancient Babylon, is ornamented with glazed tiles of various colours. The graceful minarets, and the beautifully shaped domes of the mosques, are sure to attract his eye. One or two of these are gaudily decorated with glazed tiles of blue, white, and yellow, which, formed into a mosaic of flowers, reflect the rays of the sun: the variegated foliage of the trees of these numerous gardens, which most probably have given the name to the city, serve as a beautiful background to the picture. Thus far the traveller is allowed to indulge his reverie; but on entering the walls, his vision is dispelled.

The walls are of mud: the streets, which are scarcely wide enough to allow two persons to pass, are so empty, that he could almost fancy the inhabitants had died of the plague: he looks upwards—two dead walls meet his eyes; he now enters the bazaar, and finds that he has no reason to complain of want of population; a mass of dirty wretches render this road almost impassable; with some difficulty he jostles through a succession of narrow cloistered passages, traversing each other at right angles; the light, which is admitted by holes a foot in diameter from the top, gives to the sallow features of the crowd below a truly consumptive appearance, agreeing well with the close, hot, fulsome smell of bad ventilation. The traveller, by this time, has seen sufficient to cure him of the dreams of earlier life; and, on arriving at his destination, he makes a woful comparison between the reality of the scenes and the picture imagination had drawn. Such, or nearly such

was the impression first made by my arrival in Bagdad.

The interior of a house is much more comfortable than its outward appearance would lead you to expect. The residence of Agu Saikeis is not a bad specimen of this; it consists of a succession of square courts surrounded by galleries, each forming a distinct habitation. In the outer court is a room, or rather a recess, forming three sides of a square, and opens towards the front; this, in Persian, is called the Dufter Khoneh (office), where the ordinary business of the day is transacted; the second court is somewhat larger, but of a similar structure, in which is also a recess; this is the Dewan Khoneh (audience-room). From the galleries are partitioned off several rooms, some of which we occupied, having windows opening to the court, formed of small diamond-shaped panes of glass of every colour, and disposed in various fantastic shapes: the interior of these chambers is decorated in the same style; the ceiling is composed of a kind of trellis work, describing flowers of different colours. The walls are formed into small arched recesses, of the Arabesque order, and are gilded in a gaudy manner. The number of these courts is increased according to the size of the house; the innermost always comprising the harem, or women's apartments. The few windows that look towards the street, are covered with a frame of lattice-work. During the warm weather, the inhabitants sleep on bedsteads placed on the roofs, which are flat, and surrounded by parapet walls. As some of the roofs are more elevated than others, those occupying the highest can observe the women who dwell in the lower apartments; but a stranger will think well before he indulges his curiosity, as a Turk would feel himself justified in sending a ball through the head of his prying neighbour.

We cannot better follow the above than by an illustration of the habits and manners of the Bagdad women.—

There is hardly any variety in the dress of the Bagdad females. A blue check robe, enveloping the whole person, has been selected by the Turks, probably from the homeliness of its colour, as least likely to attract attention; a thick horse-hair veil, through which it is impossible to discern the features of the wearer, extends to the chest; a lady thus habited is allowed to go abroad, attended by a female servant, whose dress differs from that of her mistress only in the coarser texture of the materials. Numbers of these females may be seen in an evening outside the walls of the city: some of them are mounted on mules, when a pair of long yellow boots are added to the dress; others on foot, proceeding towards the garden to fulfil an assignation with their lovers. In our evening rides we frequently passed some of these females, who, if they were alone, and a Mussulman not in sight, would lift up their veils, and show such a disposition to become better acquainted, that if we had been inclined for this species of adventure, our addresses would doubtless have met with a favourable reception.

The gardens commence within half a mile of the walls of the city, and extend four or five miles along the water's edge. They are separated from each other by walls; a small door opens from each garden towards the river, which often serves to admit some female, who, gliding softly in a small boat, enters the gardens by this means, while her lover comes in from the opposite side: here the precautionary measures of dress, that were intended to insure fidelity, prove useful only in preventing discovery. A woman thus disguised can escape without much fear of detection; the uniformity of the dress prevents any one from identifying her figure; and no man, whatever his suspicions may be, will dare to lift the veil of a woman in public.

People of different character and manners are here introduced:—

At two P. M. we passed the residence of Sheik Abdillah Bin Ali, an Arab chief. As we continued our shooting excursion over a desert tract, unmarked by human habitation, we approached a boy tending cattle, who, immediately on perceiving us, set up a loud cry, and ran with all his might to a small mound, so gradually elevated as to be scarcely perceptible to us. In an instant, like the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed, a large body of men armed with spears appeared on the brow of the hill, and seemed to have grown out from the till then unpeopled spot. The men set up a loud shout, in which they were joined by the women and children, who now made their appearance. All, with one accord, rushed impetuously towards us, demanding the nature of our intentions; they were no sooner assured of our pacific disposition, than their clamour ceased, and in two minutes we were on the most friendly terms.

A little after this, several woman, accompanied by a host of children, brought milk, butter, and curds, for sale, and followed the boat for some time. One of the women, from whom we received a vessel of milk, was offered a quantity of dates in return, by our servants. Not being satisfied with them, she desired to have her milk again. A piastre was thrown to her, which after taking up and examining, she ran off to a considerable distance, dancing and shouting with joy. Another very handsome young woman, with a child in her arms, asked for some cloth to cover her infant's head; we gave her a silk handkerchief, which so delighted her, that she

approached the boat, and with her right hand raised to heaven, invoked every blessing on us in return. The handkerchief appeared to excite great curiosity, for a crowd collected round her, and it was held up and examined in every direction, seemingly with much delight.

The behaviour of these females formed a striking contrast with the manners of the Indian women, and still more with those of the veiled dames of Bussorah. They came to our boat with the frankness of *innocence*, and there was a freedom in their manners, bordering perhaps on the masculine; nevertheless, their fine features, and well-turned limbs, presented a *tout ensemble* of beauty, not often surpassed, perhaps, even in the brilliant assemblies of civilized life. True it is, their complexions were of a gipsy brown; but, even on this point, there may be some who see

"A Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt."

The subjoined anecdote illustrates the hostile feeling which seems to exist between the Persians and Arabs:—

We were much amused with the Sheik's son, a child three years old, whose spirited answers were strong indications of the manner in which his father was bringing him up. I asked him, among other questions, if he was an Arab or a Persian. Indignant that there should be a doubt upon the subject, his little hand grasped the dagger in his girdle, as he replied, in an angry tone, "God be praised, I am an Arab!" an example how early a mutual hatred is instilled into the youth of these rival nations.

Of the present Pacha of Bagdad, Captain Keppel gives the following account:—

Daoud (David) Pasha is a Georgian by birth, and was formerly a slave to Syyud Pasha; but, having at an early age abjured Christianity, he assumed the character of a Mahometan devotee, and seating himself at the palace gate, acquired so large a sum by begging, that he was sufficiently rich to become a candidate for the purchase of the Pashalick, and sent in his proposals to the Grand Signior. His application was answered in the usual way, by forwarding an order for the execution of the ruling Pasha; which being put into immediate effect, the mendicant slave stepped quietly into the place of his old master. He had no sooner possessed himself of the Pashalick, than he threw off the mask of ascetic, and appeared in his true colours. Convinced that a situation which was gained by blood, "by blood must be maintained," he has been as reckless of life as any of his predecessors; and I have been informed, that no less than fifteen hundred persons have fallen victims to his ambition or rapacity. He is a good humoured looking man, apparently between forty and fifty years of age, and of very prepossessing manners. During the interview, I tried to discover in his fine countenance any lines of remorse for such a load of crime; but I looked in vain:—and, remembering Byron's descriptive lines on Ali Pasha, found it not less difficult

——— "To trace
The deeds which lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace."

The succeeding statement flatters our national vanity not slightly:—

Mr. Lamb, wishing to draw a bill upon Bagdad, for the sum of one hundred tomauns, for our common expenditure, sent a servant into the town to know whether any of the shrauf's (merchants) would be willing to give him money for it. After a short time a miserable half-starved-looking wretch made his appearance, and said he should be willing to advance us any sum we might require: at first we were inclined to laugh at his proposal, thinking, from his appearance and garb, that he was more like an object of charity than a lender of money. He soon undeceived us; for, disencumbering himself of a few of his rags, he unstrapped from his body a black leathern belt, and having cut it open, counted out the hundred tomauns in gold. Mr. Lamb wrote a draught in English, upon a merchant in Bagdad, which this man took in lieu of his money, contenting himself with merely asking the name of the merchant on whom the bill was drawn, and declaring himself to be the party obliged; 'for,' said he, 'if I am robbed, I shall at least be spared this piece of paper.' While we were wondering both at his ability to serve us, and his confidence in our honesty (for we could easily have deceived him), he said he had had too many proofs of English probity to entertain any alarm on that head. 'The *Feringhees* (Franks) are not so worthy of being trusted, but the Ingreez (Englishmen) have never been known to deceive.

We do not feel ourselves quite so comfortable under the succeeding description of a visit paid by the English:—

During this visit, we wore our hats, in conformity to the Eastern custom of always keeping the head covered; and agreeably to an exclusive privilege granted to Englishmen, we did not take off our shoes. Without entering into the merits of that John Bull policy, which exacts from the natives of the country in which we are residing a conformity to our customs, instead of our adopting theirs, the privilege we Englishmen claim, both at Bagdad and at this place, of keeping on our shoes in the presence of the Pasha, certainly does appear an useless acquisition of privilege on our parts, and one that cannot but be highly offensive to their Asiatic feelings.

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that throughout the East, the mere act of a native entering a room with shoes on, is the greatest possible insult, as it is on the floor that all meals are eaten. Let us put the question to ourselves. Would any of us be pleased, if a foreigner were to claim the right of coming from the streets, in his dirty boots, and of dancing up and down our dinner-table?

The account of a horse-race at Bussorah is amusing:—

We went this afternoon into the desert, to a horse-race, an amusement of which the natives of Bussorah are as fond as our own countrymen; though I fear, if an English jockey had been here, he would have thought the profession disgraced by the exhibition. For our own parts, we were more amused than if the business had been conducted according to the strictest rules of the turf. The spot selected was the great desert, which commences immediately outside the town; a circular furrow of two miles marked the course, and the stakes consisted of a small subscription, raised from amongst our European party. The five candidates who started for the prize were well suited to the general character of the scene. Instead of being decked in all the colours of the rainbow, a coarse loose shirt comprised all the clothing of the Arab jockey; and the powerful bit of the country was the only article of equipment of the horse he bestrode. Thus simply accoutred, at a signal given, these half-naked savages set off at full speed, each giving a shout to animate his horse. They arrived like a team at the goal. The prize was adjudged to an Ethiopian slave. The scene was highly animated and interesting, though we had neither splendid equipages nor fair ladies to grace our sports.

Now for a wedding festival:—

As the evening advanced, we Europeans took share in the performances in a merry reel, to the music of the drum and fife of the marines. After this, we witnessed the curious ceremony of a Turk and a Jew dancing together to celebrate the betrothment of a Christian—a circumstance remarkable in a country so distinguished for religious rancour to those of a different persuasion. The exhibition was truly pantomimic and highly entertaining, as it served to contrast the bustling activity of the European with the steady demeanour of the Asiatic. The dance was meant to represent a fight for a fair lady. It commenced with divers gliding movements, and at last ended in an open-handed sparring match, in which both turbans were discomposed:—not so the gravity of the wearers, who during the dance, which lasted upwards of a quarter of an hour, moved not a muscle of their features. At a late hour we retired to rest, attended by a numerous host of servants carrying linen lanterns, which, reflecting on the mingled group of Europeans and Asiatics, had a very picturesque appearance: so, not having, like the inhabitants, the fear of a halter before our eyes for keeping late hours, we placed the drummer and fifer in the van, and returned to the Factory singing and dancing all the way, our sounds of merriment breaking in upon the dead silence of the streets.

Persian and Tartar servants:—

My Persian servant, hearing I intended to resume my journey this afternoon, told me he would not, for any sum that I could offer, accompany me again; but as I had also determined that nothing should induce me to take him further, I had, with the assistance of the commandant, provided myself with a substitute, who made his appearance this morning, ready equipped for the march. He was a tall, fearless-looking Tartar, upwards of six feet high, with large fierce black eyes, an aquiline nose, and a pair of mustaches which nearly covered his face. His dress, the same as that worn by other Lesguy Tartars, consisted of a low cap, fitting close to the head, and bound round with fur, which being of the same colour as his mustaches, heightened the ferocity of his weather-beaten features. A robe of blue stuff extended to the knee; on each breast were fixed a row of painted cartridge cases; a narrow leather strap bound his loins, and in it were stuck a flint, a steel, a small tobacco pipe, a handsome dagger, a pair of pistols, and a Tartar whip, consisting of two thick thongs. On his feet he wore a sort of sandal, which was fixed on with lacings bound tightly round the leg up to the knee. This, I have observed, is common to the mountaineers of Coordistan and Persia, as well as throughout the line of Caucasus, and is probably of use in supporting the muscles of the legs when ascending a height. The crossed pattern of the Scotch Highlander's tartan hose may possibly have some allusion to this mode of binding. In mentioning my Tartar's equipment, I had almost forgotten the most material article, for such he considered it—a quart bottle of Russian arrack, to which he always resorted on the journey, as his only and infallible cure for hunger, thirst, and fatigue. The free and easy manner of this fellow towards myself was curiously contrasted with the respectful deportment to which I had been accustomed from his predecessor, who never addressed me but with the title of Jenaub (excellency), nor spoke of himself but as my huddah (slave). My stipulation with the Tartar was, that he should accompany me to Thiziar, and for this he should receive a tomaun a-day, provided he was always on the alert, and was content with the small portion of sleep I should allow him. He immediately replied, that he would not sleep at all; a

promise which, to the best of my belief, he faithfully kept. The bargain was scarcely concluded, when the Persian, in an earnest tone of remonstrance, spoke a few words to him in Turkish, which I found were intended to dissuade him from accompanying me, saying that, if he did, he would certainly die of fatigue. In reply to this friendly caution, the Tartar cast a contemptuous look on his adviser, and turning round familiarly to me, loudly exclaimed, "God be praised, *we* are not Persians."

MISCELLANEOUS.

We said we should probably return to "*The Military Sketch Book—Reminiscences of Seventeen Years in the Service, Abroad and at Home, by an Officer of the Line*"—for extract in our Supplementary pages. We now do so. At one time we thought of a general description or analysis of the work; but, on reconsideration, we are of opinion that a single extract will at once render more justice to the author, and more satisfaction to the reader. We accordingly introduce an entire sketch, entitled "The Biscuit."

Our advanced guard had been skirmishing with the enemy for five days—and with empty stomachs. The commissary of the division had either missed us in his march with the provisions, for which he had been despatched to the rear, or else had not been successful in procuring a supply: but whatever might have been the cause, the consequence was trying to us; for the men, officers and all, were wholly without provisions for three days. At the time the commissary went to the rear, two pounds of biscuit, one pound of meat, and a pint of wine, were served out to each individual; and upon this quantity we were forced to exist for five days; for nothing was to be bought: if we had been loaded with gold, we could not have purchased a morsel of any sort of food.

Most of the men, from having been accustomed to disappointment in supplies of rations, managed their little stock of provisions so economically, that it lasted nearly three days; and some were so gastronomically ingenious and heroic, as to have extended it to four. But, on the other hand, the greatest number were men of great appetite and little prudence, who saw and tasted the end of their rations on the second day after possession. Indeed, the active life in which all were then engaged, left few without that piquant relish for their food, which the rich citizen in the midst of his luxury might gladly exchange half his wealth for: the greatest of them all, in taste as well as purse, can never enjoy his epulation with so enviable a zest, as those campaigners did their coarse dry beef, and flinty biscuit.

As the men grew weaker, the work grew heavier; and as hunger increased, so did the necessity for physical exertion. The enemy were constantly annoying us, and every hour of the day brought a skirmish, either with their little squads of cavalry, their riflemen, or their Voltigeurs.* The rifles would advance by the cover of a hedge, or hill perhaps, while the Voltigeurs would suddenly dart out from a ditch, into which they had crept under cover of the weeds, and fall upon our pickets with the ferocity of bull-dogs; and when they were mastered, would (if not killed, wounded, or held fast), scamper off like kangaroos. In like manner, the cavalry would try to surprise us; or, if they could not steal upon us, would dash up, fire their pistols, and, if well opposed, gallop off again—particularly if any of our cavalry were near; for they never liked close quarters with the British dragoons, owing, no doubt, to the superior strength and power of our horses: this is, as regards mere skirmishing. The French dragoons, when so situated as to be able to ride close to our's without danger of "cut and thrust," would skirmish for hours—they would retire, load, advance, fire, and off again; but they very prudently disliked the steel.

On the fifth morning after the commissary had delivered the rations above mentioned, we had a very sharp brush with the enemy. A company of infantry and a few dragoons were ordered to dislodge the French from a house in which they had a party, and which was necessary to the security of our position; for from this house they used to sally upon our pickets in a most annoying manner. The French, not more than about fifty in number, made a considerable resistance: they received the English with a volley from the windows, and immediately retreated to a high bank behind the house: from this point they continued to fire until their flank was threatened by our dragoons, when they retreated in double-quick disorder, leaving about fifteen killed and wounded.

Our men were then starving. The poor fellows, although they had forgotten their animal wants in the execution of their duty, plainly displayed in their faces the weakness of their bodies. Every man of the crowded encampment looked wan and melancholy; but all kept up their flagging spirits by resolution and patience. Many a manly fellow felt in silence the bitterness of his situation, and many a forced Hibernian joke was passed from a suffering heart to

* Troops of very short stature and strong make, very much esteemed by Napoleon. They wore short breeches, and half gaiters. None of the men were more than five feet three inches high.

lighten a comrade's cares. There was no upbraiding, for all were sufferers alike; and, with the exception of a few pardonable curses on the commissary, there was no symptom of turbulence—all was manly patience.

In about an hour after the taking of the old house in front, I went out from our huts in a wood to see the place of action. I met four or five of our men wounded, led and carried by their comrades. The officer commanding the party now joined me, and walked back to the house, to give further directions regarding other wounded men not yet removed. When we had gone about fifty yards, we met a wounded soldier carried very slowly in a blanket by four men. As soon as he saw the officer who was along with me, he cried out in a feeble but forced voice, "Stop! stop!—lay me down:—let me speak to the captain." The surgeon, who was along with him, had no objection, for (in my opinion) he thought the man beyond the power of his skill, and the sufferer was laid gently down upon the turf, under the shade of a projecting rock. I knew the wounded man's face in a moment, for I had often remarked him as being a steady well-conducted soldier: his age was about forty-one or two, and he had a wife and two children in England. I saw death in the poor fellow's face. He was shot in the throat—or rather between the shoulder and the throat: the ball passed apparently downwards, probably from having been fired from the little hill on which the French posted themselves when they left the house. The blood gurgled from the wound at every exertion he made to speak. I asked the surgeon what he thought of the man, and that gentleman whispered, "It is all over with him." He said he had done every thing he could to stop the blood, but found, from the situation of the wound, that it was impossible to succeed.

The dying soldier, on being laid down, held out his hand to my friend the Captain, which was not only cordially received, but pressed with pity and tenderness by that officer. "Sir," said the unhappy man, gazing upon his Captain with such a look as I shall never forget—"Sir, you have been my best friend ever since I entered the regiment—you have been every man's friend in the company, and a good officer. God bless you!—You saved me once from punishment, which you and all knew afterwards, that I was unjustly sentenced to. God bless you!"—Here the tears came from his eyes, and neither the Captain nor any one around could conceal their kindred sensation. All wept silently.

The poor sufferer resumed:—"I have only to beg, Sir, you will take care that my dear wife and little ones shall have my back pay as soon as possible:—I am not many hours for this world." The Captain pressed his hand, but could not speak. He hid his face in his handkerchief.

I have done my duty, Captain—have I not, Sir?"

You have, Tom, you have—and nobly done it," replied the Captain, with great emotion.

"God bless you!—I have only one thing more to say."—Then addressing one of his comrades, he asked for his haversack, which was immediately handed to him.—"I have only one thing to say, Captain;" said he, "I have not been very well this week, Sir, and did not eat all my rations. I have one biscuit—it is all I possess. You, as well as others, Sir, are without bread;—take it for the sake of a poor grateful soldier—take it, take it, Sir, and God be with you—God Almighty be with you!"

The poor, good-natured creature was totally exhausted, as he concluded; he leaned back—his eyes grew a dull glassy colour—his face still paler, and he expired in about ten minutes after, on the spot. The Captain wept like a child.

Few words were spoken. The body was borne along with us to the wood where the division was bivouacked, and the whole of the company to which the man belonged attended his interment, which took place in about two hours after.

He was wrapped in his blanket, just as he was, and laid in the earth. The Captain himself read a prayer over his grave, and pronounced a short, but impressive eulogy on the merits of the departed. He shewed the men the biscuit, as he related to them the manner in which it had been given to him, and he declared he would never taste it, but *keep* the token in remembrance of the good soldier, even though he starved. The commissary, however, arrived that night, and prevented the necessity of trial to the Captain's amiable resolution. At the same time, I do believe, that nothing would have made him eat the biscuit.

This is no tale of fiction: the fact occurred before the author's eyes. Let no man then, in his ignorance, throw taunts upon the soldier, and tell him, that his gay apparel and his daily bread are paid for out of the citizen's pocket. Rather let him think on this biscuit, and reflect, that the soldier earns his crust as well as he, and when the day of trial comes, will bear the worst and most appalling privations, to keep the enemy from snatching *the last biscuit out of the citizen's mouth*. It is for his countrymen at *home* that he starves—it is for them he dies.

NOVELISTS.

SEVERAL novels of a minor stamp—fashionable novels, as they are termed, alike contemptible in their *matériel*, their tendency, and their style of execution—have appeared within the last three or four months: such we intentionally pass over as

undeserving of notice in the pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE; but we are not aware that any really meritorious work of fiction has altogether escaped mention in our monthly views. We recollect, however, that, in recording a highly-favourable opinion of Mr. Cooper's tale of "*The Prairie*," (page 272) we expressed a hope that, in our supplementary sheets, we should be enabled to transcribe some of the more striking passages from that production. In particular we alluded to the separation of Mahtoree and his wife Tachechama, the execution of Abiram White, the murderer, and the death of the old Trapper. From the great merit of these, we regret that we cannot appropriate them all. This, however, their length precludes. The death of Abiram White, one of the finest passages in the tale, will alone occupy more than four of our pages; but we have formed a most erroneous estimate of the taste of the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, if they do not, in the perusal, wish that it had been much longer.

It requires no further introduction than the remark that Ishmael Bush, the squatter, was on his way with his family from the United States towards the new settlements in Louisiana; and that Abiram White, the brother of his wife Esther, had, some time before, secretly murdered Ishmael's eldest son.

Ishmael chose a spring, that broke out of the base of a rock some forty or fifty feet in elevation, as a place well suited to the wants of his herds. The water moistened a small swale that lay beneath the spot, which yielded, in return for the fecund gift, a scanty growth of grass. A solitary willow had taken root in the alluvion, and profiting by its exclusive possession of the soil, the tree had sent up its stem far above the crest of the adjacent rock, whose peaked summit had once been shadowed by its branches. But its loveliness had gone with the mysterious principle of life. As if in mockery of the meagre show of verdure that the spot exhibited, it remained a noble and solemn monument of former fertility. The larger, rugged, and fantastic branches still obtruded themselves abroad, while the white and hoary trunk stood naked and tempest-riven. Not a leaf nor a sign of vegetation was to be seen about it. In all things it proclaimed the frailty of existence and the fulfilment of time.

* * * * * * *

When the squatter saw that all, even to the reviving Abiram, were busy in administering to their appetites, he gave his downcast partner a glance of his eye, and withdrew towards a distant roll of the land, which bounded the view towards the east. The meeting of the pair, in this naked spot, was like an interview held above the grave of their murdered son. Ishmael signed to his wife to take a seat beside him on a fragment of rock, and then followed a space, during which neither seemed disposed to speak.

"We have journeyed together long, though good and bad," Ishmael at length commenced; "much have we had to try us, and some bitter cups have we been made to swallow, my woman; but nothing like this has ever before lain in my path."

"It is a heavy cross for a poor, misguided, and sinful woman to bear!" returned Esther, bowing her head to her knees, and partly concealing her face in her dress. "A heavy and a burthensome weight is this to be laid upon the shoulders of a sister and a mother!"

"Ay; therein lies the hardship of the case. I had brought my mind to the punishment of that houseless trapper, with no great strivings, for the man had done me few favours, and God forgive me if I suspected him wrongfully of much evil. This is, however, bringing shame in at one door of my cabin, in order to drive it out at the other. But shall a son of mine be murdered, and he who did it go at large? the boy would never rest!"

"Oh, Ishmael, we pushed the matter far! Had little been said, who would have been the wiser? Our consciences might then have been quiet."

"Est'er," said the husband, turning on her a reproachful but still a dull regard, "the hour has been, my woman, when you thought another hand had done this wickedness!"

"I did, I did! The Lord gave me the feeling, as a punishment for my sins! but his mercy was not slow in lifting the veil; I looked into the book, Ishmael, and there I found the words of comfort."

"Have you that book at hand, woman; it may happen to advise in such a dreary business?"

Esther fumbled in her pocket, and was not long in producing the fragments of a bible, which had been thumbed and smoke-dried till the print was nearly illegible. It was the only article, in the nature of a book, that was to be found among the chattels of the squatter, and it had been preserved by his wife, as a melancholy relic of more prosperous, and possibly more innocent days. She had long been in the habit of resorting to it, under the pressure of such circumstances as were palpably beyond human redress, though her spirit and resolution rarely needed support under those that admitted of reparation through any of the ordinary means of reprisal. In this manner Esther had made a

sort of convenient ally of the word of God: rarely troubling it for council, however, except when her own incompetency to avert an evil was too apparent to be disputed. We shall leave casuists to determine how far she resembled any other believers in this particular, and proceed directly with the matter before us.

"There are many awful passages in these pages, Ishmael," she said, when the volume was opened, and the leaves were slowly turning under her finger, "and some there are that teach the rules of punishment."

Her husband made a gesture for her to find one of those brief rules of conduct, which have been received among all Christian nations as the direct mandates of the Creator, and which have been found so just, that even they who deny their high authority, admit their wisdom. Ishmael listened with grave attention, as his companion read all those verses which her memory suggested, and which were thought applicable to the situation in which they found themselves. He made her show him the words, which he regarded with a sort of strange reverence. A resolution once taken was usually irrevocable, in one who was moved with so much difficulty. He put his hand upon the book, and closed the pages himself, as much as to apprise his wife that he was satisfied. Esther, who so well knew his character, trembled at the action, and casting a glance at his steady but contracting eye, she said—

"And yet, Ishmael, my blood, and the blood of my children, is in his veins: cannot mercy be shewn?"

"Woman," he answered sternly, "when we believed that miserable old trapper had done this deed, nothing was said of mercy!"

Esther made no reply, but folding her arms upon her breast, she sat silent and thoughtful for many minutes. Then she once more turned her anxious gaze upon the countenance of her husband, where she found all passion and care buried in the coldest apathy. Satisfied now that the fate of her brother was sealed, and possibly conscious how well he merited the punishment that was meditated, she no longer thought of mediation. No more words passed between them. Their eyes met for an instant, and then both arose and walked in profound silence towards the encampment.

The squatter found his children expecting his return, in the usual listless manner with which they awaited all coming events. The cattle were already herded, and the horses in their gears, in readiness to proceed as soon as he should indicate that such was his pleasure. The children were already in their proper vehicle, and, in short, nothing delayed the departure but the absence of the parents of the wild brood.

"Abner," said the father, with the deliberation with which all his proceedings were characterized, "take the brother of your mother from the waggon, and let him stand the 'arth."

Abiram issued from his place of concealment, trembling, 'tis true, but far from destitute of hopes, as to his final success in appeasing the just resentment of his kinsman. After throwing a glance around him, with the vain wish of finding a single countenance in which he might detect a solitary gleam of sympathy, he endeavoured to smother those apprehensions that were by this time reviving in all their original violence, by forcing a sort of friendly communication between himself and the squatter—.

"The beasts are getting jaded, brother," he said; "and as we have made so good a march already, is it not time to camp? To my eye, you may go far before a better place than this is found to pass the night in."

"'Tis well you like it. Your tarry here is likely to be long. My sons, draw nigh and listen. Abiram White," he added, lifting his cap, and speaking with a solemnity and steadiness, that rendered even his dull mien imposing, "you have slain my first-born, and according to the laws of God and man must you die!"

The kidnapper started at this terrible and sudden sentence, with the terror that one would exhibit who unexpectedly found himself in the grasp of a monster, from whose power there was no retreat. Although filled with the most serious forebodings of what might be his lot, his courage had not been equal to look his danger in the face, and with the deceitful consolation, with which timid tempers are apt to conceal their desperate condition from themselves, he had rather counted a treacherous relief in his cunning, than prepared himself for the worst.

"Die!" he repeated, in a voice that scarcely issued from his chest, "a man is surely safe among his friends."

"So thought my boy," returned the squatter, motioning for the team, that contained his wife and the girls, to proceed, as he very coolly examined the priming of his piece: "By the rifle did you destroy my son, and it is fit and just that you meet your end by the same weapon."

Abiram stared about him with a gaze that, for the moment, bespoke an unsettled reason. He even laughed, as if he would not only persuade himself but others that what he heard was some pleasantry, intended to try his nerves. But no where did his frightful merriment meet with an answering echo. All around was solemn and still. The visages of his nephews were excited, but cold towards him, and that of his former confederate frightfully determined. This very steadiness of mien was a thousand times more alarming and hopeless than any violence could have proved. The latter might possibly

have touched his spirit and awakened resistance, but the former threw him entirely on the feeble resources of himself.

"Brother," he said, in a hurried, unnatural whisper, "did I hear you?"

"My words are plain, Abiram White; you have done murder, and for the same must you die."

"Where is Esther? Sister, sister, will you leave me? Oh! sister! do you hear my call?"

"I hear one speak from the grave!" returned the husky tones of Esther, as the waggon passed the spot where the criminal stood. "It is the voice of my first-born calling aloud for justice! God have mercy, God have mercy on your soul!"

The team slowly pursued its route, and the deserted Abiram now found himself deprived of the smallest vestige of hope. Still he could not summon fortitude to meet his death, and had not his limbs refused to aid him, he would yet have attempted to fly. Then, by a sudden revolution from hope to utter despair, he fell upon his knees, and commenced a prayer, in which cries for mercy to God and to his kinsman were wildly and blasphemously mingled. The sons of Ishmael turned away in horror at the disgusting spectacle, and even the stern nature of the squatter began to bend before such abject misery.

"May that which you ask of Him be granted," he said; "but a father can never forget a murdered child."

He was answered by the most humble appeals for time. A week, a day, an hour, were each implored, with an earnestness commensurate to the value they receive, when a whole life is compressed into their short duration. The squatter was troubled, and at length he yielded in part to the petitions of the criminal. His final purpose was not altered, though he changed the means. "Abner," he said, "mount the rock, and look on every side, that we may be sure none are nigh."

While his nephew was obeying this order, gleams of reviving hope were seen shooting across the quivering features of the kidnapper. The report was favourable; nothing having life, the retiring teams excepted, was to be seen. A messenger was, however, coming from the latter in great apparent haste. Ishmael awaited his arrival. He received from the hands of one of his wondering and affrighted girls, a fragment of that book which Esther had preserved with so much care. The squatter beckoned the child away, and placed the leaves in the hands of the criminal.

"Esther has sent you this," he said, "that in your last moments, you may remember God.

"Bless her, bless her! a good and kind sister has she been to me! But time must be given that I may read; time, my brother, time."

Time shall not be wanting. You shall be your own executioner, and this miserable office shall pass away from my hands."

Ishmael proceeded to put his new resolution in force. The immediate apprehensions of the kidnapper were quieted, by an assurance that he might yet live for days, though his punishment was inevitable. A reprieve, to one as abject and wretched as Abiram, temporarily produced the same effects as a pardon. He was even foremost in assisting in the appalling arrangements, and of all the actors in that solemn tragedy, his voice alone was facetious and jocular.

A thin shelf of the rock projected beneath one of the rugged arms of the willow. It was many feet from the ground, and admirably adapted to the purpose which, in fact, its appearance had suggested. On this little platform was the criminal placed, his arms bound at the elbows behind his back, beyond the possibility of liberation, with a proper cord leading from his neck to the limb of the tree. The latter was so placed, that when suspended, the body could find no foot-hold. The fragment of the bible was placed in his hands, and he was there left to seek his consolation as he might from its pages.

"And now, Abiram White," said the squatter, when his sons had descended from completing this arrangement, "I give you a last and solemn asking. Death's before you in two shapes. With this rifle can your misery be cut short, or by that cord, sooner or later, must you meet your end."

"Let me yet live! Oh, Ishmael, you know not how sweet life is, when the last moment draws so nigh!"

"'Tis done," said the squatter, motioning for his assistants to follow the herds and teams.

And now, miserable man, that it may prove a consolation to your end, I forgive you my wrongs, and leave you to your God."

Ishmael then turned and pursued his way across the plain at his ordinary sluggish and ponderous gait. Though his head was bent a little towards the earth, his inactive mind did not prompt him to cast a look behind. Once, indeed, he thought he heard his name called, in tones that were a little smothered, but they failed to make him pause.

At the spot where he and Esther had conferred, he reached the boundary of the visible horizon from the rock. Here he stopped, and ventured a glance in the direction of the place he had just quitted. The sun was near dipping into the plain beyond, and its last rays lighted the naked branches of the willow. He saw the ragged outline of the whole drawn against the glowing heavens, and he even traced the still

upright form of the being he had left to his misery. Turning the roll of the swell, he proceeded with the feelings of one who had been suddenly and violently separated from a recent confederate for ever.

Within a mile the squatter overtook his teams. His sons had found a place suited to the encampment for the night, and merely awaited his approach to confirm their choice. Few words were necessary to express his acquiescence. Every thing passed in a silence more general and remarkable than ever. The chidings of Esther were not heard among her young, or if heard, they were more in the tones of softened admonition than in her usual upbraiding key.

No questions nor explanations passed between the husband and his wife. It was only as the latter was about to withdraw among her children, for the night, that the former saw her taking a furtive look at the pan of his rifle. Ishmael bade his sons seek their rest, announcing his intention to look to the safety of the camp in person. When all was still, he walked out upon the prairie, with a sort of sensation, that he found his breathing among the tents too straightened. The night was well adapted to heighten the feelings which had been created by the events of the day.

The wind had risen with the moon, and it was occasionally sweeping over the plain, in a manner that made it not difficult for the sentinel to imagine that strange and unearthly sounds were mingling in the blast. Yielding to the extraordinary impulse of which he was the subject, he cast a glance around to see that all were slumbering in security, and then he strayed towards the swell of land already mentioned. Here the squatter found himself at a point that commanded a view to the east and to the west. Light fleecy clouds were driving before the moon, which was cold and watery, though there were moments when its placid rays were shed from clear blue fields, seeming to soften objects to its own mild loveliness.

For the first time in a life of so much wild adventure, Ishmael felt a keen sense of solitude. The naked prairies began to assume the forms of illimitable and dreary wastes, and the rushing of the wind sounded like the whisperings of the dead. It was not long before he thought a shriek was borne past him on a blast. It did not sound like a call from earth, but it swept frightfully through the upper air, mingled with the hoarse accompaniment of the wind. The teeth of the squatter were compressed, and his huge hand grasped the rifle, as though it would crush the metal like paper. Then came a lull, a fresher blast, and a cry of horror that seemed to have been uttered at the very portals of his ears. A sort of echo burst involuntarily from his lips, as men will often shout under unnatural excitement, and throwing his rifle across his shoulder, he proceeded towards the rock with the strides of a giant.

It was not often that the blood of Ishmael moved at the rate with which the fluid circulates in the veins of ordinary men; but now he felt it ready to gush from every pore in his body. The animal was aroused in his most latent energies. Ever as he advanced he heard those shrieks, which sometimes seemed ringing among the clouds, and sometimes passed so nigh as to appear to brush the earth. At length there came a cry, in which there could be no delusion, or to which the imagination could lend no horror. It appeared to fill each cranny of the air, as the visible horizon is often charged to fulness by one dazzling flash of the electric fluid. The name of God was distinctly audible, but it was awfully and blasphemously blended with sounds that may not be repeated. The squatter stopped, and for a moment he covered his ears with his hands. When he withdrew the latter, a low and husky voice at his elbow asked, in smothered tones—

"Ishmael, my man, heard ye nothing?"

"Hist!" returned the husband, laying a powerful arm on Esther, without manifesting the smallest surprise at the unlooked-for presence of his wife. "Hist, woman! if you have the fear of Heaven, be still!"

A profound silence succeeded. Though the wind rose and fell as before, its rushing was no longer mingled with those fearful cries. The sounds were imposing and solemn, but it was the solemnity and majesty of nature in its solitude.

"Let us go on," said Esther, "all is hushed"

"Woman, what has brought you here?" demanded her husband, whose blood had returned into its former channels, and whose thoughts had already lost a portion of their excitement.

"Ishmael, he murdered our first-born; but it is not meet that the son of my mother should lie upon the ground like the carrion of a dog!"

"Follow," returned the squatter, again grasping his rifle, and striding towards the rock. The distance was still considerable, and their approach, as they drew nigh the place of execution, was moderated by awe. Many minutes had passed before they reached a spot where they might distinguish the outlines of the dusky objects.

"Where have you put the body?" whispered Esther. "See, here are pick and spade, that a brother of mine may sleep in the bosom of the earth!"

The moon broke from behind a mass of clouds, and the eye of the woman was enabled to follow the finger of Ishmael. It pointed to a human form swinging in the wind, beneath the ragged

and shining arm of the willow. Esther bent her head, and veiled her eyes from the sight. But Ishmael drew nigher, and long contemplated his work in awe, though not in compunction. The leaves of the sacred book were scattered on the ground, and even a fragment of the shelf had been displaced by the kidnapper in his agony. But all was now in the stillness of death. The grim and convulsed countenance of the victim was at times brought full into the light of the moon, and again as the wind lulled, the fatal rope drew a dark line across its bright disk. The squatter raised his rifle, with extreme care, and fired. The cord was cut, and the body came lumbering to the earth a heavy and insensible mass.

Until now, Esther had not moved nor spoken. But her hand was not slow to assist in the labour of the hour. The grave was soon dug. It was instantly made to receive its miserable tenant. As the lifeless form descended, Esther, who sustained the head, looked up into the face of her husband, with an expression of anguish, and said—

"Ishmael, my man, it is very terrible! I cannot kiss the corpse of my father's child!"

The squatter laid his broad hand upon the bosom of the dead, and said—

"Abiram White, we all have need of mercy; from my soul do I forgive you! May God in heaven have pity on your sins!"

The woman bowed her face, and imprinted her lips long and fervently on the pallid forehead of her brother. After this came the falling clods and all the solemn sounds of filling a grave. Esther lingered on her knees, and Ishmael stood uncovered while the woman muttered a prayer. All was then finished.

A SUMMARY OF FASHIONS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

THE JANUARY of this present year, 1827, came ushered in by frost, and a light scattering of snow. However, it brought with it a profusion of costly winter fashions: velvet mantles adorned the fair forms to which they imparted their comfortable warmth, and added dignity to the tall and majestic figures of many of Britannia's daughters. Rich levantine or satin, with borders of costly fur, rendered the pelisse an out-door attire fit for the most distinguished wearer, and was alike appropriate to the carriage and the promenade. Nor was the costly cachemire shawl forgotten: it enwrapped in its rich folds the form and dress it was meant to shield, and was, this month, the most convenient covering for evening visits. At the theatres, the mantle was certainly to be preferred, as combining elegance with utility.

The large black velvet bonnet, with a deep *blond* at the edges, maintained its favoured station; but the *blond* intruded on the eyes, and not being broad enough to answer the purposes of a veil, it was pinned up in front, and sometimes on one side: yet it was not comfortable; and several ladies trimmed their bonnets at the edge of the brims with a full *ruche* of silk. Black velvet bonnets, of a different shape, large and wide in front, for walking costume, had no trimming at the edge, but were lightly trimmed with a rich rose-coloured ribbon, in bows, and strings tying on one side under the chin: a small rosette of rose-coloured ribbon was placed on each side of the hair, under the brim. The coloured hats were trimmed with black velvet; and when the rich crimson appeared in the velvet for hats, it was generally chequered. Veils, with bonnets of a moderate size, were general. Black satin bonnets, lined with amber, appeared partially in walking costume. for the carriage, these were ornamented with *esprit* feathers, either black or yellow.

Dresses for the friendly evening party, or at family dinners, were often of *gros de Naples*, of bright and cheerful colours. Two flounces, lightly scalloped at the edges, and finished by a narrow *rouleau*, ornamented the border; each flounce headed by a *rouleau*. The body was quite plain; the sleeves *en gigot*, with a very simple *mancheron*, representing a bat's wing: a falling collar surrounded the bust, slightly scalloped. Dresses of velvet, either black or crimson, were often seen on matronly ladies at evening parties; and satin dresses of light colours. As is usual in winter, short sleeves prevailed in full dress; those that were long were transparent, either of *crêpe-lisse* or *tulle*. Young ladies at balls, were often seen in dresses of coloured crape; though *tulle* over white satin was much in favour. The *corsages* of ball-dresses were in the Spanish style, finished by slight dr[illegible]

peries, Castilian ornaments, and *blond*: the borders of the skirt were trimmed with two or three flounces of *blond*, headed by *ruches*, entwined with *rouleaux* of satin. The petticoats were worn shorter than they had been in the winter; a great improvement, especially for the ball-room or the promenade. Printed dark chintzes were much in favour for *déjeûné* costume: some of them, especially those of bright Indian red, were made up and trimmed in a very expensive style, and retained through the day for a home or fire-side dress. At the Opera, the gowns generally worn were of light-coloured crape, or of *gros de Naples*: the Alpine mantle was, however, thrown over the shoulders, and seldom laid aside, during the performance. Morning visiting dresses were sometimes of British cachemire, but oftener of levantine: they had bodies made *en gerbe*, half high, and trimmed with a kind of *fichu-cape*, that formed a stomacher.—*Vide* an engraving of a morning dress, for January 1827; also one for the Opera (double figures); page 28.

The hair of young ladies at evening parties, was, certainly, arranged with some taste, but the curls were still too large. The simplicity of the ornaments made amends: they consisted chiefly of a few flowers, sweetest emblems of youth and beauty. These were generally white or blush roses. The *beret* turbans of coloured velvet were large and heavy; and those of coloured gauze were much preferable: they were figured in rich patterns, and were of bright wintry hue. The velvet *berets*, when without plumage, were much worn in home costume. Gold ornaments and flowers often embellished the turban of white satin, and plumes of feathers, forming an *aigrette*, in the Ottoman style, were placed in front. Dress hats of black velvet, and also of white satin, with long white feathers, were worn at the Opera: when the hat was of black velvet, it was elegantly ornamented with pearls. Caps of *blond*, beautifully adorned with flowers, were much admired in half dress.

Alas! over all these gaieties hung a threatening cloud of sorrow and of mourning. At length, amidst anxious prayers and fain hopes, it burst forth; and January witnessed a nation's loss in the death of the soldier's friend, the ever-to-be-regretted Duke of York. The mourning, which was instantly adopted by all ranks of people, spread a sombre veil over fashion's variegated changes: to describe this we must defer our remarks to February, and continue our summary by a record of the modes most prevalent in January at PARIS.

The Parisian ladies wore in out-door costume black velvet pelisses, buttoning down the front of the skirt, with a row of gold buttons, set very close together: the sleeves *en gigot*, and made larger by double *manherons*. These sleeves, which were very narrow at the small part of the arm, were confined at the wrists by broad gold bracelets. For morning visits, the pelisse was of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with satin: these pelisses were made with pelerine capes, and were surmounted at the throat by a small falling collar, with a ruff of *blond* round the neck. The newest mantles were of poplin, and most admired when of pale tea-green: they had double or triple capes, embroidered round the edges in shaded silk. Velvet mantles were worn on quitting the theatres, or evening parties: they were mostly of royal Scotch tartan, or with rich satin stripes on the velvet: the latter bore a heavy price. Pelisses of Levantine and *gros de Naples* were of light spring colours; and were fastened down the front of the skirt with rosettes of striped ribbon, to suit the colour of the pelisse. A pelisse of *gros de Naples*, of corn-flower blue, or drake's-neck green, was much admired for walking. It was trimmed down each side of the skirt in front, commencing from the front of each shoulder, with *languette* straps; each point ornamented with a button. A full double ruff of lace was worn round the throat. The sleeves *en gigot*, with antique points at the wrists.

The bonnets were of black velvet, trimmed with the same material, mingled with coloured ribbons; and ornamented on each side with a coloured *esprit*. In the carriage, at morning visitings, dresses were seen strangely hostile to the season: hats of coloured crape, trimmed with satin ribbons, and ornamented with short curled feathers. Velvet hats of blue, with broad brown stripes, were much in vogue: they were trimmed with yellow foliage in velvet, and the incongruous *melange* of long puffs, formed of striped *gauze* ribbon, answering to the colours of the hat. Among the novelties in the hat department, were those unbecoming head-coverings, the

Swiss hats, across the flat crowns of which was placed a narrow red band, of satin; and a bow of the same colour, with very long ends, falling as low as the knee. The hat was placed very much on one side; and the hair on the uncovered side, beneath the brim, was ornamented with puffs of ribbon, black and rose-colour. Hats of blue satin or *gros de Naples* were much worn in the public walks: they were trimmed with white satin and blue ribbons, and ornamented with white *esprits*. Bonnets, for the morning walk, were of light-coloured plush silk, with bows of satin of a different but suitable colour.

Evening dresses were of coloured crapes or *gros de Naples*, figured and plain; the patterns of those that were figured were chiefly in chequers, or rich satin stripes; the bodice were made in various ways, but those *à la Sévigné* were most in favour; or a plain body, with a square cleft collar falling over all round the bust, and edged with *blond*. A *fichu* ornament on each side of the bust, forming a stomacher, was much admired, and was adopted by many English ladies; for breadth of chest, approaching almost to excess, seems now a *desideratum* among the English females. This ornament is of crape or *tulle*, edged with *blond*; the *blond* surmounted by a coloured *rouleau* of the same tint as the dress; and the *fichu* braced across in Brandenburgh straps of the same colour. The points are spread out on each shoulder, to give the wished-for extent of breadth. Capes of this kind were worn this month by the French ladies, even over high dresses, made *en gerbe*; and what with these and the sleeves *en gigot*, the light, and often sylph-like forms of the Gallic fair were quite obscured, and there was no judging, with any degree of certainty, of the dimensions of female shoulders, whether they were Medicean, or whether they rivalled those of the Farnese Hercules. Light coloured silk dresses, with short sleeves, prevailed much at the Opera. White dresses, in *grande parure*, prevailed, either in satin, crape, or *tulle*: some trimmed with bias folds, but more with flounces. Dresses of white *blond*, embroidered in silk, were worn over blue *gros de Naples*; the bodies were *à la Vierge*; the trimming at the border of the skirt consisted of two flounces of broad *blond*. Dresses of white watered *gros de Naples* were made in the same way, but they were trimmed across the border of the skirt with five stripes of silk of very striking colours. Velvet dresses had the bodies made to fit close to the shape: these were high in front, but cut very low on the back and shoulders. The latter constituted one of the most awkward, and ungraceful fashions that can be conceived. To these dresses were generally added long sleeves of *blond*, trimmed at the wrists with the same material as the dress.

Berets, of all shapes and sizes, still retaining the name of *berets*, though totally unlike the cardinal's cap they at first classically represented, were the prevailing head-dress. They were loaded with feathers for the evening party, and some of them were more than sufficiently ridiculous: in others were displayed much taste, and they were elegant as they were becoming. Turkish turbans, of beautiful and tasteful foldings, formed a charming *coiffeure*: they were generally of two light colours; and the tail of the bird of Paradise waved gracefully *en aigrette* in front. The hair, however, beautifully arranged, and unornamented, except by the comb that upheld the long tresses, constituted the prevailing head-dress of early youth: and splendid diadem *toques* of white satin, enriched with pearls, and an abundance of *marabout* feathers, graced the heads of the married ladies at the select dress parties of evening. Dress hats were of coloured crape with *marabout* feathers. Some of the new dress hats, as well as the *berets*, had only novelty to recommend them to those who place their chief delight in change.

At the latter part of January, and the commencement of FEBRUARY, a solemn cloud of black hung over the c[illegible], the public spectacles, and the evening party, in England, indicative of what was inwardly felt for the loss of departed worth. Black bombazin dresses, trimmed with crape, with elegant *canezou fichus* of white crape, formed a favourite costume for half-dress; with an appropriate turban of the Turkish kind, of white crape, ornamented slightly with black flowers.—See a beautiful engraving of the above dress, for February 1827; page 74.

Another kind of *parure* for the evening party we had also an opportunity of giving an engraving of; being a *fac-simile* of the costume of a lady of high rank, worn at a splendid evening party. The dress was of

black *crêpe-lisse* over black satin; the border tastefully trimmed *en ruches*, of the same material as the frock, *en serpentine*: the sleeves short and full; the hair arranged in the newest style of fashion, with a few black flowers lightly scattered among the bows on the summit of the head.

Deep mourning offers but a poor and blank field for the exercise of taste or fancy: when, however, the mourning began to change, which it did about the middle of February, then did those two priestesses of fashion set no bounds to their changeful vagaries; as though they had burst the bonds of confinement, and were resolved to make themselves ample amends. Not content with the beautiful and becoming grey, with black ornaments, the black velvet hats were trimmed plentifully with broad ribbon of rose colour, or with scarlet, with one long coloured string, floating as low as the knee; and to render this striking colour more conspicuous, the other string was black.

Mantles of all colours hung over the matchless forms of our charming countrywomen. Black velvet pelerines, tied with strings of orange-colour, striped with black, gave whimsicality to this description of out-door covering; and shawls of the gayest colours, either in splendid patterns on a white ground, or of plain scarlet, *barré*, or green, with rich borders, discovered the black dress underneath, testifying that the wearer *was* in mourning.

Coloured bonnets, lined and trimmed with black velvet, and ornamented with black *esprit* feathers, were seen in carriages; but the most elegant half-mourning hat was of black velvet, tastefully trimmed with French grey ribbon.

Dresses of French grey satin, trimmed with black lace, were among the most elegant of the changes. The sleeves were long, of white crape, and confined at the wrists by broad bracelets of jet: the *mancherons* were *à la Psyché*, of grey satin, trimmed round with a *ruche* of black *tulle*. The bodice of these dresses were *en gerbe*, made low, particularly on the shoulders. The style adopted by those who composed the higher classes, for *demi parure*, was a dress of black *gros de Naples*, generally finished at the border with flounces, or twisted *rouleaux*: body plain, with long sleeves of white crape, fastened at the wrists by gold bracelets with a Cameo head. A broad falling collar fell over the bust and shoulders, trimmed with black blond. Though many ladies wore white dresses at balls, with merely black ornaments, very slightly indicating that they had not laid aside their mourning, yet a black dress of lace over white satin was much admired for its elegance, as well for the ball-room as for the evening party. The sleeves were short and very full; and the trimmings at the border of the skirts, though of light materials, were rendered too heavy for dancing, particularly as ball-dresses were very short, and a breadth of figure was preserved across the chest, which had it been really the gift of nature would have been regarded as a deformity.

Bord turbans of black velvet, ornamented with gold, and gold tassels, were worn, though very unappropriately, from the very commencement of the mourning: they formed a charming head-dress with a grey silk dress, when the change first took place. The chief ornament on the heads of young ladies, consisted of their own hair, arranged in various ways, but always made the most of, in curls, ringlets, braids, and bows. A less elaborate style would have been more becoming; and the *dégagée*, easy manner in which some young ladies disposed their charming tresses evinced the truth of this assertion; an ornamental comb; a few roses, or other flowers, suited to their early youth, or a string or two of pearls, set off this fascinating gift, a fine head of hair, without obscuring its beauty. Dress hats, with flowers above and beneath the brim, were much worn at the Opera. In very full dress evening parties, plumes of white feathers were worn on the hair, with a superb coronet-comb of gold and jewels in front, and a bird of Paradise plume depending over the left shoulder.

The PARISIAN LADIES, this month, seemed much devoted to the colour of barbel blue in all the new pelisses that made their appearance; most of these dresses were made with collars standing up. With the mantles, which were of every kind, and of all sorts of materials, a large pelerine cape fell over the shoulders, with very long pointed ends, descending as low as the knee. The pelisses were some of them in the form of tunic robes; others might be taken for high dresses; so imperceptibly did they fasten down on one side of the skirt, and so unlike

was the *corsage* to that usually fitting a pelisse. Three flounces surrounded the border, and the bodies were laid in full plaits, with neither collar nor cape. *Fichu pelerines*, of fur or black velvet, were universal. Cachemire mantles, of a colour to which the French gave the name of the *Lord Byron* brown, were in great esteem. The brown was of a fine chesnut; but no mantle was in such high favour, on quitting the theatre or a dress evening party, as one of chequered velvet, trimmed with *zibeline*. A mantle also of Parma violet satin, lined and bound with celestial blue, excited much approbation among those ladies who affected simplicity in their attire.

Hats of blue satin, lined with black velvet, were among the novelties this month; and black velvet hats, with blue satin linings. Feathers of each colour, on either of these hats, were fastened by rosettes of ribbon, blue, striped with black. Sometimes these hats were trimmed at the edge of the brim with black *blond*. Figured velvet hats, of pearl-grey, were also worn: they were ornamented with a *fichu*, lined with white satin, and edged with *blond*; one of the points of the *fichu* fell behind, the two others hung down as low as the place where the strings were fixed. In front, at the base of the crown, were two plumes, formed of the tails of the bird of Paradise. The hats of green plush silk had very close brims that came below the ears: their chief ornament were a dozen rosettes of ribbon of very striking colours. These rosettes were without ends, and were disposed over the front in a half circle. Round hats of nut-brown velvet, with plumes of white feathers, the hat quite round, were seen in carriages, and in the public walks: the upper part of the crown was puckered, and in the centre was a full *bouquet*. The watered *gros de Naples* hats, whether white or coloured, were all bent over the forehead, like those of Leghorn.

Dresses of black velvet were much in request; and for young persons, fine muslin in silver lama, interspersed with gold foliage; the borders trimmed with full puckerings, confined, at intervals, by gold ornaments. These dresses were only for *grande parure*. Coloured crape dresses, over white satin, were much admired for the ball room; and coloured satin gowns, with *blond* trimmings, were frequently seen at evening parties.

The head-dresses *à l'Inca* underwent some innovations. The classical head dress of this kind is a diadem of white short feathers, seemingly springing from a *bandeau* of gold, *en bateaux*; but now there were long feathers drooping from these which hung down as low as the middle of the arm. Spanish hats were seen at the theatres, of plain black velvet, with large brims, placed very much on one side, without strings, and on the uncovered side a net-work, formed of narrow satin ribbon. *Bérets* and turbans were worn in full dress, the greater part of Cachemire gauze, striped. The head of a bird-of-Paradise appeared in front, touched the hair, and the tail was elevated arch-wise. On other turbans were seen three white *esprits*, black or rose-colour at the base; two on the right side, and the third on the left. The hair was arranged in full curls on the temples, and becomingly separated on the forehead.

The kind consideration of our gracious King, in behalf of the trade and manufactures of this commercial country, reduced the general mourning to the term of six weeks; and it was only expected that those who were a part of the King's court should appear in black, when presented there, as long as the Royal Family should wear the outward symbols of their inward sorrow.

March, therefore, came attended by nymphs arrayed in gay costume, beautifully diversified with the cheering colours of spring. A most elegant out-door dress, for the promenade, prevailed for second mourning. It was a pelisse of lavender-grey *gros de Naples*, trimmed round the border and down each side of the front with zig-zags and diamonds of black velvet, a double row of which ornaments were placed on each side of the bust, in the Gallo-Greek style. The sleeves were moderately full, with points of black velvet at the wrists. The pelisse had neither crape nor collar, but was surmounted at the throat by a double ruff of fine lace. A bonnet was worn with this dress, of the same colour and material as the pelisse, and trimmed with bows of long loops of the same. Strings of grey ribbon, chequered with black, floated loose over the shoulders.—See a beautiful engraving of a Walking Dress for March; page 120.

The dresses for the Opera and evening party were peculiarly elegant: one of pale pink satin was deservedly admired: it was

trimmed at the border with two rows of double Vandykes, reversed, formed of white *crêpe-lisse*, edged round with narrow white satin *rouleaux*. The *corsage* was quite plain; and the tucker part of the bust was ornamented round with Spanish points of *tulle*, edged with narrow Vandyke *blond*, falling one over the other. The same sort of points formed *mancherons* over long sleeves of white *crêpe-lisse*, which were fastened at the wrists with bracelets of braided dark hair, clasped with an antique head on red coral, set in wrought gold. The head dress was an opera-hat of pink satin, with white plumage, composed of several white ostrich feathers, placed diversely, and some drooping.—See a fine engraving for an Opera Dress, page 120.

Mantles and cachemire shawls, with a white ground, on which were variegated flowers of different colours, were the favourite out-door covering for evening visits. Pelisses appeared but partially.

The bonnets worn in walking costume were large, and rendered often still larger by a full *ruche* of silk at the edge, of the same colour as the bonnet. For the public promenades, young ladies were sometimes seen in a sort of Spanish hat of black velvet, partially elevated on one side, and shaded over by drooping feathers. Slate-coloured satin hats, lined with white satin, and trimmed at the edge with white *blond*, were among the elegant novelties of the day: Leghorn hats began to appear in the morning and retired walks, trimmed with rich winter ribbons.

Dresses of coloured *gros de Naples*, made low, with short full sleeves, were much in favour, both for the dinner and evening party. When for the latter they were made with stomachers in front, splendidly ornamanted with *blond* or pearls. Black figured gauzes and lace over white satin, or over celestial blue, looked well as evening dresses. At parties of *grande parure*, crape dresses, figured in silver lama, bordered with flowers of the same, exquisitely wrought, over which were placed several full-blown roses, were seen on some distinguished females; the *corsage*, *à la Sévigné*, with a narrow *blond* tucker set on straight. The ornaments worn with black satin dresses were of cherry-colour, or of some other striking tint. Ball dresses of *tulle* were trimmed with *bouillons* of the same material: they were worn over white satin slips, and the trimming was interspersed with cherry-coloured rosettes of satin, or small *bouquets* of the winter cherry. Dresses of tabinet, of a bright red, with two broad flounces of white *blond*, were often seen at dinner parties. They had short sleeves, trimmed with a double drapery, and a *ruche*, and were finished round the arm by a band of white satin: a collar fell all round the bust, back, and shoulders, in separate divisions, crossing over each other, and all edged round with a narrow *ruche* of *blond*. This was a novel and graceful ornament.

The Albany hood, introduced during the court mourning, was a becoming head-dress to the elderly matron; and to a young and beautiful face, it imparted an attractive softness. Subsequently to the change of the mourning, instead of white crape, it was formed of *tulle*, and two borders of richly-figured *blond*: white broad lappets of the same costly material tied it carelessly under the chin. Caps of superb *blond*, with flowers made of feathers or of velvet, were very much in favour with mature beauties; but young people, married or single, if they were possessed of fine hair, were often seen with flowers of gold over the left side of the head. Diadem combs, also, richly ornamented, upheld the bows formed from the long hair behind, but appearing in front. We were pleased this month to see the large curls declining in favour; and that more graceful and becoming style adopted which prevailed among the beauties of the gay court of Charles II. *Cornettes* of *blond*, with a few bows of coloured ribbon, constituted the favourite head-dress for home-costume. Dress hats of white satin, with feathers tipped with amber, were much in favour for the opera.

In PARIS the weather during almost the whole of February, was as cold as with us. March commenced somewhat more mildly; but colds had so attacked the human frame, that the winter fashions still continued; and the *belles* on the banks of the Seine were as cautious as those on the borders of the Thames in throwing off any of their warm winter clothing too hastily. The favourite pelisse was of black velvet; but young ladies, in carriages, and on entering and quitting the theatre or the concert room, wore a short mantle, that reached but just below the knee. These mantles were generally of dark blue velvet, lined and faced with ermine.

The carriage hats were of *gros de Naples*, either white, or of some light spring colour: they were lined with a different colour, in figured velvet. The brims of such hats were plain, and a bias band encircled the crown, on each side of which was placed an *esprit* feather. Some coloured hats for the carriage or public promenades were of velvet, turned up on one side, which was much larger than that which was bent down; seven or eight ostrich feathers, the colour of the hat, turned round, in a spiral manner, and ornamented the brim: this hat was for paying morning visits of ceremony.

Coloured velvet dresses prevailed much at evening parties. They were trimmed with broad borders of *blond*, and made to appear like tunic robes. Dresses of cherry-coloured cachemire, embroidered beautifully with silk of the same colour, were universally admired; as were also some of blue, with an embroidery of gold colour. The latter were worked in stripes down the skirt. Crape trimmings on dresses were always relieved by satin; a great improvement, which, for the sake of good taste, it is hoped will be continued. This was sometimes effected by *foliage*, or Vandyke points lying on the *bouillons* of crape. Flounces on silk dresses were set on in festoons.

Berets, of *tulle* or *blond*, with the crowns formed of roses, constituted a very charming head-dress: they were placed backward, and a wreath of roses encircled the hair next the face. These flowers seemed to support the border of the *beret*, and gave to it a beautiful effect. Young ladies at dress-parties wore *bandeaux* of pearls across their hair, and among the bows were placed daisies and other simple flowers. A sort of turban was introduced which formed a very pretty and becoming head dress: it had no caul, but consisted of puffs of black velvet, and coloured crape, alternately; it was high in front, in a diadem form, and the puffs diminished gradually till they reached the back of the head. The Apollo's knot of hair was much elevated, and appeared in front above the turban. The *blond* caps were placed very backward, with a wreath of roses lying on the hair. The *berets* were often of coloured crape, supported by puffs of ribbon, of the same colour, striped with silver. Dress hats of white satin, were often trimmed with *blond* and flowers, in preference to feathers.

In APRIL, the evening dresses of the British ladies were remarkable for their elegance: one, in particular, of violet-coloured satin, ornamented with gold *cordon*, and black *blond*, might be deemed superb. At the border was a very broad layer of white satin, which served as a fine relief to the black lace flounce which hung over it. The gold *cordons* finished the skirt across in the Bavarian fashion, and a narrow gold cord headed the *blond* flounce. The body was made exactly to fit the shape, with a falling tucker of black *blond*. The long sleeves of white *tulle* were surmounted by short, plain sleeves of satin, the colour of the dress. The head-dress was composed of a very full plumage of white feathers, grouped in the form of a turban, with a gold *bandeau*, and ornament in front. The necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, worn with this dress, were generally of gold.—*Vide* a fine engraving of an Evening Dress for April, page 164.

Another favourite evening dress was of amber-coloured taffety, with a very full puckering of crape at the border, of the same colour. This puckering was elegantly confined by half wreaths of beautifully clustered red roses of the Provence kind: the flowers large in the middle of the half wreath, full blown, and diminishing in size as they approached the termination both at the top and bottom. The *corsage* was a *mélange* of the *Sévigné* and the Anglo-Greek; the stomacher of the latter fashion formed by *rouleaux* of amber satin. The sleeves were long and of white *tulle*; the *manchettes* formed of scalloped trimmings of amber sarcenet and narrow white *blond*. The tucker of double-edged *blond*, quilled in the middle. The hair adorned with a half wreath of roses, or other flowers of a pink colour. Ear-pendants of pear pearls were worn with this dress, and the necklace consisted of two rows of pearls, twisted.—For a beautiful engraving of the above dress for April, see page 164.

The dress above described was also frequently adopted for the ball-room.

The concert dresses, and those worn in the dress circles at the oratorios, during the latter part of the lent season, were generally, when not black, of white *tulle* over white satin.

Chintzes of a delicate fineness, and printed in the most novel and beautiful patterns, were favourite articles for home costume; but white partially made its appearance in

morning attire. Ball-dresses were of coloured gauze over white satin, trimmed with bias folds in three rows; the bodies made to display the breadth of the chest, and the sleeves short and full. Some ball-dresses were of white gauze in rich stripes of white satin and bright geranium; and finished at the border with two rows of festoons, formed of bias folds of geranium satin: each point of the festoons ornamented with a rosette of geranium ribbon.

Satin pelisses were often seen in carriages, of slate, or any other unobtrusive colour, trimmed down each side, in front of the skirt and round the border, with Spanish points of a different colour: either blue of spring-green, as best might suit the colour of the pelisse, and which had a very pleasing effect. Mantles were still worn, but cachemire shawls, as frequently, were seen enveloping the forms of our fair countrywomen, at this season, so generally uncertain in its temperature. The walking pelisses were of *gros de Naples*, and were generally made very plain; seldom, when trimmed, had they any thing more than a *chicorée*, pinked, of the same material and colour as the pelisse; which being brought down the front of the skirt, concealed the fastening, and the same ornament was carried round the border next the shoe.

We never look for much novelty in hats and bonnets in the month of April: some, however, appeared towards the latter end of the month, which, had it not been for their enormous size, certainly did great credit to the taste of the *marchandes des modes* by whom they were produced. They were of coloured silk, the ground of some light and chaste colour, chequered with various different tints; bows of ribbon and sarcenet, the same as the bonnet, with a few flowers slightly scattered among them, formed the trimming on the crown; and a broad white *blond* was placed at the edge of the brim. White spring bonnets of plain *gros de Naples* were, however, seen on the heads of some very fashionable females at the court end of the town. They were of a moderate size and most becoming shape; they were lightly and tastefully trimmed, and generally finished by a *bouquet* of blue corn-flowers and green ears of corn, with a *blond* at the edge of the brim. Black bonnets of satin, with cherry, and other bright colours, began their reign as usual, but it was merely the triumph of a day; it soon ended, and several cheering and warm days in this vernal month brought in fashions more appropriate to the spring. Bonnets, when not white, were often of the colour of the pelisse, and were lined with some tint, suitable to the complexion, and to the shade of the bonnet; while ribbons of two colours, conspicuously different, yet agreeing well with it, ornamented the crown in bows, and ensured favour for this smart and elegant sort of out-door head-covering, which was gracefully tied down.

The head-dresses were well fancied, and evinced much taste. The plumage worn in full dress was magnificent; the feathers so disposed as to form a sort of coronet: but flowers were the chief ornament on the hair of young ladies, both at evening parties and at balls. Turkish turbans and *bérét* turbans alike prevailed; but they were seldom worn in home costume, caps being more in favour. The turbans were of a splendid description, often of coloured gauze or crape, mixed with folds of gold gauze, and adorned with beautiful plumage. Dress hats of coloured satin, or transparent crape, either white or coloured, were favourite head-dresses at the opera, and were most elegantly ornamented with plumage of white or coloured feathers. The small caps worn in afternoon costume, and often at the theatres, were of the turban-cap kind. They were of plain white or coloured gauze, in double bias, and were ornamented with flowers. Caps for *déjeûné* costume were of the *coquette* kind, of fine thread lace, trimmed with bows of broad ribbon.

In PARIS the frequent changes in the weather this month caused the French ladies to adopt but few novelties in out-door costume. The newest change was a shortening of the useful *mantle* into a *mantilla*, which was of lighter materials than the winter cloaks. Pelisses, trimmed so as to appear like *tunique*-robes, were regarded as most elegant: this trimming was formed by Vandyke points, composed of doubled silk, so that they appeared like embossments on the pelisse, and had a rich and beautiful effect; the skirt fastened all the way down the front with rosettes of the same material as the dress; a double *pélerine* cape, surmounted by a narrow frill of lace, and fastened with a bow of ribbon in front, completing this appropriate spring pelisse. For visits of ceremony, especially to a bride, a white satin

was deemed most elegant; the pelisse trimmed down each side in front with a double row of Spanish points; one simple *roulcau* concealing the hem next the shoe. A *pélerine* cape, with a double ruff of lace, surmounting a narrow French collar, finished this pelisse.

A few crape hats, when the weather was mild, were seen in carriages. They were generally of rose-colour, with ribbons both on the crown, and beneath the brim, of the same colour; but the more favoured hats were of watered silk, either white or coloured, and were ornamented with hyacinths or other flowers then in season. Satin hats were ornamented with gauze ribbons, with rich satin stripes, and had at the edges a very broad *blond*. Some of these *blonds* were valued at ten louis. Hats of Parma-violet, were trimmed with black ornaments, and had a black *blond* at the edge. The silk hats which had a narrow *blond* at the edge, had the crowns almost covered with flowers, part of which fell over the brim, and on one side, as low as the neck. Such was the extravagance in hats, that flowers, *blond*, and ribbons, were often crowded together; and it was a common and just remark, that what would have made three or four hats some years ago, was now scarcely sufficient for the fabrication of one. It is said that when so much pains are taken to adorn the outside of the head, there is but little care of the furniture within: we hope this is not the case with the French ladies; but, during this, and the preceding month, the head-dresses were enormously large, high, and loaded with ornaments. The new white chip hats evinced more simplicity; but they were lined and trimmed with bright colours, which took from the chaste appearance they would have had, if they had been all white; for, having neither flowers nor feathers, and the crowns being low, we were in hopes an elegant reform was taking place in the Gallic head-dress, which was, this month, far from the beautiful or the becoming. The new *capôtes* were of rose-coloured, white, or bird-of-Paradise *gros de Naples*; few of them had the usual trimming of *ruches*, though they were not unfashionable.

Two broad flounces, the upper one headed, were the favourite ornaments on the borders of silk dresses; the boddice and sleeves continued in the same fashion, as to *make*, which had been observed during the winter. The new tartan silks were often on a black ground. The innovation of these patterns is curious: nothing can bear a more decided and classical feature than *Scotch* tartan—woe to the clan that would change it! The French often boast of their classical knowledge in costume; we wish they would study this: a lively tartan pattern on a *black* ground, would excite not only laughter, but anger in a true-born Scot, to see his favourite fabric so profaned. Dark-coloured satin dresses, with flounces of white *blond*, and Parma-violet, flounced with black lace, were much in favour for evening dress parties. Printed chintzes, of bird-of-Paradise-yellow, sprinkled over with small birds, were seen, and seemed likely to be very prevalent this spring. When an evening party dress was of *gros de Naples*, it had generally long white sleeves of *tulle*; the *corsage* was *à la Sévigné*; the *buffont* drapery across the bust was of gauze, the colour of the dress.

Coloured crape dresses, trimmed with a very broad bias fold, almost as high as the knee, and the space filled up to the waist, with satin ribbons laid across, formed a favourite costume for the ball-room. Some of these bias folds were brought up in a point in front, and were ornamented with rosettes of satin ribbon.

Large red roses in the hair, blue hyacinths, and puffs of gauze ribbon, rose-colour, with blue satin stripes, were favourite ornaments for young ladies. *Berets* of pink striped gauze were worn by the more mature beauties: they were ornamented with rosettes of gauze ribbon with satin stripes; on the left, the ends of one of these rosettes descended as low as the sash. Small *blond* caps were worn at the opera and other theatres; and this was really kind; for many had suffered much disappointment in not being able to see an interesting spectacle or a ballet, when seated behind an enormous dress hat, or a *beret* almost too wide to force its entrance through the box-door. These little caps were very tasteful and becoming; they were made of beautiful *blond*, and were ornamented with primroses, narcissuses, or violets. *Berets* were of gauze, of all colours: a simple bow was often placed very low over one ear; and on the other side was a full puffing of ribbon. Small caps of black *blond* were much admired: the *blond* was very broad, and was fastened up from the front by small [illegible]s of black; and between

each kind of *fer-de-cheval*, thus formed, were small branches of flowers. These caps were placed very much on one side; and that which was elevated had the appearance of a small hat. When a lady wore her own hair, without a cap, the dimensions were wider than ever. The splendour of the ornaments did not, however, consist in gold or diamonds; but in the simple beauty of the real tortoise shell of the comb that upheld the hair; the top of which marked exactly the centre of half of the head, and supported, with admirable taste, the bows of hair, and rose above the ornaments of gauze or ribbon.

MAY—sweetest month of which the poets sing, we hailed thy presence! The latter end of April was colder than its commencement, and the lighter description of raiment adapted for the spring was slow in its appearance. The fashions, however, for this vernal month were prepared, and on the first day was seen a very charming walking dress of *gros de Naples*, made high, to answer every purpose of a pelisse: a graceful *pelerine*, with long ends, confined under the sash, and trimmed all round with a narrow quilling, handsomely pinked, all of the same colour and material as the dress, shielded the bust, while a very becoming bonnet, of moderate dimensions and novel shape, covered the head.—*Vide* an engraving of an elegant Walking Dress for May; page 222.

Nothing could more evince the adoption of the delightful spring costume than the evening dress worn by ladies of rank for their receiving parties at home. The fine India muslin dress of almost cobweb texture, was ornamented with one very broad flounce of the most exquisite embroidery. The hair, beautifully divided and arranged in curls and bows, was adorned and interspersed with puffings of coloured gauze, with two long lappets depending on each shoulder; which, had they not been in the Frenchified fashion of two different colours, the head-dress would have been in perfect good taste: as it was, it was *unique*, and had much elegance. These varied lappets were terminated each, though one was yellow and the other pink, by a white silk or pearl tassel.—*Vide* an engraving of an Afternoon Costume, for May; page 222.

The evening dresses for this month were superb, and tastefully finished: Mexican points formed the *mezzichroix* on the shoulders, and between these ornaments were often seen, in full dress, tassels of oriental pearls. Black satin, trimmed with white *blond* of the most costly pattern, formed a favourite dress for the opera, and well set off the profusion of diamonds with which the fair wearer was adorned. Dresses of coloured crape over white satin were much in favour for the ball-room. They were trimmed, very elegantly, with satin *rouleaux* and white *blond*; but the newest mode of trimming ball-dresses was with one broad bias fold, which reached from the hem next the shoe, nearly as high as the knee: this was headed by a *ruche* of *blond* or *tulle*. Printed muslins and chintzes prevailed for morning dress: the patterns were varied, and very beautiful; narrow flounces, of which there were several, formed the favourite trimming on these, as well as on white muslin dresses. The evening dresses were of crape, or of *gros de Naples*; the sleeves very wide, and short; for half dress, sleeves, *en gigot*, still prevailed, and these more capacious than ever. Dinner-party dresses were generally of *gros de Naples*, and were trimmed at the border with double *jabots*, placed on in bias of the same material as the gown. The body, made only partially low; the sleeves, when short, were rather heavily ornamented; but they were sometimes relieved by long sleeves of *tulle*.

As is often seen at this season of the year, high dresses of *gros de Naples* were as much in request, for out-door costume, as pelisses: over these, according to the temperature of the weather, was thrown either a cachemire shawl, or a *pélerine* of the *fichu*-kind, with long ends, of the same material as the dress. The carriage pelisses were of the most beautiful [redacted] colours, and were more neatly than [redacted]lly trimmed.

The hats and bonnets were of coloured silk, generally striped, and were lined with the colour most predominent in the stripe, trimmed with bows of beautifully shaded ribbon, and a few sprigs of mountain heath. The Leghorn bonnets were frightfully large, and of a most unbecoming shape; yet they were in such favour, that, on the heads of matrons of fifty, and on those of the blooming maidens of fifteen, they were equally prevalent. White silk bonnets, and those of pearl-grey, were much admired: they were in the cottage form; and coloured silk hats and bonnets prevailed much in carriages, edged with a broad white *blond* at the brim.

Superb jewellery, in ornaments of pearls and diamonds, adorned the heads of our fair fashionables at the Opera, and the evening dress party. The turbans worn this month were extremely elegant and becoming: they were either of silk, crape, or gauze; and, with or without feathers, they formed a very charming head-dress. English faces are peculiarly favourable to this Moorish head-covering. Caps, placed very backward, were much in favour for half dress: their cauls were of open treillage-work, so that the beauty of a fine head of hair was not obscured. Dress hats were of white and coloured crape, trimmed with *blond*, flowers, and *marabout* feathers. Young persons wore strings of pearls among their tresses, in full dress, and diamonds were equally in request with married ladies; but a very favourite *coiffeure* was formed of puffs of different coloured gauze, mingled amongst the bows of hair on the summit of the head. The *beret-turbans* still prevailed, and were very wide; the breadth augmented by feathers of the *esprit* sort, stuck out, horizontally, on each side.

In PARIS, the out-door costume consisted chiefly of a pelisse of *gros de Naples*, of a pale yellow, or some other spring-like tint. These were fastened down the front with bows of two colours, one the same as the pelisse, the other very dark, marking strongly the contrast. They were trimmed in a very novel and elegant manner, down each side of the front and round the border, in bias folds, terminated by a quilling of the same two colours as the bows. A triple pelerine cape was trimmed to correspond with both colours.

Chip hats, made round, began to be worn: they were lined and trimmed with some bright colour. Two rosettes, of striped gauze ribbon, constituted their sole ornaments. Coloured hats were adorned with the early flowers of spring; and black or white *blond* was worn at the edges of all morning bonnets. The *blond* was of the most expensive kind. White bonnets, with plumes of variegated feathers formed a novelty that appeared this month on the heads of several young persons. Carriage hats were ornamented with two *esprit* feathers, of very striking colours; but the most approved bonnet for the public walk was of white satin, with a deep curtain veil of white *blond*. The large *capote* bonnets, for the early morning walk, were of coloured silk, trimmed with a *riche* at the edge of the brim, often of a different colour. Hats for the public promenades were of *gros de Naples*, the colour of the bird-of-Paradise; and this beautiful shade of yellow remained longer in fashion, both in France and England, than any other. These hats were large, and their dimensions were increased by a broad white *blond*. The crowns were ornamented with bows of ribbon, the colour of the hat, *blond*, full-bloom roses, and coloured wheat.

Gowns for half-dress were of *gros de Naples*, with two deep flounces, set on at separate distances, and in full flutings, with a head formed by means of a narrow *rouleau*. The evening dresses were of coloured levantine, or crape, flounced in the same manner, but with the flounces nearer to each other; the waist made plain, and often encircled by a simple belt, with a small rosette behind. Long sleeves of *tulle*, with a scalloped *epaulette*, the same as the gown, trimmed round with narrow white *blond*, completed the costume. Muslins, worked in rich embroidery, began to prevail this month, especially at the annual procession to Longchamps. The fulness of the skirts was either thrown much in front, or else was of a similar fulness all round the waist, an awkward and ungraceful fashion. Sleeves, still *en gigot*. Striped dresses were trimmed with bias folds; and dresses of coloured muslin, figured over with small *bouquets*, or various kinds of little birds, were much in request.

Beret-turbans, of pink crape or satin, with beautiful plumage of feathers, of the same colour, excited much admiration. Small caps, of *blond*, in profuse trimming, with pink gauze ribbon, with Etruscan figures, and full-blown Provence roses, evinced great taste, and justly claimed the universal favour they obtained. For full dress the hair continued to be dressed frightfully high on the summit of the head; its towering height appearing in front, while it was arranged next the face in numerous curls, short at the ears, and spread out like a fan on each side. Full-blown roses were often interspersed among the tresses so unbecomingly displayed.

The *beret-hat-toque* was a becoming head-dress for the evening party; nevertheless it was very *outré*. The front, which was remarkably elevated, appeared like a diadem

cleft on one side; over which side fell the ends of a beautiful white plume, that was fixed on the summit; while over the opposite side a long feather entwined itself gracefully half-round the throat.

The month of JUNE brings with it the termination of our Supplementary remarks; in which it will be found, that from an increase of our authentic intelligence, we have been enabled to add several novelties to the records given each month. June was marked by an increase of taste and elegance in female attire: the metropolis was filled with all the members composing the world of rank and beauty. The morning exhibitions were thronged, and the public walks displayed the cheering and elegant summer costume. A taffety dress, of that lovely hue, pistachio-green, made partially high, formed a charming *parure* for the carriage, or the morning lounge: it was finished at the border with ornaments of foliage, the leaves divided in the middle, and pointing upwards and downwards; each leaf was edged round with a narrow *rouleau;* the points of the upper leaves were finished by a rosette of ribbon, the colour of the dress. The body was plain, excepting that the bust was ornamented, down each side, with zig-zag diamonds, in rich silk *cordon;* the bottom of the waist finished round by Spanish points. The sleeves in the *gigot* shape, but of a very moderate fulness, terminated by antique points at the wrists, and confined by broad gold bracelets, fastened with a cameo. A collar *à la chevalière*, of fine lace, falling from the throat, and fastened in front with a red cornelian, set in wrought gold. Over a small cap of lace, a Leghorn hat, lined with pink, and trimmed with bows of broad ribbon, of straw-colour and pistachio-green. Very long strings of the same ribbon floated over the shoulders.—*Vide* an engraving of a Summer Promenade Dress, for June, 1827; page 264.

Our second engraving for this month represents a most elegant evening *parure*. The dress is of *tulle*, or gauze, over white satin, and is beautifully embellished at the border with antique Grecian ornaments, surmounted by elegant valves, or regular scrolls of crape, bound round with satin. Of the latter article is the *corsage*, fitting close to the shape, with a double falling tucker of broad *blond*, separated by satin *rouleaux*. The sleeves short and full, without any ornament. A sash of rich white ribbon is worn with this dress, with three ends depending in front, leaving a space between them and the trimming on the border; each of the ends terminated by a bow of ribbon. A diadem *beret-toque* constitutes the head dress. It is of pink spotted gauze; the diadem part, which is much elevated, is relieved in some degree by a regal *bandeau à la Cleopatra*, of pink satin, placed in front of the hair, near the forehead. A delicate pink plume resembling the bird-of-Paradise, falls over on the left side. Beneath the pearl necklace, which is fastened in front with a cameo set in gold, is tied a pink *barège sautoir*, drawn through a ring with an antique head.—See an engraving of an Evening Costume for June, 1827; page 264.

The morning dresses, and those for home costume, were chiefly of chintz, fine in texture, beautiful as to pattern, and of high price; often much above what must ever appear superior, a dress of silk. The favourite chintz was generally of a bird-of-Paradise yellow, with the most delicate and beautifully varied, but by no means *gaudy* pattern, *en colonnes*. The boddice of these dresses are usually *à la Circassienne*, the sleeves *en gigot*, and the border of the skirt finished by one broad bias flounce. A dress, rather more novel than the above, however, recently appeared for in door costume: it is of fine coloured cambric, of some retired though not dark colour, and is trimmed with a very broad variegated border of shawl-work; the same kind of bordering forms the *mancherons*, and finishes the sleeves next the wrists. But matronly ladies continued to wear silk dresses in almost every style of costume. White muslins began this month to be very prevalent, and daily increased in favour. Coloured gauze and crape were worn in evening parties, and for the few balls that still prevailed. The rural ball which succeeded was generally marked, as usual, by white dresses. The style of trimming did not vary much, either in this or the preceding month. For evening *parure*, flounces of *blond*, *en festons*, broad bias folds, and *ruches* mixed with *rouleaux* of satin, constituted the chief ornaments on the borders of dresses.

Muslin pelerines, with long ends, finely embroidered on India muslin, were much worn in out-door costume, over a high dress of taffety, or *gros de Naples*. For the

morning walk, high chintz dresses of very charming patterns, with the addition of one of the above-mentioned pelerines, were often adopted when the weather was warm and fine. Some very young persons were seen in muslin pelisses, lined with coloured sarcenet, but this dress, more adapted for the carriage than the promenade, did not promise to be so prevalent as such an appropriate summer covering might be wished. Muslin *canezou* spencers, with long sleeves of the same, over coloured skirts of *gros de Naples*, were much more general. Scarfs were revived this month, and seemed likely to be in favour all the summer: ever more graceful than a dowdy-looking shawl, we hailed their return with pleasure; they do not conceal a good figure; and native taste is discovered to advantage in the elegance of their drapery. Whatever were the materials of the new scarfs, whether India silk, *barège*, or Chinese crape, the ends were finished in the most superb manner, and with the most brilliant colours. Silk pelisses were still worn, but chiefly by the more mature beauties, especially at the morning exhibitions, &c.

The bonnets, though still large, were much improved in shape. smartly rounded off at the ears, they did not totally conceal the well-formed cheek, nor did they almost touch the shoulders of the short-necked female. Few were the faces, when they were modestly tied down, that did not look well in them. Their texture was of the white cotton, in imitation of chip; chip itself; fine Leghorn, or Dunstable: some were of French white *gros de Naples*; but the fashion of the silk bonnets is seldom decided till the commencement of July, for which intelligence we refer our fair readers to the commencement of the succeeding volume. The ribbons used in the trimming of the chip, straw, and Leghorn bonnets were profuse, very broad, and of various colours; some ladies placed among the bows a few sprigs of small flowers, but they were considered more genteel, especially for the promenade, without flowers. The few silk bonnets that appeared this month in carriages, had two strings floating loose, each of a different colour from the other: the bonnet was fastened under the chin by a quilling of *blond*.

Small caps of *blond* yet prevailed in home dress. Some had coloured cauls of silk: these were of the *cornette* kind; and a *bandeau* of ribbon, of the same colours and pattern as the caul, crossed the hair, just above the forehead, and terminated on each side by a small rosette. Long white feathers prevailed on the dress hats at the opera: they played gracefully over the crown and brim in various directions White dress hats, rather small, were much admired. They were of sarcenet, placed very backward, and under the brim was a fluting of *blond*. A fine plume of *marabouts* was placed on the crown, and over the shoulders depended lappets of broad white *blond*. Young ladies often wore small sprigs of flowers among the bows of their hair. We are always sorry to see our women so servilely copying French fashions. In many points, we are willing to yield homage to our neighbours; but we hope our charming countrywomen, so naturally dignified in themselves, will not *raise their heads so high*, in copying the present preposterous mode in which the French ladies arrange their tresses.

In PARIS, the muslin *canezou*-spencer, over coloured dresses, was as much in favour as with us; only that, among the Gallic *belles*, it was rarely seen with long sleeves. The sleeves were the same as the dress; and the *canezou* was made in its original style, without sleeves. Over the shoulders were, however, extended prodigious wings, *à la Psyché*, which gave an immense breadth to the chest. The *canezous* were also made only half high, and were trimmed round the tucker part with a row of deep sharp points, which, as they hung over the back, formed a sort of pelerine: these points were trimmed round with fine Mechlin lace. *Fichu-pelerines* were made with falling collars, and a frill forming a ruff round the throat. Indian muslin scarfs, very beautifully embroidered in coloured worsted, were also worn; the ground sprinkled over with small crescents, and the ends worked in a pattern of large palm-leaves, finely shaded.

The white chip hats often had ribbons placed under the brims, which were terminated by two rosettes; from the left side depended strings, which floated as low as the shoulder. The crowns were surrounded by a wreath of narcissus, sprigs of lilac, and violets: the flowers, however, varied, though the chip hats were all ornamented in the same style. On the generality of hats were placed rows of puffed ribbon, one stage

above another; and broad ribbons of two different colours, sewn together, and called twin ribbons, were much in request. Rose-coloured ears of wheat, and green fern, were very favourite ornaments on Leghorn bonnets. A *négligée* bonnet, of *crêpe-lisse*, was much admired: on the crown was a *fichu*, which half discovered a *bouquet* of flowers, placed in front of the bonnet. Bonnets also of tartan silk, ornamented with stripes of straw or chip, evinced much good taste: they were fastened under the chin with a quilling of white *blond*; the strings, of ribbon, were remarkably broad, and floated over the shoulders.

Flounces, still the most favoured, and certainly the handsomest trimming, were very broad, and when of silk, were pinked at the edges. They were often in the form of cockle-shells: others were set on full, *en dents de loups*, and bordered with narrow *blond*. Coloured muslin dresses were trimmed with one broad bias fold at the border, headed by narrow lace. Dresses, of coloured muslin, with a pattern of chain-work, black, on bird-of-Paradise-yellow, had a beautiful effect. The flounces of these dresses were in bias, and were trimmed with a triple row of black festoons. Dresses, of chintz, of the old-fashioned large Indian patterns, in five or six different colours, were much worn, and are likely to continue so. They are truly becoming to all. The grandmothers of the present race recollect the beautiful, real chintzes worn in their young days, and hail their revival with pleasure. With coloured muslin dresses, is seen beneath the *corsage* a *chemisette* tucker of fine lawn, in small plaits, and edged with lace. This belongs to an under-body, to which are attached long sleeves, finished at the wrist by an embroidered wristband. The evening dresses, considered this month the most elegant, were, indeed, superb: they were of white watered *gros de Naples*, embroidered in different colours: they were worked so as to admit of flounces, which are cut in the form of scallop shells. On every shell is seen a *bouquet* of flowers, worked so as to be equal to the finest painting. Similar *bouquets*, on a larger scale, are embroidered on the skirt, above the first flounce. Dresses of light-coloured poplins were prevalent at evening parties; trimmed with flounces, and wreaths of the acacia, formed of rose-coloured silk All evening dresses of *gros de Naples* had very short sleeves, but it was customary to wear long sleeves over them, of white *tulle*. Muslin gowns, trimmed in various colours, were seen on many ladies, and tartans, of taffety, were still in favour.

The newest head-dress was that of the hair arranged in the most fashionable manner, on which were placed three, and sometimes five *aigrettes*. These ornaments formed a half-coronet on the summit of the head. Half of these *aigrettes* was of cherry-colour, the other half bird-of-Paradise. One of the extremities of the coronet was fastened under a *bandeau* of braided ribbons, placed across the forehead: at the other end was a bow of the two colours in broad satin ribbon; four ends of which depended over the shoulders and bust. At full dress parties, ladies wore long feathers.

Dress hats, of white crape, were much in favour: they were ornamented with white satin, and a beautiful plume of *marabouts*. Head-dresses, solely of hair, without any other ornament, were often worn by young persons. The curls on the temples were very large. The comb, of tortoise-shell, very high, sustained two large curls, which formed the Apollo's knot. Wreaths of roses, when placed on the hair, were in bias, with the back of the head ornamented with bows of ribbon. A cap has been introduced, of blue *gaze-lisse*, with two large wings; between the crown and the wings this curious cap is surrounded by a wreath of flowers.

Now having submitted a rapid but accurate sketch of the English and French fashions for the last six months, we respectfully make our half-yearly courtesy. Happy in the fulfilment of the duty we have undertaken, to amuse as well as instruct, our indulgent readers, we trust, have found us not remiss in proving what we have long held as our opinion, that fashion, so far from being a trifling subject, is one of high importance: it marks the progressive improvement in national refinement; and draws forth the powers of invention, while it promotes and encourages the exertions of industry.

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